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PUNCH



VOL.
LXXIX

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"WELL," said the Great Philosopher, Poet, and Politician of the Age, addressing his Visitors, as the fire shot up on the Christmas hearth into a cheery blaze, "I'm delighted to see you—delighted. And how well you are all looking! Positively flourishing!"

"Not more flourishing than yourself," rejoined the three, in the same breath, with a most gracious bow.

The Sage smiled benignly. Then he turned his eye on the Griffin, who was warming himself on the rug.

"And who brought in this?" he asked, surveying the peculiar creature with puzzled interest.

The three Visitors looked inquiringly at each other.

"I took it," said the Earl, after a short pause, "for a new species of domestic cat, introduced, so I had imagined, by my enterprising and enthusiastic friend here, as the latest surprise for us from Eastern Europe." He gave a courteous inclination of his head in the direction of the PREMIER as he spoke.

"No, no!" rejoined the PREMIER, holding out his hand deprecatingly, "I cannot claim the honour. Though," he continued, "had I the leisure, I have no doubt but that I should find a study of the extinct fauna of the Slavonic, or even of the Semitic principalities, a highly interesting and remunerative labour."

"Quite so," rejoined the Sage, with tact, nodding approvingly. "Yet extinction presupposes existence. Now, here we have, I fancy, the product of grotesque fiction. A regular jumble of head and tail; eh, my Lord?"

The Earl smiled subacidly, and shook his head. "Your philosophic novelist, Mr. PUNCH," he rejoined, "deals only with *fact*. Fiction is the heritage of the Poet. I disclaim the brute; but why shouldn't he belong to the Laureate?"

There was a laugh, in which the Griffin seemed inclined to join; but Toby kept his eye on him in a business-like manner, and he looked serious.

"He has been a good deal out in the cold lately," whispered the Discreet Dog.

"Very well then," replied the August Master of the House. "Let him stay there. We'll warm him! And now, My Lord and Gentlemen," he continued, courteously handing round a box of his own *Magnanimos*, "Let's have a look at the presents."

There was a pleasant rustling of silver paper, and the Christmas gifts were disclosed.

"Place aux Pairs!" cried the Sage. "We'll take you, My Lord, first. What has my Indefatigable Earl provided for me?"

"An extremely readable novel in three volumes," was the complacent reply; "and allow me, MR. PUNCH, to enjoy the notable privilege of presenting you with them all."

The Distinguished Author handed over his work. "You must regard the spirit of the giver, not the value of the gift," he said with prudent politeness. "Indeed, I am informed that, at the present moment, the whole thing is to be purchased throughout the length and breadth of the United States of America, for as small a sum as fifteen cents."

"Griffin's valuation," growled the peculiar animal on the hearthrug.

"You don't say so!" replied the Sage, calculating. "Threes into fifteen—why, bless me—that's two pence half-penny a volume! What a coincidence!"

The Laureate stepped forwards. "Ballads and other Poems," he said, disclosing the familiar green cloth binding, "just a few; and, no doubt you will have seen most of them before."

"And none the less welcome on *that account*," rejoined the Sage brightly; and then, as if an afterthought had occurred to him, he added, "No Stage-plays among 'em, I hope?"

The Poet hesitated and coloured. "No, not among *those*," he said. "But—I have *something* in hand," he continued, dropping his voice with confidential modesty.

"So I heard," responded the Sage. "And if you'll follow *my* advice, you'll stick to—

"But there!—I won't say anything;
I'll only hope a let will fall
At last—somehow—to every stall,
And all the business take a spring!"

He shook the Ambitious Minstrel kindly by the hand; and then he turned to the PREMIER. "And now, what have you got for me?" he asked, with evident interest.

The distinguished Statesman drew a roll of foolscap from his pocket. "This is the draft of our great Irish Measure," he said. "Shall I read it to you?"

He began to unfasten it. There was an uncomfortable look on the face of everyone. Even the Griffin winced. The Diplomatic Sage interposed.

"Shan't we have enough of politics the week after next?" he suggested, with a dignified wink.

"Well then, I might read a portion perhaps?" continued the PREMIER, still inspecting the string.

"What! and give us a *half measure*? That'll never do!" said the Earl.

"It's an excellent document," continued the PREMIER.

"I'm quite sure of *that*," answered the Sage. "But," he added, reflectively, "anyhow, suppose we keep it for the Sixth?" As he spoke, he approached a jewelled bureau of remarkable workmanship.

"Very well; for the Sixth!" echoed the PREMIER, refastening his papers. "The date on which we shall meet our friends!"

"And our enemies!" threw in the Earl.

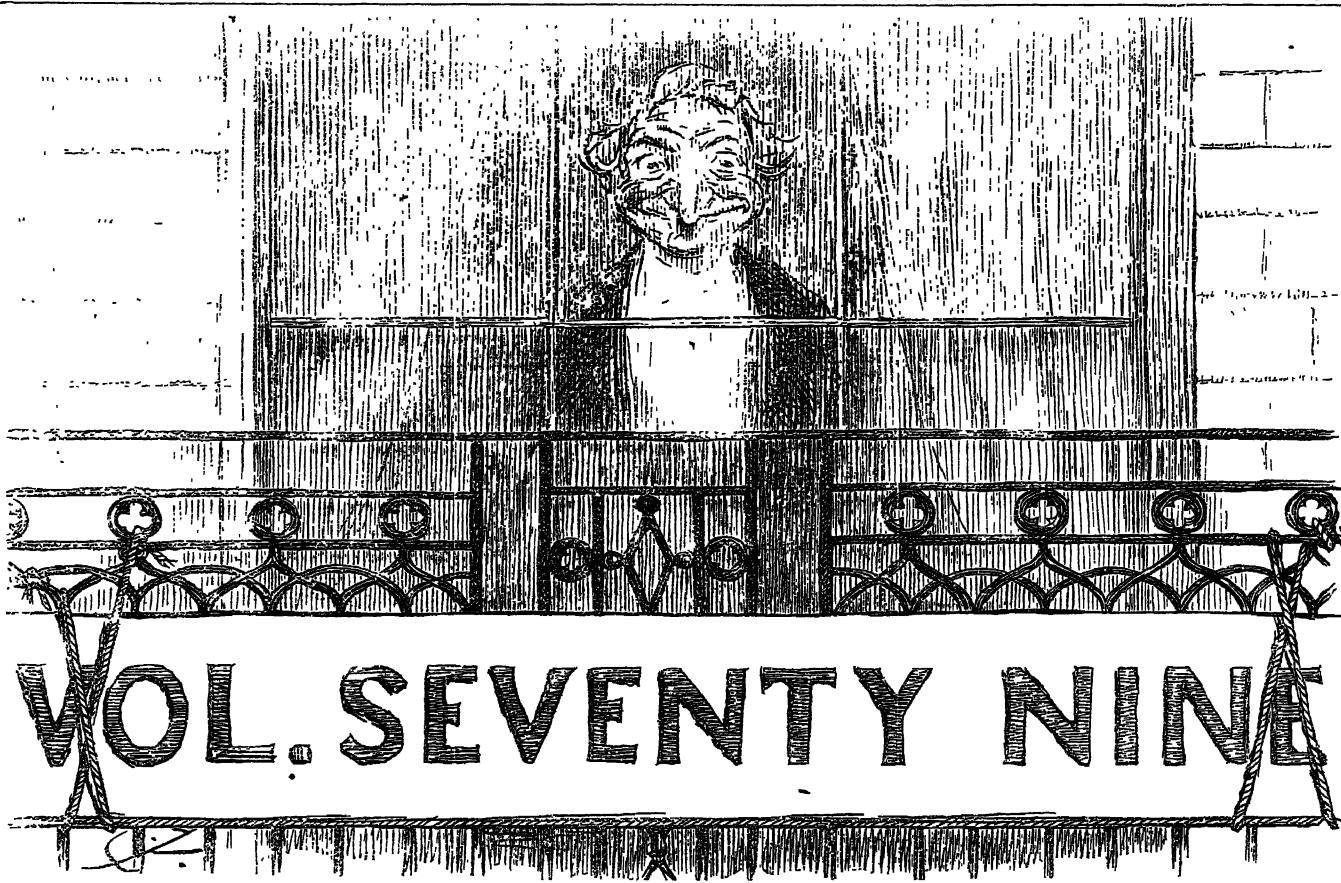
"Come, come, Gentlemen!" cried the Sage, who had taken from the jewelled bureau some costly article that he was endeavouring to conceal. "Come, come! We're all friends *here*. And this is Christmas-time. So now prepare yourselves; for you haven't yet had my present. I've something for you, the very sight of which will make you give three cheers on the spot, and shake hands all round. Now then!"

There was a moment of intense excitement. And then with a nimble leap, MR. PUNCH sprang on to the table, and, standing on one leg, held out his gift.

"Take it!" he said. "It is

Volume Seventy-Nine!





TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

(Educational Tragedy—in active rehearsal.)

ACT I.

SCENE—A British Domestic Hearth, on the first day of the Midsummer holidays. Fond and Proud Father and Sensible and Ambitious Mother discovered inspecting half-yearly School report with rapture.

Fond and Proud Father (referring to list). See, my dear, this is indeed gratifying. Our little SOPHONISBA is doing us credit at last! Here she is first in European Political History, Higher Mathematics, Philosophy, Obscure Philology, and the Applied Sciences; while I see that her Experimental Chemistry, German, Spanish, Dead Languages, Art Needlework, and Bulgarian Poetry, are all highly commended. She is a deserving little thing, and I will reward her handsomely. She shall have half-a-crown. [Prepares it.]

Sensible and Ambitious Mother (taking list). Yes, I see, ADOLPHUS, that she has shown a decided application this term, which may be regarded as satisfactory; but the metaphysical instruction seems weak. Think what disgrace the child will reflect on both of us if, when she goes into Society in after years, she shows her ignorance of the very first principles of Agnosticism! I must write to the Principal about this; also as to her beginning Counter-point and Arabic. But here she is.

Enter Alarming Prodigy, glibly, with a heap of useless second-hand literature, bound in half calf.

Alarming Prodigy. Here are the Prizes—nine. And if I could only have got somebody to wake me an hour earlier, and have got to work every morning at half-past three instead of half-past four, I would have got five more. I will, next term.

Fond and Proud Father (caressing her). Brave and sensible girl! Remember, my poppet, that nothing is done without effort. It is the early worm who meets the early bird—or rather, it is the early bird who eats the early worm. But both bird and worm do well to get up early. Eh?

Alarming Prodigy. Yes, Papa dear; but I will not only get up early, I will go to bed late. I'm sure I can easily get an extra half hour after eleven.

Sensible and Ambitious Mother. And an excellent time for really good head-work. You cannot do too much, my child, at the present

moment. This is the seed time. A little extra labour now, and in after-life you will find—Dear me! what's the matter with the child? [Alarming Prodigy turns white, and reels giddily to a chair.]

Alarming Prodigy (faintly). Oh! it's nothing, Mother! A queer sort of feeling in my head sometimes. I had it once at Christmas; and—

Sensible and Ambitious Mother. I remember! My dear, the fact is, you're much better at school!

Fond and Proud Father (jocosely). Much! And now let us hear our Poppet's holiday task!

[Educational conversation continues cheerfully (with the aid of sal volatile), as Curtain descends.]

ACT II.

But, no. *Mr. Punch* will stop here. A young girl of eighteen, broken in health, with all her powers impaired for life, dragging out a weary existence in an invalid's room, is sad material to work with. And such as it is—and it is very sad indeed—he prefers leaving it to the imagination of the many Fathers and Mothers in England, whom, according to a recent correspondence, it appears just now very seriously to concern.

Sally on Sally.

SAID 'ARREY—the Cad went to see *SALLY B.*,

And was watching her serpentine curves from the Gallery—
“There's some row 'bout her 'screw,' but, as fur as I see,
She is all screw herself, or at least she's all *Sal-avory!*”

Quoth CHARLIE, “Not bad; but I ain't to be done;
When a pal's on the joke, I must be in the rally.
To 'ang round S. B. the Nobs find sech prime fun,

That I think we may say the new Swell game's ‘Haunt Sally’!”

The Sunday School Centenary.

We all know the questionable proverb that Reformed Rakes make the best husbands. Going back a century, and looking at what our street-Arabs were a hundred years ago, and what they are now—though still bad enough Heaven and the other place both know—in one case at least we feel that “RAIKES' Reformation” has been the best husbandry.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 10, 1880.



MUSIC AT HOME.

Jones (an eligible Bachelor, whispering tenderly). "There's too much music in this world, Miss Mary. I should have been married long ago, if it hadn't been for too much music! Whenever I'd screwed up my pluck to the pitch of popping the question, somebody always began to sing, and of course I had to—"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



mover of this proposal is reputed a Liberal; the seconder a Conservative; he ought to be something more—a representative of the hierarchy and the 'squirearchy, and an extreme Sabbatarian to boot. Amendment in slight mitigation of absolute Sabbatarianism moved by Mr. PEASE; publichouses to "be open for a certain time on Sundays for the sale of beer to be consumed off the premises, with special regulations for the metropolis." This modification of a menace to prohibit the sale of food and drink by shutting up restaurants and refreshments altogether, was agreed to without a division! But not without remark. Sir WILLIAM HAROURT pointed out that it was totally opposed to the Local Option Resolution carried the other evening.

It threatens to close all manner of publichouses without the allowance of any Option whatever.

Sir RICHARD CROSS thought it was impossible to legislate in advance of public opinion, and it would be impossible to enforce such a measure if passed to-morrow. "Certainly in the Metropolis no Secretary of State could be responsible for the peace if all the publichouses were closed throughout Sunday."

Take care, Sabbatarians. Teetotalers, draw it mild. Paternal legislators, forbear!

As yet, the comfort, enjoyment, and accommodation of the lodger, and the wayfarer on Sunday, remain imperilled by nothing worse than a puritanical abstract Resolution. The last House of Commons was called a Publican's Parliament. Which is the better, a Publican's or a Puritan's Parliament?

Monday (Lords).—Some Bills having been advanced a stage, Lord SYDNEY brought down the QUEEN's reply to the Address of their Lordships' House praying for the omission of the fourth schedule from the new Education Code. It graciously promised that the matter should be carefully considered by the Committee of Council.

(Commons.)—Questions over, Mr. GLADSTONE gave notice that he would on Thursday move a Resolution declaring that every person returned as a Member of the House of Commons who may claim to be a person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn

affirmation instead of taking an oath, shall henceforth—notwithstanding so much of the Resolution adopted by the House on June 22 as related to affirmation—be permitted without question to make and subscribe a solemn affirmation in the form prescribed by the Parliamentary Oaths Act of 1866, as amended by the Promissory Oaths Act of 1868, subject to any liability by statute. He would also move to make that a Standing Order. This statement was so satisfactory to MR. LABOUCHEE, that he forthwith announced that he would withdraw his own Resolution inviting the House to eat its recent anti-Bradlaugh vote.

In answer to MESSRS. SAMUELSON and BROADHURST, Mr. MUNDELLA declared that there was no intention to cut down the standard of elementary education. A few hours previously, Lord SYDNEY, in Another Place, had made an announcement, which see above. Had the matter in question been carefully considered by the Committee of Council in the meanwhile?

The House went into Committee of Supply on the Naval Estimates, despatched details, and adjourned.

Tuesday (Lords).—Royal Assent given by Commission to divers Bills, and sundry others advanced a stage. Lord BEAUCHAMP, Chairman of the Select Committee on Reporting in their Lordships' House, called attention to the report thereon. The reporting was unsatisfactory. Why? First, noble Lords did not always speak out. Next, very often, whilst a noble Lord was addressing the House, there were several other noble Lords talking to one another out loud.

Imagine any noble Lord so far forgetting himself! It is enough to make anybody quote SHAKSPEARE, and cry with Wolsey—

"If I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners."

Lastly, Lord BEAUCHAMP said the acoustic properties of the House were defective. To remedy these defects, he proposed three Resolutions; two (the second and third) providing improved accommodation for reporters; the other (the first), with a view to make noble Lords, in speaking, face the reporters' gallery, going to the tremen-

THE ACADEMY SOIRÉE.

(Wednesday, June 30.)



ERTAINLY a brilliant spectacle! All the Old Masters and all the young ones. Literature, Music, the Drama, and Mlle. SARA BERNHARDT, all magnificently represented.

The President, Sir FREDERICK the Great, receiving Your Representative, amid the hushed silence of the assembled throng, was a touching sight. A hundred Artists seized on the subject for an historical picture. In future years old men will tell it to their grandchildren, who won't believe them.

The Muses and Graces were all there, with

All the Gods and Goddesses,
And oh, such skirts and bodices!

Apollo, in full uniform, conducted the orchestra.

Olympus Mount is a pleasant place,
And happy there we were;
But what lent a grace
To the charming place
Was the Royal Artillerie—

whose band discoursed sweet music. Among the guests unostentatiously eating an ice in a corner, was little Jack Horner—I mean Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, recovering from the fatigues of the previous evening at Steinway Hall, where, to a select and brilliant assembly, he had been reading—and reading capitally too—his dramatic novel, as a rehearsal for his American tour. Everyone was most anxious to know when he was going,—which did not sound kind, but they meant well, and all wished him success.

Another subject for the historical painter was the meeting between Mlle. SARA and Your

Representative. Surrounded by a prying and inquisitive crowd, we restrained our feelings, and dissembled with commonplaces. But ah! there are moments,—and this was one of them!

Ganymedes in white ties handed ices, strawberries, and lemonade; and Hebe in the corner washed the plates. Mercury was the chief of the Detective Force on duty, so the coats and hats and umbrellas were safe.

A popular demonstration was prepared for Your Representative on quitting the Academy, which, however, he modestly avoided by pretending to be somebody else, having previously ordered the splendidly-liveried servants not to touch their hats on seeing him. It was not until a late hour, or rather an early one, that the last man of the crowd outside dispersed himself, and this only on the positive assurance of Inspector SMUGGINS that Your Representative had long since quitted the halls of dazzling light.

The beauty was éblouissante, ravissante, and the costumes pyramidales! A great success! and so said all of Us.

Physic and French.

BRITONS who "speak French like a native"—of this Island—are advised to be careful how they pun upon the name of the French Ambassador, M. CHALLEMLACOUË. Whether or no it is right in the present day to call the French our "mercurial neighbours," they cannot with any propriety whatever be said to be diplomatically represented at the British Court by calomel.

A MOVE FOR THE MISSIONARIES.

WHITHER are the Jesuits expelled the other day from the Rue de Sèvres to go? The Voltairian members of the French Government will perhaps reply, "From Sèvres to China."

dous length of actually proposing that, from the week beginning the 5th of July, the Woolsack should be placed at the north end of the House, so that the LORD CHANCELLOR should sit with his face instead of his back to it!

The bare idea of this hitherto unheard-of, and unimagined, this wild, fearful, and reckless, not to say revolutionary innovation, horrified the House, and the proposal of it was of course withdrawn. Shunt the Woolsack! Had the suggestion of such an enormity been entertained in the House of Lords for a moment, there would have been an end of everything. Treat the Woolsack as a moveable! The Roman Senate would as soon have thought of displacing the *Capitolium immobile saxum*.

The other two Resolutions were agreed to without a division, and their Lordships presently adjourned.

(Commons).—Sir S. NORTHCOTE gave notice of moving, as an Amendment to Mr. GLADSTONE's Motion on the Bradlaugh mess, a counter-Resolution declaring that the House cannot consent to regale itself on its own recent vote.

Proposed declaration of *non possumus* cheered by the Opposition.

Mr. GORST also gave notice that he would ask the SPEAKER, as a point of order, whether, as virtually raising a question which the House has already decided in the current Session, such a Resolution can be put at all?

Adjourned debate on Confiscatory Compensation of Disturbance (Hibernian) Bill resumed, and by-and-by adjourned again; sitting suspended at seven till nine, when Mr. D. O'CONOR beginning to talk about the disfranchisement of Sligo, the House was counted out in ten minutes' time.

Wednesday (Commons).—The House resolved itself into a sort of legislative Eisteddfodd. Mr. ROBERTS moved the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sunday (Wales) Bill for totally closing all the publichouses on Sunday throughout the Principality. Another Sabbatarian project, look you.

If, said the Member for Flint, the Government, in the debate of last Friday, had promised a Sunday Closing Bill for England and Wales, he would not have pressed his own. There was a strong and almost unanimous feeling in Wales in favour of closing publichouses on Sunday.

That is to say, the Cymry desire to be once a week deprived of their ewr.

Mr. WARTON, in moving the rejection of the Bill, very naturally asked—"If the working classes of Wales were so anxious not to visit publichouses on Sunday, why did they do it?" The only possible answer, if that is indeed so, is that they are so extremely imbecile as to be incapable of self-control.

Mr. A. PEEL, speaking from the Treasury Bench, having remarked that he was practically addressing a Welsh Parliament, pointed out to Sabbatarian legislators that it would not do to go beyond public opinion, and that the PREMIER had promised legislation on the licensing question with which the measure before the House would interfere. There was a Welsh consensus in favour of that measure which he did not like to resist. He couldn't support the Bill, and wouldn't oppose it.

Amendment negatived. Welsh Sabbatarian Bill read a Second Time. If publichouses are to be closed throughout Sunday in Wales, surely dairies will be allowed to remain open, so that poor little TAFFY may at least be enabled to quench his thirst with the milk which is good for babes.

Mr. LITTON put his oar into Irish Land Legislation by moving the Second Reading of his Fixity of Tenure Bill, which of course brought him into a fix with Mr. FORSTER, who, as might have been expected, moved the previous question—carried by 187 to 45. Shut up.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord GALLOWAY again brought the subject of the Mar Peage before the House, moving a Resolution to rescind an Order of their Lordships relative thereto. Amendment moved by Lord REDEDDALE, and, after a long discussion, the Mar Motion rejected. "All that's spoke is marr'd."

(Commons).—Final stage, we may hope, of the Bradlaugh bore. After preliminary business, of small account, Mr. SPEAKER, in reply to Mr. Gorst, ruled that there was an essential difference between Mr. GLADSTONE's Resolution and Mr. LABOUCHERE's, and that the former could therefore be moved, in order.

Mr. GLADSTONE thereupon proceeded to move his Resolution, rescinding the previous Resolution which excluded Mr. BRADLAUGH, and in support of his Motion especially urged the necessity of protecting the dignity of the House and maintaining its police. The decency of the House had only been maintained by Mr. BRADLAUGH being made aware that such a Motion as this would be made; and but for that knowledge there would have been a repetition of the painful scenes of last week.

In point of fact, if the House did not accede to the Motion, its dignity and order would remain at the mercy of Mr. BRADLAUGH.

Partly impressed perhaps by this consideration, but rather, of course, with a sense of the necessity of getting out of an untenable position, the House, in spite of forcible speeches from Sir S. NORTHCOTE and Sir R. CROSS, and impassioned protests from Mr. SULLIVAN and other Roman Catholic Members, finally adopted Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal, and by a majority of 303 to 249 consented to devour its previous decision, amid much cheering from the Ministerial benches. It then rejected a rider proposed by Mr. SULLIVAN, which would have excluded BRADLAUGH personally, and having agreed on the Motion of Mr. GLADSTONE to make the Resolution of which Mr. BRADLAUGH was the hero, and has thus become master of the situation, a standing order, adjourned.

STATE OF THE TIDE.

"Sir SIDNEY WATERLOW, the Liberal Candidate for Gravesend, was yesterday returned by a majority of 220 over Sir ROBERT PEEL."

It is low water with the Tories just now, at Gravesend.

COMMON SENSE VICTORIOUS.

"Short dresses are now good form in the ball-room."



All hail, Good Sense!
Fair Reason, hail!
Hail, Fashion's
groaning slaves, set
free
From galling bonds
of skirt and tail
To revel in sweet
liberty!
Too long we've borne
the foolish toils
That Fashion weaves
for each poor slave,
Who, hampered with
her monstrous coils,
Has battled on, dis-
traught but brave.
So, when her tyrant
edict bound
A frightful cage
about our kin,
We've uttered no
rebellious sound,
But borne it with a
Spartan grin.

And when Unreason's hand has tied
Soft sinuous forms in bands of steel
That marred their gracious lines, we've sighed,
But scorned to utter what we feel.

Yet later, when in clinging fold
She swathed and cramped each pliant frame,
And tacked to Nature's perfect mould
An irksome tail to trip and lame—

E'en then we've smiled a patient smile,
And wondered at such needless pains;
Still keeping wary watch the while,
Lest, stumbling, we might curse their trains.

For all too oft the
Fair but False
Have shuddered at
a muttered oath,
When, tripping in
the painful vase,
A crash has made
their partners
wroth.

And now that trail-
ing trains are
"out,"
Send paint and
powder, & pointed
shoe,
High heels, wasp-
waists, to right-
about,
With all their
ghastly, maiming
crew!

For modest grace
beats Modiste's art,

And your own forms are quite enough,
My dears, to break your *Punch's* heart,
Without all this pernicious stuff.

So, when the future ages scan
The page of Fashion's folly dense,
They shall confess *this* year began
An era of sound Common Sense!

Easily Guessed.

In a new weekly periodical, the *Pen*, in a notice of SAMUEL SMILES, it is stated that some of his books have been translated into every European language, except one. It will not surprise anyone to learn that the solitary European language in which the works of the Author of *Self-Help* and *Thrift* are not to be found, is the—Turkish.



TRULY CONSCIENTIOUS.

"ARE YOU ASLEEP, DEAREST?"

"YES, MAMMA, AND THE DOCTOR PARTICULARLY SAID THAT I NEEDN'T BE WAKED TO TAKE MY MEDICINE."

[*Snores.*

FLORA AND FASHION.

By an Old-Fashioned Flower-Worshipping Philistine.

"Flowers are fashionable just now."—*Daily News.*

Just now! Smart Scribe, and were they not so ever
Since the first rose-leaves fell on the first river,

In distant Aïden?

Enough to put a Poet in a passion,
To think of Flora as a thrall to Fashion,

Like any modish maiden!

July is with us, her green lap full laden
With old-world flowers

(A little colour-dimmed by drenching showers),
And, though aesthetic prigs turn up their noses
At things so commonplace as Cabbage roses,

Larkspurs, and Lilies.

Thank Heaven, we're not yet swayed by sumphs and sillies,
And their vague talk of amaranth, rue, and moly,

So wholly

That we're too proud to take a simple pleasure
In the old cottage garden's common treasure.
Flowers fashionable now? Ah! very probable.
Flora is much beholden to *Le Follet!*

And yet 'tis rather jolly

To think her ancient treasures are not robbable,
That Fashion, smile or frown she on the flowers,
Can't change the cut or trim in fields and bowers;
Or rule fair May as she hath ruled Mayfair,
The rose's petal petticoats make spare,

As eel-skin dresses,

Or puff the lily-skirts with crinoline,
Or dim to dingy bronze the grass's green,
Or geometricise the honeysuckle.

Wherefore one blesses

The kindly fates that, though Society truckle
To the queer whims of modish mutability,
Nature knows nothing of such poor servility.

None of the parrot-clique's aesthetic crazes
Affect the secular buttercups and daisies;
The ecstasy of the Intense that fills
Dolldom's weak heart moves not the daffodils;
No High Art prank
Will make the violet pallid, gawky, lank.
'Tis doubtless true,— *teste* the smart Scribe's comment,
That, for the moment,
Fashion for Flora feigns a passing passion,
But Flora follows not the lead of Fashion!

Good Omen.

THE telegrams announced last week that, on the KHEDIVE'S affairs—

"The British Government has notified its acquiescence in the appointment of Mr. ALONZO MONEY as English Member of the Caisse of Public Debt."

This is a good omen for the KHEDIVE. A first instalment of English Money. There's only one difficulty, this Money can't be changed without the consent of the British Government, and when changed this Money will be lost. The KHEDIVE was delighted to hear that, on being asked whether he would accept the post, Mr. MONEY replied, "Ready, aye Ready!"—an excellent motto for Money generally.

A Vulgar Error.

THE institution of Sunday Schools having attained to its hundredth year, and been therefore celebrated, and had its celebration reported, as that of the "Sunday School Centenary"—this last word not being understood of the people as generally as their friends would wish—has greatly exercised some persons phonetically but perversely disposed as to spelling, accustomed to drop their aitches, and not well up in hagiology. Endowed with inquiring, though uncultivated minds, they go about asking whether by the Centenary of Sunday Schools is meant their Founder; and if he was a Saint, whom, meaning to name St. HENRY, they call St. ENNERY.



“RECTIFICATION!”

BRITANNIA (*Dressmaker to Miss Hellas*). “NOW WE’VE LET IT OUT FOR YOU, YOU’LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE!”

LAW IN THE PADDYLAND OF THE FUTURE.

(From Mr. Punch's Prophetic Reporter.)

The Seat of War, August, 188—.

HE long-expected hostilities between Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT and The RAGSANDTATTERSOON have at last commenced in earnest. The latter is theoretically the aggressor, although the former seems to be acting in rather an overbearing manner. The story of the dispute out of which the proceedings have grown is briefly as follows:—

A short time since The RAGSANDTATTERSOON (who is ground-landlord to Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT) called upon his tenant to ask for his rent, which had been overdue for a long period of years. So unlooked-for, not to say superfluous, an action naturally provoked the greatest indignation amongst the O'PAYNOUGHTS, and the visitor was received with howls of the most vigorous execration. Had not the occasion been one of a purely peaceable character (a meeting of Mr. O'PAY-

NOUGHT's family to celebrate the birthday of one of their number), it is more than probable that The RAGSANDTATTERSOON might have received some rough treatment. As it was, he was forcibly ejected by two powdered footmen acting under the orders of the assistant-butler, and furthermore was pelted with empty champagne bottles as he ran through his tenant's costly flower-garden on his way home. Provoked (not unnaturally) by the rather inhospitable manner in which he had been received, The RAGSANDTATTERSOON distinctly placed himself in the wrong by kicking a valued friend of Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT in the character of a highly respected pig. This harmless animal was quietly engaged in discussing a luscious mess of chicken, *pâté de foie gras*, and maraschino jelly swimming in a dish of strawberries and cream, when, in more senses than one, the luckless landlord fell upon him. It is said by some that in the hurry of his flight The RAGSANDTATTERSOON did not see the intelligent quadruped, and that the insult offered to him consequently was purely accidental. This is stoutly denied by the O'PAYNOUGHTS, who declare that the assault was nothing short of an infringement of the new Act. It is contended that The RAGSANDTATTERSOON wished to eject his tenant by using violence to the pet pig. Acting upon this construction of the proceeding, Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT commenced an action for damages against his landlord, and the matter had to be decided as the law directs by the Judge of the local County Court.

Early in the morning of the day of trial, The RAGSANDTATTERSOON (who happens to be a member of the Society of Friends) presented himself before the Judge, and on his knees entreated his Honour to give the case against him. He repeated over and over again that he would far rather make any sacrifice than that bloodshed should be the outcome of the contest. Mr. Justice O'WHISKY (who appeared to be moved almost to tears by the suitor's generosity) replied that he was obliged to obey the dictates of his conscience, and that therefore he must give a decision against Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT's pretensions. To comfort his visitor, however, he showed that the Court-House had been put in a thorough state of defence, and that the Bench itself, by means of sandbags and small pieces of artillery, had been very carefully protected. Adding frequently that it "would be all right," the gallant Judge then retired to his private room to await contingencies.

At exactly a quarter past twelve the O'PAYNOUGHT family approached, and deployed into line. The Clerks of the County Court headed by their intrepid chief, immediately appeared on the walls, and challenged the plaintiffs to commence the action. Upon this, the counsel learned in the law engaged by Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT, wearing his wig and gown, and waving a flag of truce (a white pocket-handkerchief attached to a walking-stick) advanced and asked for a parley. This was accorded, and it was explained to his Honour that in the event of his giving a decision adverse to the interests of Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT, an appeal against the Court would be conducted in the customary manner. The Judge gallantly announced his opinion that the Defendant was entirely in the right, and bobbed down his head just in time to escape the very unpleasant consequences following upon so bold a declaration.

Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT's attack upon the strongly fortified Court-House was of a most determined character. Thousands of bullets, stones, and other missiles were expended in the advance; and, after an hour's desperate fighting, the position was turned, with the comparatively small loss of one maiden aunt killed and two first cousins twice removed slightly wounded. The shouts of triumph were soon exchanged, however, for howls of disappointment when it was discovered that his Honour had abandoned the Court-House shortly before its capture, and was still holding out in a scientifically defended laundry and wash-house.

This despatch leaves the Judge the master of the situation.

A week later.

His Honour for the last seven days has been undergoing all the horrors of a siege. The outhouse is surrounded, and supplies have been completely cut off. The garrison are known to be living on old summonses. His Honour is expected to revise his decision before his appointment is rendered vacant by a death from hunger.

Latest.

The Family have conquered! The decision has been revised, and Mr. O'PAYNOUGHT is at this moment spending a small fortune upon a grand *al fresco fête*, race meeting, and regatta in celebration of his victory. In the fulness of his heart the triumphant tenant has invited the defeated landlord to be present at the rejoicings. The RAGSANDTATTERSOON, however, has been unable to accept the kind invitation, because he has had a pressing appointment elsewhere—in point of fact, in the Court of Bankruptcy!

WHAT WE MAY COME TO.

MEDdle with the Woolsack, and with alarming rapidity the country would see changes of the most revolutionary character introduced into both Houses of Parliament! Are we prepared to stand by and calmly witness such startling innovations in the Constitution as are implied by new Standing Orders (like those we now publish), which we distinctly warn an apathetic public, are certain in time to be adopted, if the Woolsack is moved but a handsbreadth from its present time-honoured position?

STANDING ORDERS (FUTURE.)

The Lord Chancellor and the Speaker to be at liberty during the hot weather to preside over the deliberations of Parliament without a wig. The Mace may be lent for exhibition to the South Kensington Museum.

Any Member preferring to attend the sittings of Parliament during the months of June, July, and August, in his shirt-sleeves, may have leave to do so, provided that when he rises to address the House, he resume the formality of a coat.

Black Rod and Sergeant-at-Arms empowered to wear any light summer costume they please.

Smoking (cigars and cigarettes only) allowed on the benches after midnight.

There will be no interference with the occupants of the Strangers' Gallery, if they choose to express their sentiments by cheering, clapping their hands, or stamping with their feet, but previous notice must be given of an intention to hiss or hoot.

A Member may secure a seat for the whole evening by depositing upon it, at any time after 10 A.M., his hat, stick, umbrella, gloves, handkerchief (provided his name is legibly marked in the upper left hand corner), spectacle-case, calling-card, photograph, or any of his own or his wife's relations.

During the summer months the Woolsack and the Chair to be covered with a cool chintz or cretonne.

Members may play at chess, draughts, dominoes, or any other quiet game, but not at backgammon, on account of the interruption which would be caused by rattling the dice.

The Bishops may appear in their robes or not, at their option.

When the gowns now worn by the Clerks at the Table are worn out, they need not be renewed.

Refreshments will be served at the Bar of the House.

Any Member may in future keep his hat on his head while addressing the House, provided it is the proper high black hat such as is worn in this country in the hot season.

The following articles are inadmissible into either House of Parliament without an order from the Lord Chancellor or Speaker:—Guns, rifles, fishing rods, Bath chairs, bicycles, portmanteaus, telescopes, and dogs.

Overheard at Lord's.

First Swell. Haw—STEEL bowled well, but didn't much swell the score.

The two STRUD brothers, though, were to the fore.

Second Swell. Ya-as! Not surprised they bore the battle's brunt; For Stud(d)s are mostly—haw—found in the front!

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

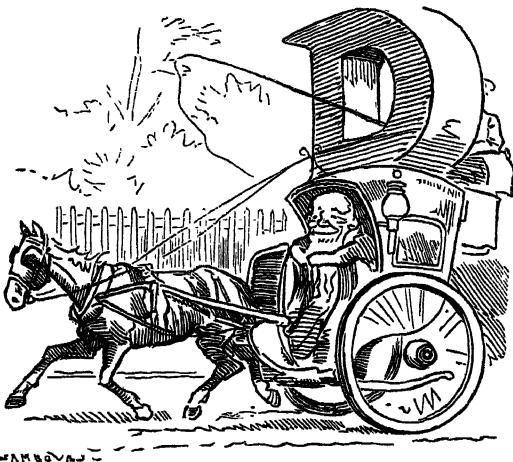
BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine; or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishey Fin," "Fisheas Wildux," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "'Arry 'Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Fullbaker," "McDermott of Balladssingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

Two DAZED IN TOWN.



of Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE, and obtain from him a private opinion gratis, which would at once decide his movements with regard to JOHN BOUNCE on the one hand, and the Bishop and Archbeacon on the other.

Mr. SIMPLER, Beadle of Small-Beerjester, who, as my readers may not need to be reminded, is also Percentor and Precentor, and therefore a Reverend in his own rite, found himself in London at his own expense.

Being in want of rooms in the Metropolis, he took up *Chambers's Journal*, and having made his selection from a good number of Chambers, he drove at once to the Clargey's Hotel, in Clargey's Street, Pickadowndilly, where the head-waiter at once recognised the Master of Deedler's Trust as a patron, brought him a sherry and bitters and a biscuit, a telegram with latest betting at Newmarket, and then retired to order his room.

The Reverend Beadle's, or Bedell's, as he preferred to call himself in London, first visit was to the Angel at Islington, where he was welcomed by the angelic hostess and provided with an excellent dinner. After this, it being too early to call on Sir ISAAC, he strolled to Sadler's Wells, drank the invigorating waters which still retain a strong taste of leather about them, and then bethought him that a more unprofitable hour might be passed elsewhere than at the Zoological Gardens, to which place of recreation and animal spirits he forthwith bent his steps. Here he showed three of his cards at the entrance, but, as the Gate-keeper is always the sharpest of all the Keepers at the Zoological, who are all well up in games of four-feet, he was unable to induce him to name the wrong one, so paid his and money went in.

Meeting some children with pennies in their hands, he took them to a refreshment stall and bought some beautiful stale penny buns at half-price, which he let the children have at three for twopence or four for threepence, and so, on the whole, made a good thing of it, not only recouping himself for his expenditure of gate-money, but also getting something for himself and fourpence clear profit, which he spent in a ride on the Dromedary, a sensation that gave him great pleasure, as being the next thing to riding on a Prebendary.

After this he took a cab as far as KURLITT'S, the well-known hair-dresser, hat-brusher, and umbrella-seller, in Bill Street, whose shop has a back exit into the Girlington Arcade, through which Mr. SIMPLER passed after informing one of the young men that he would look in again to see some back hair-pins, and thence strolled leisurely towards the Park. Here, seeing the row filled with equestrians, he sauntered as far as a neighbouring livery stable in Mount Street, and having hired a neat cob for a couple of hours, he joined the gay throng and at the expiration of an hour and half he rode out of the Park and dismounted before the portico of a princely mansion opposite the Buswater corner of Kensington Gardens.

Here a ragged individual, fancying that he had overheard the Master of

Deedler's lamenting the absence of his groom, proffered his services in taking the horse home.

Mr. SIMPLER confided the animal to his care, writing on one side of one of his blank cards the address of the livery stable in Mount Street, and on the other "Returned with thanks. Please give bearer something for himself," further instructing the man that should he not be rewarded for his trouble, he must come back, knock at the door at which he was then standing, and the butler would then settle with him as he at the present moment had no change. The man touched his cap to Mr. SIMPLER, and when he and the horse were quite out of sight, the worthy Bedell rang the bell, but on being informed that "Mr. FERGUSON," for whom he had inquired, "did not lodge there," he apologised for his mistake, and having hailed a cab, he bargained with the driver to take him back miles for a shilling.

On arriving at the Description Hall, Pickadowndilly, he stopped the driver and pretended that it was against his conscience to go any farther; whereupon the driver asked him for money which the Bedell flatly refused to pay him. The Cabman insisted on driving him to the Attorney-General's chambers, as Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE was known to be favourable to all growers with a grievance, and his opinion, invariably accepted as final, should be paid for by the loser; to which unexpected suggestion the Master of Deedler's acceded conditionally on the driver's promising to wait and bring him back to the Description Hall free of charge.

Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE was in; in fact, as his clerk said, with regard to opinions he was never known to be out; if ever he did happen to be out in his opinion, it was only when he was not at home in a case. At the present moment, however, he was engaged on the Great Stair case in Westminster Hall, and he would run round and fetch him immediately. The clerk was as good and better than his word, as in less than five minutes they were ushered into the innermost room which, hung round as it was with legal instruments, and ornamented with habeas corpus stuffed, and framed illustrations of legal fictions, produced a considerable effect on the Cabman's mind.

Sir ISAAC, who, in his full Attorney-General's uniform, wig, cocked-hat, robes, Jack-boots, spurs, sabretache, and sword, was standing on the hearth-rug, appeared delighted at seeing the Master of Deedler's, and at once wrote his decision, to the effect that in the case of *Cabman v. Simpler (Clerk in Orders)*, "the Plaintiff had no claim against Defendant, inasmuch as the former had agreed to an essentially illegal contract; a shilling, and nothing less, being the only legal tender for any distance of two miles and under."

For this decision, the Plaintiff had to pay immediately the sum of one guinea, Sir ISAAC being specially retained, or a warrant of distress would be then and there issued, and five shillings more to Defendant to stay further proceedings as to the second illegal contract into which the Cabman had entered to take him back to the Description Hall gratis.

The Cabman having settled the above charges, with tears in his eyes, thanked Sir ISAAC, and withdrew, leaving the worthy Attorney and the Master of Deedler's in consultation on far more serious matters than a mere Cabman.

Sir ISAAC is a long, lank, thin man—so long and so thin, that the proverbial longest day could not be enough for him to stand up in, and he must have an entire long Vacation all to himself to lie down in. He was long altogether; he had been long out of office; he had been long in office; he was long-winded, long-sighted, long-suffering, and of long standing in his profession; he was long in getting whatever he longed for, but he was a man who could go any lengths to get it. When at the University he showed a taste for Latin poetry, but they were all hexameters, all "longs." If he ever dined away from home, my readers can imagine to what hotel in Bond Street he gave the preference; and when he took a long holiday abroad, it was Toolong where he always stayed. He was bound to live long; to be long a-dying, like the Merry Monarch; and to be long remembered after his death, when his long life will be published by LONGMAN & CO.

"The question is—" began Mr. SIMPLER, when Sir ISAAC interrupted him.

"I know what the question is, what you don't know is the answer."

The Perceptor bowed assent and played an imaginary Jews' harp energetically with both hands.

"Now," continued the Attorney-General, putting his finger to his nose, "I'll give you the straight tip."

The Perceptor bowed again and thought that Sir ISAAC's tip couldn't be straighter than it was; he said nothing, however, but only went on with his inaudible fantasia on the old imaginary Jews' harp.

Sir ISAAC then declared that BOUNCE and FISHY were worse than a couple of donkeys, as these animals were quadrupeds, while the two enemies of Deedler's Trusts hadn't literally a leg to stand upon between them.

Mr. SIMPLER, seated on his chair, began to play a quick march on his imaginary instrument.

"Moreover, my dear Sir," continued the Attorney-General, "BOUNCE will have to pay his own costs and ours." Here Mr. SIMPLER increased the time of his march, which, inaudible to Sir ISAAC, began to sound aloud, for him, notes of jubilant triumph, accompanied by the beating of the drums in his own ears. "And whatever little honorarium has to be presented to me for my opinion, will have to come out of the pockets of the Archbeacon and the Bishop, as I am not legally"—he emphasised the word—"entitled to receive any fee from the Master of Deedler's, though, perhaps, some little testimonial, such as a purseful of guineas, a richly-chased drinking-cup, or a jewelled inkstand—with an ink-scription on it—might not be out of place on my side-board, or on my drawing-room table at home."

The latter part of Sir ISAAC's speech was entirely unheeded by Mr. SIMPLER, who was now standing up on his chair, facing Sir ISAAC, and playing up, with both hands, such a "*See the Conquering Hero Comes*" on the imaginary Hebraic harp, accompanied by such a preternatural beating of inaudible ear-drums, and such a bold and rapid blowing of nose-trumpets, as had never before been performed in an Attorney-General's chambers out of Hanwell or Colney Hatch.

"Hark!" cried the Perceptor, stamping his foot, and conducting his imaginary orchestra. Sir ISAAC listened, and looked in wonder. Then he rang the bell violently, previous to grasping the poker and the fire-shovel.

A Clerk opened the door, and in another moment the Perceptor had descended the stairs. Sir ISAAC had sported his oak, in which he remained ensconced, like CHARLES THE SECOND, for the rest of the day, and the worthy Beadle-Perceptor-Master of Deedler's, beaming with triumph, retraced his steps in the direction of Pickadowndilly. He could scarcely believe his senses; it seemed like some strange dream; he could not bring himself to return to Beerjester immediately, until he felt that he thoroughly comprehended the situation. Had he made an enemy of Sir ISAAC? Had his harping been premature? Sir ISAAC had not given him his written opinion—might not this be different to what he had spoken; and then what a figure he should cut when he re-visited Small-Beerjester, and had to humble himself before JOHN BOUNCE and MORLEENA? And once more he played the imaginary Hebraic harp, but this time dejectedly, to the air of "*We May be Happy yet.*" And so, still harping on his daughter, he entered the Hall dedicated to St. James. Here he stood beyond the ticket place and near the barrier, humbly informing the attendant that he was waiting for a friend, whereupon he was permitted to remain on this spot, where he was able to hear the louder parts of the Christy's entertainment for nothing.

Taking advantage of the temporary absence of the official, who was called away by some disturbance in the Gallery, he entered the room and seated himself in one of the stalls.

He had always considered persons of all shades not so black as they are painted, and here before him was an instance in point. He had never seen so many people at once looking so black, and they are all painted!

The Reverend Bedell had heard that "the Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman," and it occurred to his child-like mind that the black Indy-vidual at the corner in full evening dress, with magnificent collars, diamond studs, and an elegant shirt-frill, must be His Royal Highness Himself; so, before taking his seat, he bowed politely to him, a salute which was most courteously returned; a proceeding fortunately witnessed by the official in charge of the Stalls, who, returning at the moment was about to ask our excellent friend for his ticket of admission, when he noted this public



TU QUOQUE.

"AIR'S GETTIN' RATHER THIN ON THE TOP, SIR! ALLOW ME TO RECOMMEND OUR KOMOKRYPTOLINE—IT'S CONSIDERED INFALLIBLE!"

"AH, WELL—SO LONG AS IT'S THE STUFF YOU USE YOURSELF, YOU KNOW!"

recognition of the stranger accorded by the distinguished occupant of the corner of the Stage.

Mr. SIMPLER listened with interest; their perfect harmony delighted his inmost soul, and it was some consolation to his wounded clerical spirit to remember that these men were living as a band of brothers united in one uncommon object, and were known in all this troubled worldly city as the only Christy 'uns. Their service came to an end, and Mr. SIMPLER quitted the Hall. His eyes had become so accustomed to the darkness of the Minstrels' faces that it was not until he had tried several "eye-openers" at the American bar of the Hyperion that he was able to find his way to Westminster, where he was much annoyed at being charged a shilling on entering the Abbey, and it was not until he was informed that this included everything, and that the Famous Flying Fandango was now going through her marvellous performance, that he awoke to the fact of his having mistaken the Aquarium for the Abbey, and once more he played the imaginary harp to the same tune with a different emphasis, the air being "*We may be Abbey yet.*"

Then the thought of the Attorney-General recurred to him, and he mechanically sought the bar, where he requested to be served with a draught of anything legal.

Then, as the clock struck nine, he looked in at the Podrida, in Molester Square, where there was a brilliant spectacle going on, which soothed and gratified him exceedingly. Thence he strolled towards EVINS's, but not finding it as soon as he had expected, he returned towards Pickadowndilly, and being attacked by a cruel enemy called hunger, he made his way to the door of the Poll Moll Restauwrong, where, having paid three shillings for his ticket, he found himself in a brilliantly lighted saloon, crowded, as he could see at a glance, by the élite of society. It seemed to the Master of Deedler's Trust that in this gathering of aristocratic and distinguished persons, everyone was affable and pleasant, no one haughty or proud; he was perpetually being saluted and addressed in the friendliest and kindest manner possible by polite persons of both sexes, with whose faces he was almost certain he was personally unacquainted, though they one and all appeared to recognise him immediately.

How pleased MORLEENA would be, he thought, if she could be here, and see him now! What a triumph for the Archbeacon and the Bishop that their cause should be so popular in London, as was evident from the homage paid to himself, who was only their humble representative and co-despondent; for, evidently, such greetings as these were not accorded to him as a mere

stranger. Of course all the town had read the articles in the *Prometheus*; but truth had triumphed, and virtue had prevailed. Perhaps, also, Sir ISAAC's opinion had been published in the latest evening papers. After shaking hands warmly with numbers, who thronged around him, how could he refuse to take the chair, that was offered to him at a party of his sympathisers, who were gathered together for a supper in his honour? How could he help replying several times, when they proposed his health over and over again between the intervals of oysters, grilled fowl, kidneys, sausages, and potatoes? How could he help playing on his plate "*The Girl I left behind me*" with the drumstick of a devilled chicken, and then throwing it at the Proprietor, who had suddenly forced himself on the company without an invitation? How could he refuse to shake hands with the Proprietor, and propose his health with three times three, when the latter was so liberal in his entertainment, and his hosts round the festive board were so hospitable and so rich?

Then there was more cheering and more toasts; and he would have risen to his legs for the fiftieth time, but that, somehow, his legs had risen of themselves, and were—he couldn't explain how it was, or when it happened—above him, high up on the table, while he, a long way down, was looking up at them. What did it all mean? There seemed to be some argument, and a great deal of buzzing and shuffling and scuffling, and then it appeared to him that, somehow or another, he was back at Beerjester, in full Beadle's costume, showing a crowd of Bank-holiday sight-seers over the Cathedral, and that while he was doing this the organ struck up, and the Bishop rode in on horseback, and service began, and that, do what he would, he couldn't prevent the holiday folks from singing "*He's a Jolly Good Fellow!*" while somebody got up in the pulpit, with his beadle's staff, and began laying about him like Punch in the show, and then that some one shook him roughly by the collar, and said, "Come, no more of this!" and he awoke to find himself held by two Policemen, and confronted by an Inspector, while a third stood by, with his helmet knocked in, and a black-eye, having, as he protested, been seriously "damaged by that Gent, there"—pointing to the worthy Percentor, who had not as yet recovered his faculties sufficiently to be able to reply to the charge. Then he hears the Proprietor request payment from some one for the supper, and the broken glass, and the injury done to the reputation of his establishment; and on the Percentor indignantly turning to inquire why the people who gave the entertainment didn't reply, the Proprietor observed that he didn't want to be trifled with, and if he, the Percentor, couldn't pay the money down, he must trouble him for his name and address, before he was taken off to the stationhouse.

Then the Master of Deedler's bethought him of his friend, the Attorney-General, and producing a card requested the Inspector to send it at once to Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE. At the mention of this name the Inspector suggested that he, the Proprietor, and the worthy Percentor, should all go down to Sir ISAAC's chambers in a cab, and there being no objection to this proposal, it was adopted.

Then, on Mr. SIMPLER's having endorsed the card "Testimonial all right, splendid cup and inkstand with inkscription," Sir ISAAC, without getting off the Wool-sack where he slept for practice, wrote a judgment in the Master of Deedler's favour, threatening the proprietor with a prosecution and the withdrawal of his licence, and severely reprimanding the Inspector, who was ordered to see Mr. SIMPLER home and pay him every possible attention.

The Master of Deedler's didn't get up till very late next morning, and then returned by evening train to Small-Beerjester; and thus ended his two days in London.

How in the meantime had Mr. JOHN BOUNCE been occupied?

NEGATIONS AND AFFIRMATIONS.

THE House of Commons say that BRADLAUGH is to be allowed to affirm. *Punch* must be allowed to affirm that though BRADLAUGH is quite wrong, the House is quite right.

BURROW MEMBERS.—Rabbits.

FROM THE STY.

BY THE LEARNED PIG.

Learned Pig (laying down a modern Novel) loquitur—



HRUMPH! *Hrumph!* Now, that's really delicious; as fragrantly fine as a sniff From a long-stored and newly-stirred dust-hole. Ah! poets who prate of the whiff From the brine, or a mignonette-bed, or from lilac-buds rain-washed at eve, You are really quite out of the running, *rococo* at least I believe. *Hrumph!* Triumph I think for our race; we've been ridiculed rather too long For our appetite wholesomely catholic. Popular story and song Now find us justification. Gross porcine propensities? *Bosh!* Seeing Art now shares the tastes of us lovers of wallow and wash, Really worth while to be learned, if only in order to trace In modern humanity's boasted *chef-d'oeuvres* the traits of our race! Here now's a novel! I'm told it is sold in all civilised lands, And comes under modest girl-glances and passes through honest boy-hands. Gad! it's pure dungheap—delightful! No fat gutter-garbage so rich

'Twould satiate hogdom's keen greed plus a satyr's esurient itch. Roses? I never liked roses, and lilies are cold whited lies, Dreams, too, and dainty ideals, they do not find favour in styes. Like something solid and succulent, toothsome, and titillant. *Dirt?* *Hrumph!* 'Tis a useful commodity; I never found it to hurt. *Dirt?* What is dirt after all? A comparative thing I suppose, What do punctilious bards use for growing their lily and rose? Hate all such finicking fashions. The gushers would tiptoe through life Like girls o'er a foul City crossing. Now, right realism is rife With a meaning the mooners all miss, but which hogdom has long ago hit on, Ah! the sty could have given the cue to romancers from HOMER to LYTTON. ARISTOPHANES smacked of our trough, and the Pantagruelian snout Was a little bit porcine? Perhaps! But the sparkle, the symbol flashed out, And the soft whiff of fragrance spoilt all. No, the tub is no place for the gem; And as for strewn violets—pheugh! Slabbest hogswash were sickled by them But ZOLA, now! Ah! there's a writer! I think, as I wallow and grunt, That the learnedest Pig of us all need not deem it the slightest affront To be dubbed Realistic Romancer. It sounds contradictory, too, But the last avatar of romance is so nakedly, nastily true, That I vow I myself should scarce grumble at being suspect of a part In so painting the earth's ordure-heaps on the squalid back slums of the heart. Were the world, now, all lambkins and lilies, all sunshine and snowy-winged saints,

There might be some excuse for the prig who perfection persistently paints; Nay, were sinners all stately of port, clean of linen, and dainty of taste, With no loathly fag-end to their life, like a siren gross fish to the waist, Then the moony romanticist's gush and the smug melodramatist's rant Might have a more fit *raison-d'être* than the fiat of autoocrat cant. But the new learned Pigs—I beg pardon!—the realist writers, know better. A fig for the spirit of life high-idealised! Let's have the letter, The facts of the gutter and midden. I have grubbed with luxurious tusk in An offal-heap rank as the slough so offensive to finical RUSKIN, And found it a capital feeding-ground. Art, 'twould appear, has discovered The inner swine-secret at last. Far too long in the clouds she has hovered, Scornful of soil and of carrion. Pooh! there are glorious pickings In what *dilettanti* call filth. The boobies! their stumbling and stickings Whenever life's road's a bit miry remind me of eats in wet weather. Ho! for the rout and the wallow, the muck-feast and mud-bath together! And out on fine dolts who can't dine without forks and the snowiest napery, Or limn the gross facts of the earth without swathes of fantastical drapery! Now the romancers and lyrists have learned of the Sty, it is glorious! Porkerdom's Art-Apotheosis, Swinehood in Letters victorious! *Hrumph!* Will they gird at us now for delighting in wallow and grovel? By Gurth and my nose-ring, who dares—after reading a latter-day Novel?

Old Times Revived.

GREAT consternation prevailed abroad on it being reported that a Member of the English Parliament had been "sent to the Tower." The torture, the Scenger's Daughter, and an execution on Tower Hill, were nervously expected. A second telegram rectified the omission of the word "Clock" before Tower.



A YOUNG TURK.

Governess. "HOW DARE YOU, TOMMY? I SHALL TELL YOUR MAMMA!"
Tommy. "OH, I DON'T CARE WHAT MAMMA SAYS! SHE'S TOO YOUNG!"

THE NEXT VICTORY!

(A Sketch for the Historian of the Future.)

ALL apparently was lost. The Sub-Lieutenant in command (the only British officer young enough to perform the duties of a General) was at his wits' end. The enemy had gained ground everywhere, and the scattered battalions of Old England were gradually rallying round their respective head-quarters—the Infants' Schools from which they had drawn their recruits. Non-Commissioned Officers of nearly two months' standing were taking their places in the junior classes of the Educational Establishments just mentioned from force of habit, and their "men" were crying as of old for the recently-deserted sugarstick and the lately-relinquished box of bricks.

"What am I to do?" murmured the Sub-Lieutenant, as an aged Captain from the List of Officers of the Reserve approached him.

"Half a century of service rather more passive than active has rendered me a little rusty. I do not feel equal to giving you advice."

This was said with a heavy sigh, and a moment later the elderly speaker had succumbed to a dead faint, produced by the overwhelming weight of more than eighty years of comparative inaction.

"Let us help you?"
It was a very faint whisper—the outcome of extreme old age. The Sub-Lieutenant wavered. He had been addressed by an ancient General, who, with some thousand colleagues senior to himself, were gathered together in a group, seated in vehicles specially adapted to mitigate the rigour of their infirmities.

"'Tis the only chance," cried the young chieftain in command—he was scarcely sixty. "'Tis the only chance! The Reserved Reserve will advance! Quick march—double—charge!"

In a moment there was a general movement of Bath-chairs. The strange battalion at an easy trot steadily pursued its way. Then happened a remarkable occurrence. The enemy were completely taken by surprise. Full of superstition, they regarded this unlooked-for manœuvre as something supernatural. They were prepared to

AT THE DOOR OF KNOWLEDGE.

DOVER COLLEGE.—President, Earl GRANVILLE, K.G.
For particulars apply to Rev. W. BELL, M.A., the Head
Master; or W. KNOCKER, Esq., Hon. Sec.—*Times*.

YE parents that with anxious eyes
Scan rival school lists over,
Your troubles spare, and spare your sighs,
And take the train to Dover.

For lo! that city's classic gate
(No distance from the station)
Supplies you, wondrous to relate,
With every information;

Go when you will, by light, by dark,
You could not get it faster—
The Knocker is the College Clerk!
The Bell is the Head Master!

And if one says what is not true,
Or contradicts the other,
It's plain to see what you may do
Without the slightest bother.

For you upon them both may frown,
And say that you are shocked, or
May knock the Secretary down,
And then ring up the Doctor.

Lines for Home-Rule Legislation.

As Property has its duties as well as its rights, so, conversely, it has its rights as well as its duties.

The rights of Landed Property in general pertain to the Landlord, but the rights of Irish Landed Property are the rights of the Tenant, and resolve themselves altogether into Tenant Right.

The Irish Landlord ought by rights to have no rights whatever, but duties only.

His duties are his taxes, and the duty of contributing to the relief of distress, and to all other works and objects of benevolence, beneficence, and utility.

A "GENERAL" ORDER.—"Abolish most of them!"—
(Signed,) "G. O. T."

meet men—or rather children—but not ghosts! As they saw the old fogies coming towards them in their invalid carriages, they lost heart. In a word, they uttered a piercing shriek of consternation, and hurriedly retired. The retreat changed immediately into a rout. The honour of England was saved! The battle had been won by "Old PARR's Brigade!"

"General Officers and Honorary Colonels!" cried the now triumphant Sub-Lieutenant to the venerable conquerors as they leisurely returned and feebly produced ear-trumpets, so that they might listen to their leader's complimentary harangue—"General Officers and Honorary Colonels, I thank you! Inkermann has been called 'the Soldiers' Battle,' but to-day shall be remembered—aye, for ever—as the Victory of the Retired List!"

And so the fight ended. The Generals were wheeled back to their respective Clubs, and the Sub-Lieutenant within five years was gazetted (out of his turn) to a company. This last step gave the greatest possible satisfaction to the lucky Captain and his friends, although causing—for awhile—a little heart-burning among the hundreds of his seniors, who now perforce became his juniors. This was natural enough, as the well-merited promotion produced stagnation in the British Army for several generations. But (as the Press subsequently remarked), "What are private interests worth when weighed in the scales with Pluck, Merit, and the Good of the Public?"

To conclude. Shortly after the hero had received his reward, a family group were assembled in the newly-furnished quarters that had been given to him in recognition of his hardily-earned advancement.

"Nay, do not give me *all* the praise," said the successful tactician to his grandchildren as they heartily congratulated him on his first appearance in the uniform of a Junior Captain in a Marching Regiment of the Line. "Do not give me *all* the praise. I owe my present rank to the services of others. I should have lost the day without the charge of the General Officers on the Retired List."

And the whole nation agreed with him (as they settled with the tax-collector) that the charge of the General Officers on the Retired List was a heavy one indeed!

COMING OF AGE.—N. R. A., WIMBLEDON, 1880.

"The National Rifle Association has now attained its majority, and in a befitting way celebrates the twenty-first year of its existence by showing more vigorous signs of life than ever."—*Daily News*.



COMING OF AGE IN THE MODERN TIMES, AND MANY HAPPY, HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY.

TWENTY-One this year!
Punch uplifts his beaker,
And, in accents clear,
Cordial as the speaker,
Loud enough to reach
Over all the Island,

Swift from beach to beach,
Shouts with *Punchian* smile, and
Drinks "The N. R. A.,
Twenty-One to-day!"
Seasons Twenty-One
(On Time's roll a trifle)

Ye your course have run,
Comrades of the Rifle!
Spite of drenching rain,
Spite of cold "Authority,"
Ye've contrived to gain
A sound and strong "majority."
Bravo, N. R. A.,
Twenty-One to-day!
Here's your long survival
Of official snubbing!
May you give each rival
Amicable drubbing!
Here's to scores improved!
Averages bigger!
Nerves by strife unmoved
Fingers firm on trigger!
Health! my N. R. A.
Twenty-One to-day!
Fig for phrases fine!
Accents Ciceronian!
Brim the cup with wine!
Ranges Wimbledonian,
May ye be this year
Delugeless, sun-litten,
While, with hearty cheer,
Punch, and every Briton,
Drink "The N. R. A.
Twenty-One to-day!"

A GREAT UNWASHED.

MR. FORESTER, the other night, was very anxious to know what the scaffolding at the Clock Tower had cost, what it was for, and when it would be down.

Mr. ADAMS, in giving him the information he asked for, said that the cost would be £250, that the scaffolding would be down this week, and that it had been put up for the purpose of cleaning the outside of the Clock—which tells to the eye what the tongue of Big Ben proclaims to the ear—the flight of time over the head of Parliament. When Mr. ADAMS added that this is the first time the Clock has had its face and hands washed since it was put up, he stated what, in these sanitary days, should have startled the House.

Is there any Westminster street-Arab in so neglected a condition as to that cleanliness which is next to godliness, as the Clock to which not only the Collective Wisdom but the western portion of the Great Babylon looks for the time of day?

Let us hope the hands of Parliament are cleaner than those of its Clock, and that such great unwashedness is for the present not allowed to penetrate farther than the Clock Tower, where, *en attendant*, it may be said to have had a recent representative in Mr. BRADLAUGH.

"LA CLÔTURE"—ENGLISH AND ORIGINAL.

MUCH sensation has been excited by the daring act of the Board-School teacher who, the other day, sealed, with a strip of sticking-plaster, the lips of one of her pupils "who would not leave off talking."

Oh, if that school teacher's original and effective remedy could but be introduced, by the authority of the SPEAKER, into the House of Commons!

To be sure, the world would very soon be short of sticking-plaster.

But, think how much the most efficacious form this would be of "*La Clôture*" which everybody wants, and nobody apparently dares ask for!

Imagine the Home-Rule heads each in its sticking-plaster!

What plaster half so likely to heal the sores and raws of Ireland!



A LITTLE JESUIT.

Son and Heir. "MA', I WISH YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME ALONE WITH BABY, 'CAUSE I HAVE TO EAT ALL THE JAM, AN' ORANGES, AN' CAKES AN' THINGS TO AMUSE HER!!"

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It has come at last, and from a very great distance. All have heard of it, read of it, and many of us have dreaded to know more about it. It has been in print for an indefinite time, but only within the last few days have certain personages, and those the *highest* in the realm, received a proof of it. Long but a name in this country, it is now amongst us, a splendid reality. It has appeared in the very last place where it might have been expected—in the *Court Circular*. To prevent further suspense, be it known that Her Majesty the QUEEN, and H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, are at this moment each the happy possessor of a "White Elephant."

FROM SIAM.

P.S.—Her MAJESTY and the Prince, after mature consideration, have decided not to send their White Elephants to the Zoological Gardens, but to keep them in boxes, and occasionally to show them in public.

A RARA AVIS (*in Epping Forest*).—A "Wayz-Goose."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FRIDAY, July 2 (Lords).—The subject of the Licensing Laws is too complex for the Government to tackle just now, "but they hope at no very distant date to submit a measure correcting some of the chief evils of the present system." So much, in answer to inquiries from the Thane of Fife, commonly called Earl "of that ilk."

For the satisfaction of the Duke of SOMERSET, Lord KIMBERLEY said that if Cyprus should be handed over to the Colonial Office, the mode in which it has been acquired will not prevent him, the Earl of KIMBERLEY, from trying to form a valuable possession of it, or at least to make the best of a bad bargain.

The Earl of NORTHBROOK informed the Earl of RAVENSWORTH that the Admiralty had decided on

their shipbuilding programme for the year. Good, my Lords.

Their Lordships passed a few Bills of little or no remarkable consequence to the community.

(Commons, Morning).—Prayers; after which Mr. BRADLAUGH walked in and took his affirmation and seat *sub silentio*.

Debate on an Amendment to the Employers' Liability Bill, moved by Mr. MACDONALD in the interest of the Employed, and seconded by Mr. INDEBICK. Time called, and Sitting suspended till

Evening, when Dr. CAMERON moved an Address to stay British subjects from taking law into their own hands with uncivilised natives after the manner imputed to some missionaries, particularly certain "Blantyre Missionaries in Central Africa," who are reported to have punished offending savages not only by flogging some of them, but also by hanging others, to reclaim—not encourage—the rest. On assurance from Sir CHARLES DILKE, upon the part of the Government, that they wished to prevent such doings, the Doctor withdrew his Motion.

Perhaps the Blantyre Missionaries have been belied by the wicked, and are falsely accused of having "Lynched" or "Blantyred" the heathen they could not convert.

Saturday (Commons).—Committee on Relief of Distress (Ireland) Act Amendment Bill, and thereupon lengthy debate, chiefly financial, in the course of which Mr. FORSTER begged the Irish Members to get on, for if the Bill were not finished that day, he could not be sure when it would be brought on again. Nevertheless, Amendment and Division followed and followed again and again; the talk went on, and they kept it up from 12 at noon on Saturday to 12.30 Sunday morning, when at length, on Motion of Mr. FORSTER, the debate was adjourned.

Bis dat qui citô dat: and, as *Sancho Panza* might add, whilst the grass is growing the steed may starve. As is the growth of grass to the sustenance of horses, so is that of potatoes to the support of people who subsist on them, or would, if they were not starving for want of them. Despatch, Home-Rulers, or else, by the time arrangements for the relief of your countrymen's wants are completed, Irish distress will be over—and much of it relieveable no more.

Monday (Lords).—Lord FORTESCUE recalled attention to a favourite idea—not to say "fad"—of his Lordship's, which he has frequently urged before—that of supplementing the intellectual education of the Army by physical competition; which would be an excellent arrangement if there existed any necessity for it whatever.

But His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, General Commanding in Chief, who may be supposed to know, assured their Lordship that there was none at all.

Lord SPENCER moved, and noble Lords agreed to, the Second Reading of an Elementary Education Bill to facilitate the working of certain educational by-laws ancillary to inculcation of the Three R's.

(Commons).—In answer to Mr. BAXTER, Lord HARTINGTON said the total excess expenditure of the Afghan War was some £9,000,000, of which £3,370,000 would have to be found in 1880-81. So much for our Scientific Frontier.

Debate on Irish "Disturbance Bill" resumed by Lord R.

CHURCHILL, who pitched into it so severely that he straightway brought up in its defence its author's Official Big Brother.

Mr. GLADSTONE upheld the Government Bill before the House in the teeth of opponents who vilify and abuse it, calling it an Irish Landlord Ruination Bill, and still harder names. He repelled the statement of the noble Lord (R. C.) that it had been introduced for the purpose of "oiling some part of the parliamentary machine," and vindicated it against "inflamed and exaggerated statements" made by other Hon. Members. He contended, very forcibly, that, as for confiscation, it was no worse than several previous Acts (which he named) had been.

A very satisfactory and convincing argument, no doubt—as far as it goes.

Mr. W. C. CARTWRIGHT opposed the Bill from the Liberal benches. Ditto Mr. BRAND, speaking also from the Ministerial ditto.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON assured the House that nothing but the strong conviction of those responsible for the peace of Ireland that a measure such as the present was necessary, would induce him to support any proposals of the kind. But it was the duty of the Government to prevent the object of the Land Act of 1870 from being defeated. They wished also to compel the landlord to exercise his rights with moderation. The Executive Government in Ireland could not carry out the law unless the Irish were convinced that it was not only law but justice; and it was, above all, in order to produce that conviction that the Bill was brought in.

After a fling at the Bill by Sir S. NORTHCOTE, debate wound up by Mr. FORSTER; then division. Second Reading carried by 295 to 217, majority 78—considerably less than the "normal" Cabinet figure.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord WINMARLEIGH caused a parley by calling attention to the new scheme of the Charity Commissioners for the Grammar School of Kirkham; but it came to nothing.

Lord NORTON asked Lord SPENCER whether the Inspectors of the Education Department had not deprecated the grants for results in the specific subjects of the fourth schedule, and whether their deprecatory remarks would not be laid on the table.

Lord SPENCER answered both these particular questions in the negative, but would consider the main question to which they related, during the recess.

Conversation, without result, ensued.

(Commons, Morning).—Debate on Employers' Liability Bill resumed by Mr. WERTON (Conservative), who urged the reference of the Bill to a Select Committee, which Mr. KNOWLES (Conservative)—Mr. MACDONALD's Motion having been withdrawn—moved that it be. Motion opposed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, supported by Mr. HUSSEY VIVIAN (Liberal), Mr. SCHEEIBER (Conservative), Mr. WIGGIN (Liberal), and Sir H. GIFFARD; but opposed by Mr. GLADSTONE, and negatived by 259 to 130. Debate on going into Committee again adjourned.

This Employers' Liability Bill proposes to make Employers very much more liable than they seem to like. Mr. VIVIAN, on the part of many Liberals besides himself, entreated the Government not to force it on their staunchest supporters, and warned them that it would be fought over clause by clause in Committee. It will not have escaped notice that amongst the Liberals opposed to them in voting for the Amendment, Ministers had a WIGGIN.

(Evening).—A discussion of much interest, doubtless, to military readers arose on a Resolution for the reduction of the active list of Generals to an adequate and no more than adequate number, moved by Mr. TREVELyan. Assured by an intimation from Mr. CHILDERS that the Government would, as soon as they had time, apply to the Army the same system of pay and retirement that they had formerly applied to the Navy, Mr. TREVELyan withdrew his Motion.

Mr. RICHARD PAGET then began to expatiate on a Motion respecting the maintenance of high roads; when, *presto*, the Honourable House was counted out.

Wednesday (Commons).—The Irish Fishermen—as is occasionally the case with a few others of their countrymen—require assistance. Accordingly, Mr. E. COLLINS moved the Second Reading of the Sea-Fisheries (Ireland) Bill, of which the objects were—firstly, to create an unpaid Commission to manage them, and, secondly, to lend them £30,000—he should have liked to ask for £100,000. Supported by Colonel COLTHURST, Mr. BLAKE, Mr. PARNELL, and other Home-Rulers, but deprecated by Mr. FORSTER, because the Government could not commit themselves to finding capital for the fishery business; and of course negatived on division.

In the course of the debate, Mr. BLAKE stated that the loans made to Irish fishermen out of the Reproductive Loan Fund had been punctually—except in a few instances—repaid; and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR confirmed this remarkable statement. Money lent to Irish fishermen has been actually—yes, and punctually—repaid. Fact.

By-and-by, perhaps, the Irish Fisheries will pay interest on loans; a possibility to be considered by capitalists, who hitherto have mostly regarded Irish, financially, as no better than Turks.

Another fact not generally known was mentioned by Sir A. GORDON. Irish herrings are too oily to take the pickle, and there-

fore cannot compete with Scotch salt herrings in the trade with Germany. Irish will be Irish. Even Irish herrings superabound with unctuous humour; your Scotch are comparatively dry.

England next came in for a little talk on the Agricultural Holdings Act, moved by Mr. CHAPLIN; whereon debate was, in the beginning of a speech by Mr. DUCKHAM, adjourned.

Leave having been given to Sir E. WILMOT to bring in a Bill to incapacitate avowed Atheists from sitting in Parliament (as if total Nonconformists could be at all more reasonably excluded than any others), the House adjourned also.

Thursday (Lords).—Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, in order to enable himself to criticise speeches delivered by Mr. GLADSTONE in 1877, moved for returns of the killed and wounded in the late war between Russia and Turkey.

“A day too late for the fair,” as in the old days, when fairs were institutions, the saying used to be in Arcadia. So said Lord GRANVILLE (in other words), and asked how the Foreign Office could possibly give a return of killed and wounded in a campaign which this country took no share in. How, indeed!

Lord DUNRAVEN asked, with respect to Turkey, Greece, and the Berlin Conference, what the Government meant to do in the event of certain contingencies which might possibly occur, and might not.

Lord GRANVILLE replied that, in his ‘prentice days at the Foreign Office, his master, Lord PALMERSTON, had taught him better than, except now and then in a very exceptional case indeed, to answer hypothetical questions. Hypothetical questions are questions that a *Dundreary* might be expected to ask—hardly a DUNRAVEN.

(Commons.)—The Tay Bridge Rebuilding Bill read a Second Time, was referred to a “hybrid” or mule Committee.

At the end of a string of questions even more numerous than usual, the House at last got upon the order for going into Committee on the Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill. A debate on an Amendment thereto, meant to limit its application, moved by Mr. PELL, and negatived, was remarkable chiefly for comments on another Amendment down on the paper, to be moved in Committee by the Irish Attorney-General (Mr. LAW), which, Mr. PARNELL and Sir STAFFORD NORWICHE both agree, completely alters the character of the Bill; but this Mr. FORSTER and Mr. GLADSTONE strenuously deny.

It provides that the Landlord shall be allowed to get rid of his liability by giving the Tenant permission to sell his holding. Cases in which this is done will be excepted from the Bill. Is this indeed “a change of front”? The Government says no; the Opposition and the Home-Rulers both say yes. Politicians are violently divided on the question.

Argue it out between you, Gentlemen. *Non nostrum inter vos tantum componere lites.*

If, however, a sop to the Conservatives, the (Mr.) LAW Amendment to the Ministerial measure is altogether an offence to Home-Rulers. Mr. PARNELL said it had entirely changed his view of the Bill; which, therefore, it may be presumed to have greatly ameliorated. It looks like Law combined with Justice.

Nevertheless, there was a question to be asked, and it was put by Lord ELCHO:—“Is it a fact that the Marquis of LANSDOWNE is no longer a Minister?” Mr. GLADSTONE had to reply, “It is.” The Opposition hoorayed.

Motion for going into Committee carried by 255 to 199. Announcement of numbers received with cheers from both sides, alike gratified—a result also truly gratifying to the genial mind.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Gaiety—Adelphi—General Notes.



BESERVE that CHAUMONT as *Lolotte* is quite something to be seen before the star disappears. In this piece she first assumes the airs of a fine lady, and then, losing her temper, shows us what a *Low lot* she really is.

Her *Madame attend Monsieur* is only a sort of *Lolotte* married to a gentleman decidedly her superior, from the little we are allowed to see of him, whom she hopes to surprise at supper with his mistress. *Madame* is so decidedly coarse that nothing can excuse her except having been *Lolotte* before marriage; and the unfortunate husband is to be pitied.

The idea of the piece is excellent, but it is not well worked out, and, when the actress only goes for a laugh, the true spirit of what might have been a very charming little comedy scene is utterly lost.

In *Toto chez Tata* Madame CHAUMONT est *chez elle*. As to her songs, she puts too much spice into “*La première Feuille*,” making a winter pickle of it, all its spring freshness having departed; and for “*La bonne Année*”—that is about as perfect as CÉLINE CHAUMONT can make it, which is only saying, that it is about as good as it can be.

Comparisons are odorous—and there can’t be a comparison, only a parallel, in this case—but, in a good English version of *Madame attend Monsieur*, or of *Lolotte*, wouldn’t Mrs. BANCROFT in both or Miss NELLIE FARREN in the latter, be on two equal parallels with the clever French actress? A copy would be impossible, and would, of course be a dismal failure; for the two characters—*Madame* and *Lolotte*—are distinctly and peculiarly French; and similar pieces, written for Mrs. BANCROFT and Miss FARREN, would necessarily be distinctly and peculiarly English. Madame CHAUMONT could no more play Mrs. BANCROFT’s characters in ROBERTSON’s pieces, as the author intended them to be played,—that is, to the satisfaction of a jury of matrons and daughters,—than could Mrs. BANCROFT play CHAUMONT’s *Madame* or Miss FARREN the French *Lolotte* to the satisfaction of a Parisian audience at the Variétés, the Vaudeville, or the Palais Royal. The two ideas are totally apart. Human nature is the same, but its outward expression varies as the

nationality. The French actress would ever remain the French original of the part she had created, without detracting from the originality of the English creation, which might be equally perfect in its own line.

La Bonne Année, however, is entirely Madame CHAUMONT’s property. No one, in any language, could improve on her rendering of this song; but any simple artless singer would please me more with *La Première Feuille*. LHÉRITIER is wonderful *en galant homme*, taking his friend’s wife—the sly dog—to a *baignoire*, No. 4, to see that dreadful play, *Le Roi Candide*.

DAUBRAY, arriving late at the Gaiety, has nothing to do, the *Ménage Popincourt* and *L’Affaire de la Rue de Lourcine* having been, I am informed, “suppressed” by our Censor Morum. Rather late in the day to wake up, after such a play as *Célimare le bien aimé* has been performed.

La Revue was a mistake in spite of Madame CHAUMONT’s five minutes’ *Conférence sur le Théâtre*, and her song of grateful apology, which was charmingly rendered and loudly applauded; and also, in spite of Mlle. LEGAULT’s imitation of the gifted SARAH, and M. PLER’s admirable imitation of LHÉRITIER.

GEOFFROY is invariably good, rarely exaggerating, but, as a rule, playing so naturally as to invest most farcical situations with an air of genuine probability. LHÉRITIER is a French BUCKSTONE, and HYACINTHE a droll; but the public has seen them playing their own pieces in their own house, and, though delighted to welcome them at the Gaiety, is not very enthusiastic on the subject, specially after the SARAH effervescence had subsided. And then within the last few years we have learnt something from our French friends, as it appears they have something to learn from the Dutch. We are accustomed to first-rate *ensembles*, such as are to be found at the Haymarket and at the St. James’s, while the Palais Royal and Gymnase companies in their own special line would find themselves well matched—and in some instances overmatched—by the capital troupe of comedians now playing at the Criterion under the direction of Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM. If the prolific and somewhat reckless French authors would associate themselves with English authors as *collaborateurs*, their pieces and their pockets would gain considerably; for most of their pieces, in which the point is *un peu vif*, are really improved—most decidedly improved—for an English audience’s taste, by the freest adaptation possible.

Unfortunately we have recently seen, *chez nous*, that, as Mrs. MALAPROP might state the proverb, “Originality breeds contempt”—but this opens too big a subject for the present space, so, will content myself by noting the fact that Mr. DION BOUCICAULT has achieved a success at the Adelphi, not with a thrilling drama, but with a *mélange* of absurdities, called *Forbidden Fruit*, which is to be classed with *Truth* and *Pink Dominoes* as one of the Comedies of Cremona.

Diona, the ballet at the Alhambra, is not by “DION B.”

Miss ELLEN TERRY is charming in *Iolanthe*; Madame MODJESKA and Miss GENEVIEVE WARD are shutting up; *les BANCROFT* depart for their holiday at the end of July; the St. James’s is over, and a new “Hares Bill” (without the rabbits) will be brought forward late in the autumn. *Telle est la vie des Théâtres*, and I am

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



A HOST IN HERSELF.

Mrs. Poltimore Hopkins (who has been asked to bring one or two "dancing young men" with her). "THIS IS ONLY A FIRST INSTALMENT, DEAR MRS. JENKINSON! THERE ARE PLENTY MORE COMING!"

"KISMET" !!!

OF what is he musing, this adipose man,
By opiate fumes enshrouded?
Of the Russian's hate, of the Briton's ban?
Of the mustered Powers and their boasted plan?
Of his day of grace and its shortening span?
Of the future trouble-clouded?
Or thinks he, smiling a greasy smile,
And winking slyly a furtive wink,
Of the large resources of Ottoman guile?
Kismet! Calm on Convulsion's brink,
What doth the fat Fate-worshipper think?
Toad-like, a-squat at the Eastern gate
Of worried Europe, he sits and sits,
While Statesmen weary and rack their wits.
Kismet! Surely a full-paunched Fate,
That Jupiter-Seapin might own as master,
Must be that Fate which the Turk invokes
Whilst he stolidly perches, serenely smokes,
On the innermost edge of disaster.
The old *non possumus* comes once more
In a wheezy whisper, half sneer, half snore,
From the moony Mussulman's three-chinn'd throat.
Conference? Treaty? Collective Note?
Pellets pelted at Behemoth's hide!
Greece may threaten and GOSCHEN chide,
But *Vis inertiae*'s victor still,
A sullen challenge to Europe's will!
What does he mutter amidst the smoke?
Is it tragic menace or cynic joke?
"BEACONSFIELD carved and GOETSCHAKOFF sliced
(Bring me sherbet sublimely iced!)
Consolidation brought naught but trouble.
(Ho! Slave, fresh charge me my bubble-bubble!)
Now, Sadonallah, we'll stick like logs,
And brave the wrath of the Infidel dogs!"

But the powder's stored and the train is laid;
Will the Kismet-worshipper wait the torch?
Must the banded Powers through bloodshed wade
To OTHMAN's seat at the Eastern porch?
Doth a stark fierce demon of wrath yet lurk
In the sodden soul of the sluggard Turk
That shall break in a fury of fatalist zeal
And put the quarrel to test of steel?
Or, awed by Europe's menacing frown,
Will the Ottoman coon at once come down?

"EX FUMO DARE LUCEM!"

Poor Vesuvius! What next? First, invaded by a "Funicular Railway"—(Punch's Line it ought to be called)—up to the very edge of the seething abyss; and now, for the lurid and awful light of thine own central fountains of stored-up fire, and the red rivers of lava that they give with it, we are promised the illumination of cone and crater by the Electric Light!

As in the days of "SIMPSON and the Royal Property," London used to be electrified by the announcement of 20,000 additional lamps at Vauxhall on gala nights—we may look out, among the attractions of Cook's tours and GAZE's excursions, for the announcement—"Vesuvius! Personally-conducted Eruption! Warranted harmless! New Craters, on advantageous terms! Lava laid on by private pipe, in directions to suit Parties making arrangements beforehand. Grand Gala night! Three extra Electric Lamps!!!"

Poor Volcano!—"How art thou Cockneyfied!"

Mem by a Member.

(*Apropos of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill.*)

DISTURBANCE? Eugh! If they've their wicked will,
They'll upset every interest in the Nation;
Bill GLADSTONE is the true "Disturbance Bill,"
In whom, alas! there is no compensation."



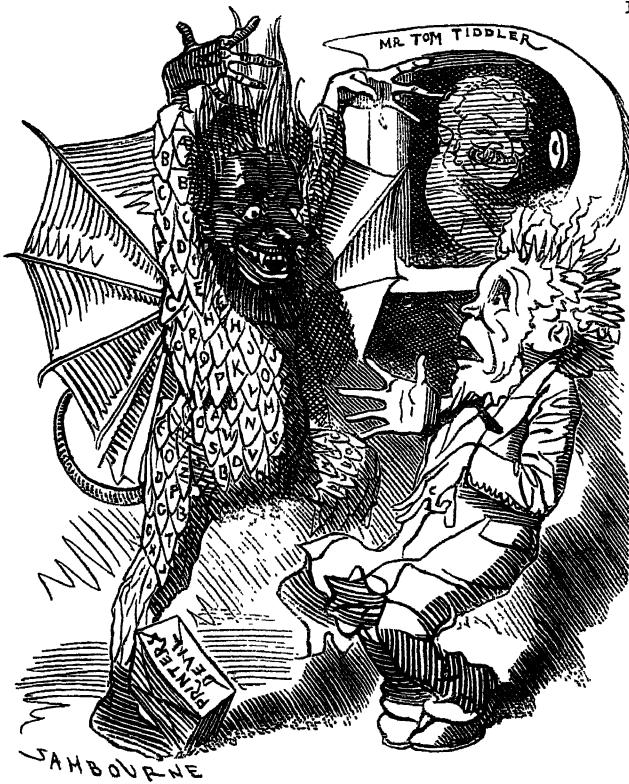
“KISMET”!!!

THE BEADLE!
OR,
THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.
BY
ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Halfway House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine, or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishtas Wildux," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry' Otspur," "Mary Greasly," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER HAPPY DAY IN TOWN.



side, was a magnificent weathercock, which indicated from day to day the direction in which he could hurl his penny thunderbolts, and flash his liquopodium lightning. From this eminence he could take the time of day from the clock of St. Stephen's, and set his own repeater, so as to chime in with the voice of Big Ben. A barometer of Public Opinion was suspended on the wall, faced by a Table of Tides in the Affairs of Man, which if taken at the flood, lead on to fortune. Rockets, squibs, crackers, were packed away safely in tin boxes, handy for immediate use; a sheet of iron hung on the wall, which, when well shaken, sounded dreadfully like thunder; and there was proof-sheet lightning, harmless, but effective as Japanese fireworks, and forked lightning rockets, requiring very careful handling; anti-Roman candles, marked "with care;" flags of all colours, folded up in corners; rough towels, for improving the circulation, and a patent blower, for sounding a mechanical Penny Promethean trumpet, which every morning early aroused the slumbering world, and directed the course of those millions of TOM TIDDLER's dependants, whom he was graciously pleased to acknowledge as his fellow-countrymen, and fellow-citizens.

Of the hundred million thousand impressions that the *Prometheus* issues daily, but one impression remains everywhere, which is, that the *Penny Prometheus* knows all about it, whatever it is, and more than all about it, whatever it isn't, and that the Promethean copper mine, in which the office is situated, has yielded the proprietor heaps of coppers, that have been turned into gold and silver, with which TOM TIDDLER's ground is strewn, and which he is engaged in picking up morning, noon, and night.

It was easy to see from his room, as you might from his company, after you have been in it a few minutes, that TOM TIDDLER was a Sybarite, though not an idle one, as the intelligent reader may have already inferred, from the fittings previously described, and from the ornaments, partly for show, mostly for use, which could at once indicate to what estate of the realm their owner belonged.

In the centre of the room was a press; and everything around was connected with the Press. This press was used for everything and anything. His books were in it; his table-cloths, dinner-napkins, and all sorts of articles, and printed goods. This was his Press of

Business; and in another part was his Press of Pleasure, in which were his white ties, evening coats, trowsers, and so forth. The attic-room, where JOHN BOUNCE found himself, was of a large type, classically supported by four editorial columns, headed with big capitals; the window on the south side commanded a space that was leaded out; a statue of the Laocoön stood on an agony column, in the corner; on the walls were portraits of the Fathers of the Fourth Estate, including a picture of the first Old PARE, and sketches for several small PARS; while over the mantelpiece was a half-length presentation of the celebrated JARGE ORGUSTUS SALAMANDER, the Fire King of the Trope-picks, with the legend beneath, "Quorum Pars Magna Fui!" On some shelves were bottles labelled "Gigantic Gooseberries," preserved, and three cases of Sea-Serpents. On one wall was a picture of the "Great Man and Dog Fight," and below it, preserved in a sort of reliquary, "A Hair of the Dog that bit him." On another wall was a sketch of The Farmer's Friend, CHAWBACONSFIELD, and on another an engraving of "The People's WILLIAN of the deepest dye," in a scene from *Axe and Crown, or the Royal Prerogative*; there were, besides, some pre-Raphaelite portraits of Latter Day Sinners; hundred numbers of the *Prometheus*, scattered about loosely, labelled *Prometheus Unbound*, and another set, in anti-Russian leather covers, labelled *Prometheus Vinctus*; the chairs were stuffed with old padding, from the back numbers; and on the table, it being five P.M., was a capital tea, for which TOM TIDDLER was getting up an appetite, in the next room, by exercising his skill at fencing and single-stick, attacking a column of dummy figures, which he said improved his circulation immensely, and quite set him on his legs again.

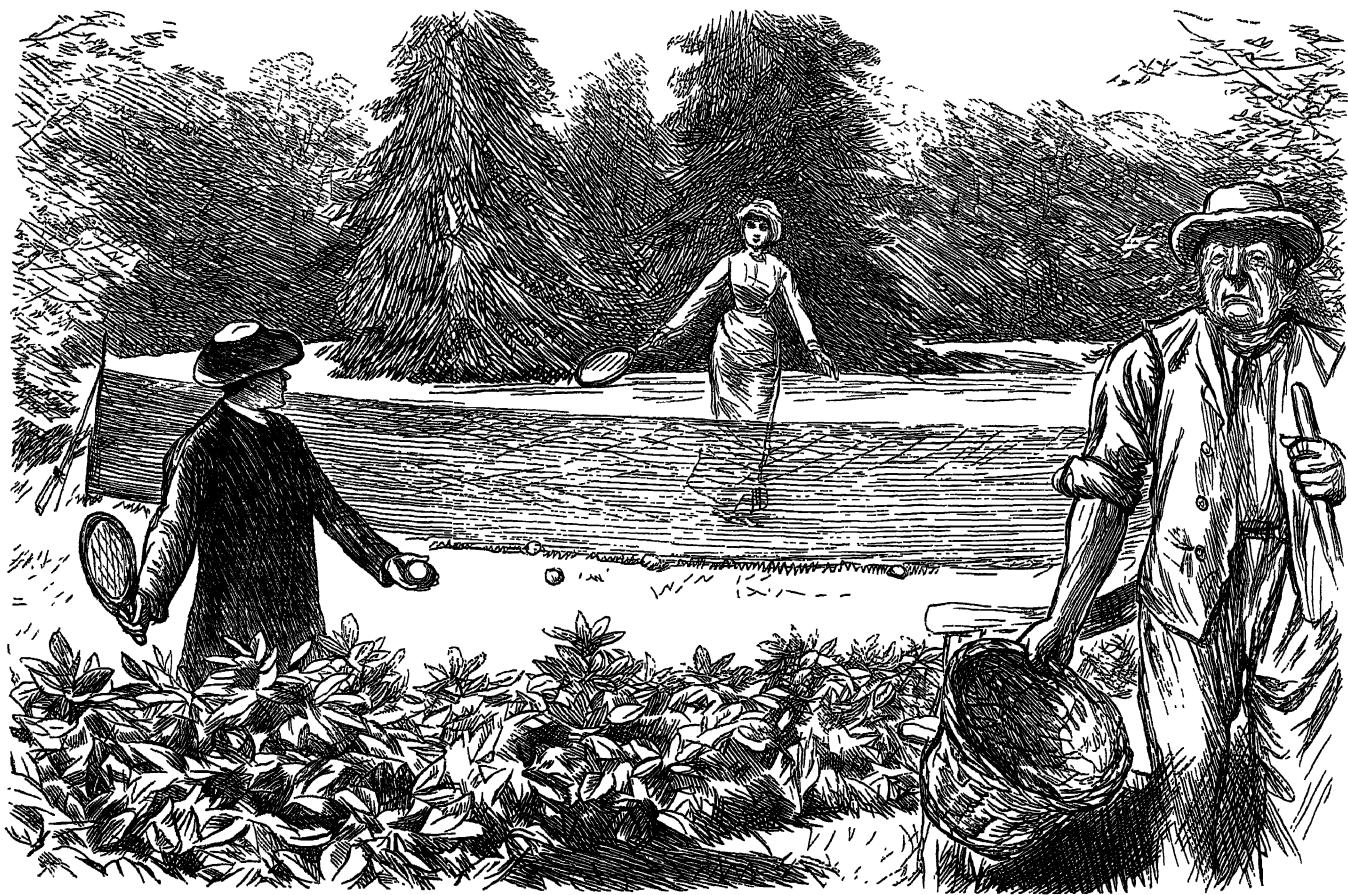
"Take something," said little TOM TIDDLER, as he entered breathless, wrapped in a proof-sheet.

"No, thank you!" replied JOHN BOUNCE, abruptly. "The fact is, I've come to give you something." And then, mindful of his promise to MORLEENA, he commenced the operation of blowing up.

TOM TIDDLER, taken by surprise at the first explosion, stepped back in mute astonishment at his visitor's daring boldness; but, immediately recovering himself in his proof-sheet, which was a kind of shirt of evening mail, he shouted through a telephone. At this signal twenty devils from the Printers appeared through various panels and traps, who, seizing the luckless Reformer, bore him off in their clutches, and held him under a fountain of type, until he was deluged with black Printers' ink from head to heel, when they set him free, and let him make his way home as best he could.

"Poor JOHN BOUNCE!" my Lady-readers will exclaim, even though they may agree with me that he deserved the treatment he received. Alas! he has not come to the end of it yet! He has offended TOM TIDDLER, who will go on working that fountain of Printers' ink, until no one will ever believe that JOHN BOUNCE ever was any other colour than jet black.

And so turned out of his hotel, pointed at scornfully in the streets of London; he slunk back to Small-Beerjester, where it was a long time before he dared show even the tip of his nose—from which the black was just beginning to wear off—above the window-blinds of his own house, which very soon exhibited bills posted up, informing the inhabitants that this valuable



"DONKEYS HAVE EARS."

Emily (playing at Lawn-Tennis with the new Curate). "WHAT'S THE GAME NOW, MR. MINIVER?" Curate. "FORTY—LOVE."
Irreverent Gardener (overhearing). "DID Y'EVER HEAR SUCH IMPERIENCE! 'LOVE,' INDEED! AND HIM NOT BEEN IN THE PARISH ABOVE A WEEK! JUST LIKE THEM PARSONS!"

property was for sale, and that as there was no good-will in the place, the fixtures would alone be parted with at a valuation.

JOHN BOUNCE had kept his word to MORLEENA; but the *Penny Prometheus* attacked him every morning for a month with articles, letters, and paragraphs, headed, "*Mr. Bounce Again!*" until blackened as he was, bankruptey stared him in the face, and nothing could save him except white-washing; and how was that to be done? Poor BOUNCE!

So far MRS. OVERWAYTE's plan had prospered; BOUNCE had been snubbed by MORLEENA; her father still retained the Mastership of Deedler's Trust, with his other appointments; but her triumph was not unclouded—the Archbeacon would have to pay his share of the fees to Sir ISAAC; and if MORLEENA should change her mind, and take pity on BOUNCE, the whole battle would have to be fought over again, and on a field very disadvantageous to her movements.

"What is to be done, my dear?" asked the Archbeacon, as he stood before the glass, in his Doctor's University bed-gown and hood, twiddling the tassel of his College cap, previous to putting out the night-light.

"Done! You Arch-Noodle?" replied his spouse, from under the bed-clothes; "what's to be *done*? Why the shoulder of mutton and baked potatoes for to-morrow's dinner!"

"I don't quite understand, my dear," said the Archbeacon, pausing with the extinguisher.

"But Ido, you Arch-Noddy!" returned the Lady, contemptuously. "What's necessary must be done. Dinner's necessary; the shoulder of mutton will be hot to-morrow: when it is cold, we can offer it to MORLEENA, if she dares to encourage that BOUNCE!"

"I see," said the Archbeacon, as he extinguished the light.

"As well as you ever will in the dark," answered his spouse. "MORLEENA must be married to a friend of ours, who will pay some share of Sir ISAAC's charges; and, above all, MORLEENA mustn't accept anyone recommended by the Bishop, or Mrs. DOWDIE."

"Why not, my dear?" asked the Archbeacon, who was now performing that act of cannibalism, known as "tucking himself in," before dropping off to sleep. But his question met with no verbal

response, only a gentle snore, and a quiet, but vigorous kick, which caused Dr. OVERWAYTE to congratulate himself on the strength of his furious tucking in.

"Recommended by the Bishop, and Mrs. DOWDIE!" murmured the Archbeacon to himself; "what the deuce does she mean?"

Then, after intoning his first snore, he joined Mrs. OVERWAYTE in her nocturne. My readers will gather from this that during Mr. SIMPLEY's and Mr. BOUNCE's absence, some one had been recommended by Mrs. DOWDIE as a candidate for MORLEENA's hand. Who was it? Fair Ladies, I will not deprive you of the pleasing information one second longer than I can help. Let us meet and gossip over it in my next chapter.

RIGHT AND WRONG AT WIMBLEDON, 1880.

(Extracts from a Couple of Diaries.)

LIEUTENANT LAZYBOY'S RECORD. (THE WRONG WAY.)

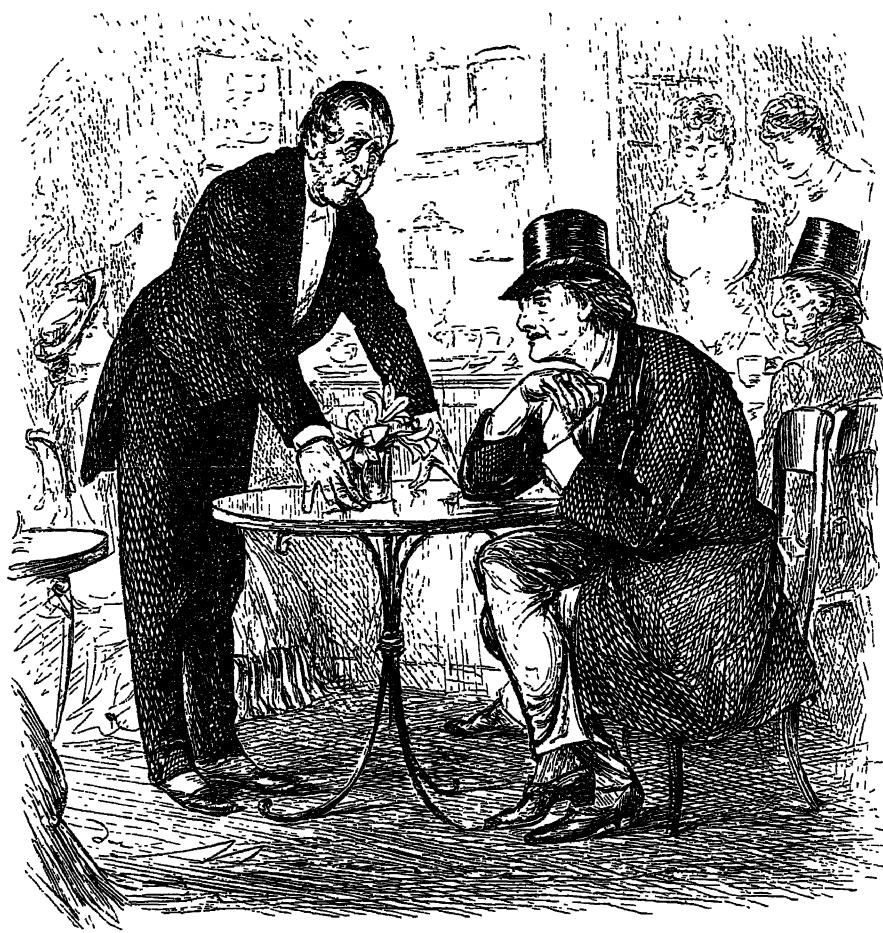
Monday.—Lounged down in the afternoon. Found that my tent had not been planked over. Could not stand that! Came back to Town and dined at the Club.

Tuesday.—Having nothing better to do, thought I would look in at Wimbledon. The carpet I had ordered for my tent not soft enough. Utterly impossible to remain. Returned to Town, and enjoyed a comfortable night's rest.

Wednesday.—Bothered by the BUTTERFLY girls to take them to see the Camp. So had to do it. Horrid nuisance. Got a headache from the firing, and in opening a gate spoiled a pair of lavender kid gloves.

Thursday.—Nice day, so thought I would go to the Camp. Had a little dinner in my tent. Rather pleased that I was not obliged to follow the other fellows up to Town. Slept in my tent, after throwing the empty champagne bottles into the open.

Friday.—Dreadful night. All sorts of trumpet-calls. Too ill to move. Spent the day in retirement. The salmon at yesterday's dinner has given me an awful headache.



AN AESTHETIC MIDDAY MEAL.

At the Luncheon hour, Jellaby Postlethwaite enters a Pastrycook's and calls for a glass of Water, into which he puts a freshly-cut Lily, and loses himself in contemplation thereof.

Waiter. "SHALL I BRING YOU ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?"

Jellaby Postlethwaite. "THANKS, NO! I HAVE ALL I REQUIRE, AND SHALL SOON HAVE DONE!"

Saturday.—Woke up with a bad cold, in spite of the sumptuous appointments of my tent, which is as luxurious as a lady's boudoir. Left the place, as I can't stand another week of it. Wimbledon the biggest mistake out! Never saw such a disgusting hole! Hang the National Rifle Association!

PRIVATE WORKAWAY'S RECORD. (THE RIGHT WAY.)

Monday.—Reached Wimbledon, and set to work to pitch my tent. Great fun. Did me a world of good. Dug the ditch and spread the waterproof sheet over the heather. Devoted the afternoon to setting-up drill. Slept like a top.

Tuesday.—Up with the lark. Battalion drill in the morning, shooting in the afternoon. Fresh as a rose!

Wednesday.—Saluted at daybreak. Shooting in the morning, battalion drill in the afternoon. Lively as a cricket!

Thursday.—On duty all day. Did my proportion of sentry-go and picket-work. No complaints. All on the alert and quite correct. Great fun!

Friday.—Raced the sun in rising, and beat him! Attended military lecture. Fell in for ambulance drill. Devoted the remainder of the day to shooting. Something like a holiday!

Saturday.—Early parade. Got through three hours' steady drill in a workmanlike manner. Inspection of Camp. Everything in apple-pie order. Then some really good shooting. Half-holiday in the afternoon. Racing, jumping, and other athletic sports. Never better in my life. Shall enjoy the second week as much as the first. Wimbledon an enormous success! Never saw such a delightful spot! The National Rifle Association for ever!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ACCOUNT.

"COMPENSATION for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill." What an enormous sum Ireland will have to pay England!

A BUNDLE OF BILLS.

MR. PUNCH has reasons for believing that among the Parliamentary prospects can hardly be included that of the following Bills being brought into Parliament by the Members whose names are attached to them.

A Bill for closing Breweries—Mr. BASS.

A Bill for the encouragement of Pure Literature—Mr. BRADLAUGH.

A Bill for Disestablishing and Disendowing the Court of Aldermen and the Guilds of the City of London—Sir ROBERT WALTER CARDEN.

A Bill for the Repeal of all Statutes affecting Religious Houses for both sexes throughout the United Kingdom, its Colonies and Dependencies—Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS.

A Bill for the Suppression of Horse-Racing—Mr. H. CHAPLIN.

A Bill for the Better Ordering of Athletics at the Universities—Mr. CHITTY.

A Bill for the Abolition of Divorce—Mr. INDERWICK.

A Bill for Re-imposing the Duty on Paper—Mr. PASSMORE EDWAARDS.

A Bill for the Better Regulation of Society Journals—Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

A Bill for Appointing Regular Officers to the Command of Volunteer Corps—Colonel LAWRIE.

A Bill for Establishing Annual Parliamentary Elections for the Universities—Mr. ROBERT LOWE.

A Bill for Prohibiting the Sale of Newspapers at Railway Stations—Mr. W. H. SMITH.

A Bill for Abolishing Competitive Examinations—Mr. WREN.

And lastly, a Bill for admitting the MAJOR and the ADMIRAL to Parliament, without election, and keeping them there—*Mr. Punch.*

POLITICAL PARADOX.

THE loss which the Government has sustained by the secession of the Marquis of LANSDOWNE is not so small as it is PETTY.

PRE-ADAMITE PAINT.

THE question put to Mr. ADAM, the other night, as to what he meant to do in the shape of beautifying the interior of the home of the legislature, was met by that gentleman with the usual response. He was not in a hurry to do anything. This answer is, of course, as old as Mr. ADAM. Indeed older; for it has been given before his time by several of his predecessors. However, perhaps, the present guardian of Sir CHARLES BARRY's masterpiece may be induced to make some move in the matter of adornment, seeing that, as a critical contemporary puts it, the stranger who mounts the staircase leading to the Committee-rooms, is brought, when he surveys the frescoes, "face to face with a ravage of thirty years fit to match anything" that has befallen the work of LEONARDO perishing under the neglect of centuries. There seems, therefore, no doubt, but that before long some one will have to be called in. Meantime let Mr. ADAM get a pail of water and a scrubbing-brush. If he is at a loss for a decoration for the moment, he evidently can't go very far wrong—with the Bath!

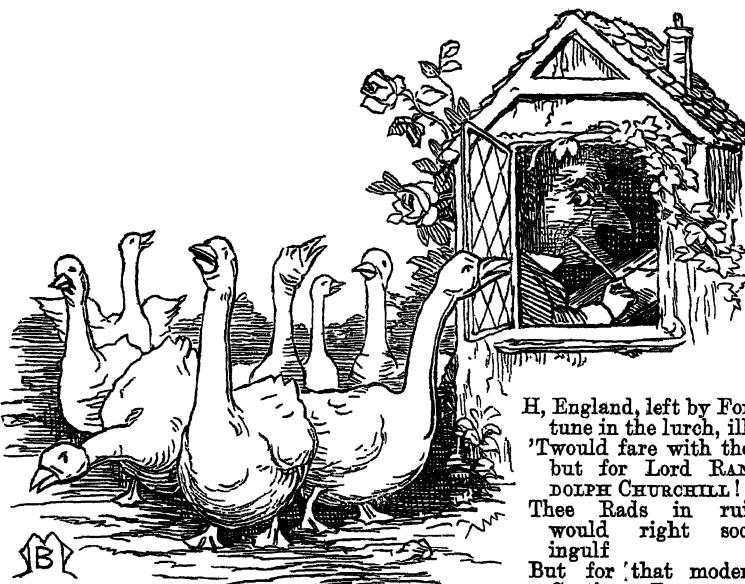
By Great Auker's Licence.

"Two eggs of the Great Auk, not previously recorded, discovered in an old private collection in Edinburgh, were sold by auction on Friday by Mr. J. C. STEVENS, of King Street, Covent Garden, one fetching £100, and the other 102 guineas."—*Daily News*, July 5.

THIS is a case of sale by auction which well deserves to be called "Great Auktion." At such prices we may indeed say, in trade phrase, that "Eggs is eggs."

THE BEST "RAIKES' PROGRESS."—On his Sunday School errand at Gloucester, 1780.

OUR GEESE.



Nay, things so bad might fare from worse to worst,
We're not for our Palladium, glorious Gorst.

H, England, left by Fortune in the lurch, ill
'Twould fare with thee but for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL!
Thee Rads in ruin would right soon ingulf
But for that modern Curtius, DRUMMOND WOLFF;

Stout as the Three who kept the Bridge of old,
These scare Rad robbers from the Church's fold,
Resist the Arch-fiend GLADSTONE and his works,
Holding a brief for Heaven and the Turks.
But there's another mightier yet than these.
Old Rome, so history says, was saved by geese,
And the chief "Question-asker" is an *Anser*
Greater than any History—the romancer!—
Holds records of. The lord STATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL
Beats most at an inquisitorial ramble;
And oft the pestilent PREMIER writhes and squirms
Beneath the great "I-want-to-know" DE WORMS.
But what historic goose can match at cackle
The incontinent querist who delights to tackle
His Country's foes, from GLADSTONE to GRANT-DUFF,
With daily screeds of skimble-skamble stuff,
Mixed homily and catechism, fraught
With such an inchoate vastitude of thought,
So subtly blending infinite pretence
With most mirific lack of pertinence,
That the old type of foolish fuss, Dame PARTLET,
Must now yield place to—Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT!

A Distinction with a Difference.

"The SULTAN has invited the Director of the Ottoman Bank to the Palace, to discuss the difference between the Porte and the Bank."—Recent Constantinople Telegram.

THE great difference, we take it, between the Porte and the Bank—which includes most of the minor ones—is that the Bank *has* command of money, the Porte hasn't—"nor none is like to have." The one is a Porte in a storm. The other is a Bank with a rest.

DRAMATIC DIPLOMACY,

The true Secret of, as extracted from a Foreign Office wire by Mr. Punch's "Own Special Tapper."

Earl Gr-nv-lle, F. O., London, to Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople.

WAITING to hear from you. Something ought to have happened by this time. What are you about? Wire.

Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople, to Earl Gr-nv-lle, F. O., London.

AM about nothing particular. They don't understand arithmetic. Shall broach the "Reforms," however, at dinner on Tuesday. Things move more slowly here than you would suppose. Situation delicate. Ought I to wear a hat at dessert?

Earl Gr-nv-lle, F. O., London, to Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople.

CERTAINLY. Assert yourself. We will take consequences. Refuse also to leave Palace till promise to carry out programme is given in black and white. Prestige will suffer by prolonged inaction. You understand. Strike.

Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople, to Earl Gr-nv-lle, F. O., London.

HAVE struck. Produced Fifteen Puzzle with the coffee, and got H. M. into a two hours' conversation over it. Very successful. He did it twice, and promised a concession. The whole of the Syrian Zaptiehs are to wear policemen's helmets and learn book-keeping by single entry. This to come in force his next birthday but one. Hope this will do.

Earl Gr-nv-lle, F. O., London, to Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople.

Won't do. O. R. telegraphs from Berlin "We're nowhere." G. feels this too. Something must be done. You will have our fullest support in a *coup de théâtre*. Try one.

Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople, to Earl Gr-nv-lle, F. O., London.

Coup de théâtre effected. Have refused to give up escaped female slave. Enveloped myself in union-jack, and sang "Rule Britannia," defying Ministry to walk over my prostrate body. Not one of them would. She goes to Egypt. Triumph complete. Hope this will satisfy you.

Earl Gr-nv-lle, F. O.; London, to Right Hon. G. G-sch-n, B. E., Constantinople.

THANKS very much. Not quite what we expected, but better than nothing. Prepare for arrival of Collective Note. That will wake up H. M. Meantime wear your hat.

GIVE YOUR ORDERS!

MR. PUNCH,

MANY persons, equally interested with myself in affairs of pomp and ceremony, were of course highly delighted by the perusal in the *Court Circular* of the announcement that—

"On the occasion of the audience granted by the QUEEN to the Ambassador from the King of SIAM, on Friday last, His Excellency CHOW PHYA BHANWONGSE MAHA KOSA TIBODI TI PHRALANG having presented Her MAJESTY with the insignia of the Order of the White Elephant of Siam, the QUEEN was invested with the Riband, Badge, and Star, which were placed on Her MAJESTY by Princess BEATRICE."

In the course of my favourite reading I subsequently had the pleasure to learn from the *Morning Post* that—

"The QUEEN has been graciously pleased to confer on PHYA RATUA KOSA, First Secretary of the Siamese Embassy, who was prevented by indisposition from being present at Windsor Castle on the 2nd inst., the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George."

Surely, Sir, the Order of SS. Michael and George was a more than ample return for the Order of the White Elephant. The insignia of the latter symbolise a superstition; but do not those of the former commemorate sacred personages, objects of orthodox faith? It is a delusion to believe the bodies of white elephants to be tenanted by transmigrated souls; whereas we know it—do we not?—to be true that St. George slew a dragon, and that St. Michael also triumphed over a similar antagonist, when, as represented in the stained glass window at Melrose Abbey,

"Full in the midst his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride."

Is not the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George the fellowship of Saints, for which PHYA RATUA KOSA may be expected forthwith to get, if he has not already got himself duly qualified, and when he goes back to Siam will he not very likely convert his master the King?

Otherwise, for exchange of decorations with Sovereigns who believe in such creatures as White Elephants, the Crown might perhaps be advised in adaptation to their ideas, to create special Orders of Chivalry, whereof the denomination might be derived from denizens of the Zoological Gardens, as, for instance, the Order of the Hippopotamus, or the Order of the Two-Horned Rhinoceros. Therewith a complimentary distinction received from a foreign potentate of the Buddhist or any suchlike persuasion, might be repaid in kind, and with such congruity and fitness of things as to make things perfectly

SQUARE.

P.S.—The United States, I think, are provided with no Order of Chivalry whatever. Uncle SAM might be pleased to institute an Order of the Buffalo, or of the Spread Eagle; or what would he think of an Order of the Sea-Serpent?

Tom Taylor.

BORN OCTOBER 18, 1817

DIED JULY 12, 1880.

FOR some little time we had been deprived of his personal presence at our council-board; yet his letters, written with his own hand, showed no sign of failing, but, on the contrary, inspired us with the greatest confidence in his ultimate restoration to health. Only a few days before the end came, he had sent suggestions for the week's Cartoon, and our latest Number contained contributions from his pen.

That he is not still with us—that we shall not, after a while, greet him, as heretofore, at our weekly gathering—is hard to imagine; but that he is gone from us for ever, that we shall never again respond to the grasp of that good right hand, shall never more watch those keen, quick, intelligent eyes, nor hear his kindly voice, seems for us, so long and so closely associated with him, impossible to realise.

Yet, he has gone—and left us the lesson of his life.

Gifted with rare critical acumen and mental powers of no common order, his vigorous brain directed a hand as quick and ready as his own thought.

Possessing a marvellous capacity for work, he was indefatigable in the discharge of his many onerous duties; and so, oftentimes, doubtless, overtaxing a strong constitution, he lived and died in harness.

He was always occupied with a variety of subjects; ever as eager to acquire, as willing to impart, knowledge. A cultivated man of letters, an admirable scholar, he was as free from pedantry as he was incapable of idleness. His relaxation was study; his mental rest, activity in some new field; and from his earliest schooltime to the last days of his life, his career of usefulness is an example of well-directed energy, tenacity of application, and honest singleness of purpose. Whatever he set himself to do, he did thoroughly. And in that word may be summed up Tom TAYLOR's character; for, from first to last, he was, in the highest and best sense, "Thorough."

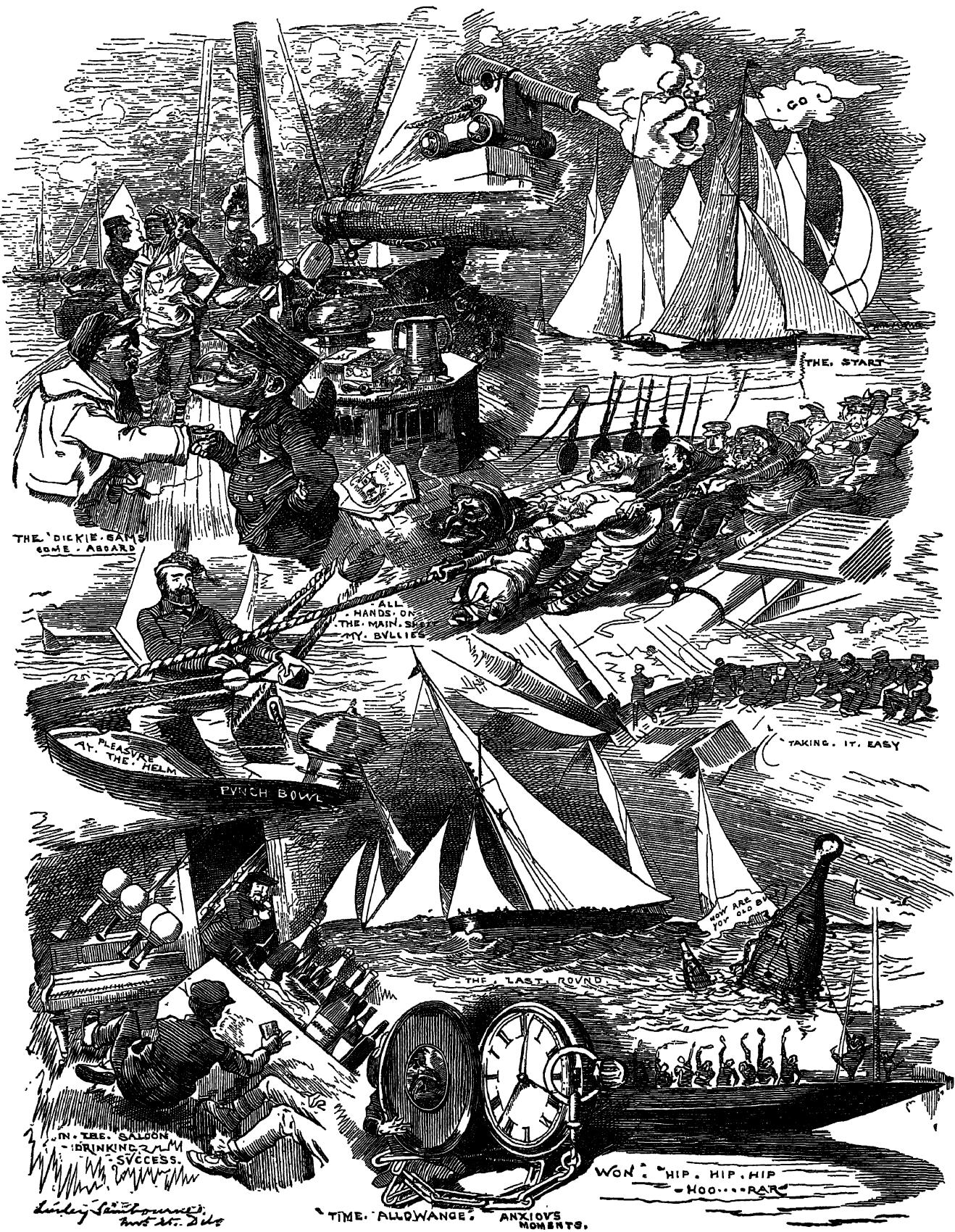
Peculiarly placed in Art and Literature, for him to make some enemies was inevitable. But, if in error, he was readily open to conviction, and his frank and free confession of mistake was not the least touching characteristic of his generous, manly nature.

As a Dramatist he did excellent and lasting work; but his numerous plays are so familiar to the public as to render superfluous here anything more than a general recognition of their undoubtedly great merits, both in construction and in terse and nervous dialogue.

It remains to speak of him, once and for all, as we of this Staff knew him. He was a warm-hearted, genuine, upright Man. To us, his fellow-workers, he proved himself a careful, considerate, and judicious Editor; and, in all respects, a stanch and loyal friend, whom we sincerely loved. He had the very gentleness of a woman, and his large human sympathy could never allow him to turn a deaf ear to any tale of distress.

Quick to detect and appreciate talent, he was ready in every way and on all occasions to hold out a helping hand to a beginner.

Of his Home-life it does not become us here to speak—our deepest and strongest sympathies are with the bereaved ones—but this we may say, in all humble hope, that when at last our names shall be called, and when you who read and we who write this inadequate tribute to his worth, shall be summoned to give an account of our stewardship, may we too, one and all of us, be able to present the record of a life as useful, as well-spent, and as blameless as that of the dear friend whose loss we deplore.



AN AMATEUR RACING-DAY WITH THE NEW STEEL YACHT, "PUNCH-BOWL."



"JUST OUT!"—(AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.)

First Young Lady. "How did you like *Convict Life*, dear?"

Second Young Lady. "Pretty well. We've just begun *Ten Years' Penal Servitude*. Some of us like it, but—"

Old Lady (mentally). "Good gracious! What dreadful creatures! So young, too!" [Looks for the communicating cord!]

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "*The Chronicles of Barsellshire*," "*Beerjester Brewers*," "*The Half-way House at Alenton*," "*Thorley Farm for Cattle*," "*Family Parsonage*," "*The Prying Minister*," "*Pearls Before Swine; or, Who Used His Diamonds?*" "*Rub the Hair*," "*The Way We Dye Now*," "*Fishy Fin*," "*Fishyas Wildur*," "*Dr. Thorne and David James*," "*Star and Garter, Richmond*," "*Rachel Hooray!*" "*The Jellies of Jelly*," "*The Bertrams and Roberts*," "*Lady Pye-Anna*," "*Tails of All Creatures*," "*'Arry 'Ospur*," "*Mary Great-sly*," "*Vicar of Fullbaker*," "*McDermott of Balladsingerun*," "*Can't You Forget Her?*" "*He Knew He Could Write*," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORAM EPISCOPO.

DR. DOWDIE, Bishop of Small-Beerjester, was a quiet, easy-going, silent-voting prelate, tenacious of such authority as he possessed, and patiently ambitious of attaining to Archiepiscopal splendour; tolerant of dissent, yet ever ready to kill the fatted calf on the conversion of a prodigal or a pretty-gal, and still more ready, whenever the weal of the Church Established might be intrusted to his hands, to cut a good fat slice out of it for himself.

In person Dr. Dowdie is a decidedly good-looking man; and though somewhat below the middle height, he is considered as in himself equal to an entire episcopate of sixty-two bishops, being exactly five feet two inches high, and every inch a bishop. He is not, therefore a bishop, *in partibus*, but *in toto*. He is somewhat deficient in nose, as this episcopal organ is so frequently submitted

to the process of being snapped off, I regret to say, by his better half, who in reality rules the roast in the Palace—Dr. Dowdie himself being the roast—and directs the diocese from her husband's *sanctum*; while he himself, seated on his throne in Small-Beerjester Cathedral, has no more real power in his hands than have the recumbent stone effigies of his predecessors on their Gothic tombs.

Dr. Dowdie is remarkable neither for great talent nor for any brilliant social qualities, and so his swift but steady rise in his profession, and subsequently his preferment from one See to another, in rapidly improving succession, was an enigma to the world outside; and he himself was as unintelligible as an inscription on a Moabite stone, except to Mrs. Dowdie, who had so often translated him into various diocesan dialects, from Land's End to Northumberland, that by the time of his latest instalment on account of his Small-Beerjester Bishopric, he might well have been intoxicated with his success, having been in England half-sees over within the first three years of his Prelacy.

As the great Earl of WARWICK had earned the title of King-maker, so Mrs. Dowdie had thoroughly deserved the honourable *sobriquet* of "Eminent Translator," which had been conferred on her by all the ecclesiastics, their wives and families in all the dioceses. Once having completed the rough translation, this worthy woman set herself to carefully adapting the bishop to the new stage where he had to appear. The Bishop was entirely in her hands; he never moved, *proprio motu*, but only when she pushed him forward; whatever she made him take, he took, including a black draught, or white one, if either were in the game on the board; and when not in action he was only too glad to remain upright, and always on the square.

Yet, perhaps, he inwardly groaned under the domestic tyranny which, to all outward appearance, he seemed to accept with philosophic contentment. But for her promptings his ambition might have taken quite another turn, on the military parade, or in Westminster Hall, and, indeed, he would never have accepted his first Mitre, had not his spouse pointed out to him that he "might err if he refused it."

Perhaps, Ladies, he was silently sighing for an opportunity to break away from these bonds, which gave him so little interest, to



ON A BREAD-PLATTER.

"WELL, AUSTIN, CAN YOU READ THAT?"

"No, MAMMA."

"WELL, IT IS RATHER DIFFICULT! THOSE ARE OLD ENGLISH LETTERS."

"ARE THEY? THEN NO WONDER THE ANCIENT BRITONS COULDN'T READ OR WRITE!"

assert his independence, and, so to speak, to throw away the Female Dictionary to which he had owed his rapid and most successful translations. If he ever ventures to insinuate that being a Bishop he should like to have his own latch-key and go out occasionally by himself; if he occasionally remonstrates against being compelled to clean the children's boots and cut their hair, simply because he wears an apron, and must put it to some economical use, Mrs. DOWDIE retorts with the question from her Episcopal Catechism, "Who made you what you are?" to which his Lordship is compelled to reply, "You did, my dear," and she then reminds him with no little asperity, that when he was first made Bishop, he was only an Eighteen-penny Ordinary, supported by the voluntary contributions of Commercial Travellers, and now he is on the high road to be Prime-meat of all England! Was she not carving it all out for him? *Cui Bono*, if not for the joint good of himself and his family?

The Bishop admitted it. Then why this ingratitude? she asked. Let her hear no more of it. And so his faint attempt at insubordination came to a lame and impotent conclusion.

At length, however, the Bishop fancied he saw a ray of hope gleaming in the eye of his new chaplain, the Reverend MATTHEW MATTIX, who had been selected out of a perfect regiment of applicants by his experienced wife; for this excellent lady would have

chosen all the clergy for the diocese had the opportunity offered, and reduced them all to submissive obedience to her sovereign will.

"You're quite a good Queen Bess," the Bishop had said to her playfully, when he saw her a little ruffled,—which probably suggested the resemblance, pictorially.

"I'd be an Ecclesiastical Britannia, if I had my way," was the worthy woman's rejoinder. "Britannia rules the waves; I rule the See."

The Bishop hummed to himself the remainder of the tune which is wedded to the declaration of the eternal freedom of Britons; but he thought it the safest policy to offer no further observation.

Mr. MATTHEW MATTIX, the new Canon, Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop, and special *protégé* of Mrs. DOWDIE, is, however, far too important a personage in this story to be dismissed with a few hard lines in the middle of a chapter; indeed it would have been more than the Bishop himself would have dared to do, even in the most crowded chapter ever assembled, against the express desire of his wife, to whose superior will and judgment, I, my dear Ladies, must also bow, and ask your attention to the portrait which I shall now have the pleasure to present for your inspection, though I can scarcely describe the operation as pleasurable, since Canon MATTHEW MATTIX is no favourite of mine, as I may warn you beforehand, without prepossessing you against him, and with every intention of treating him as fairly as possible.

Mr. MATTHEW MATTIX was not originally a member of the Church Establishment; but being, as his family name implies, of Angular-Saxon Dissent, he had adhered to the Early Perpendicular Persuasion. However, when he was only five feet two, he entered as an under-sizar at St. Rhombus College, where, on his rapidly attaining the standard of six feet, he was made a Full-Sizar, in which position it was his duty to chop logic for the Master and Fellows, and make the hardest props for the support of the Mathematical Tripos. In this occupation he made such progress that he was elected Gradient of his college, an honour that was only conferred on one in six; when in diametrical opposition to his father's wishes, he renounced the Perpendicular Persuasion, and through the influence of his patron, Sir KUMFER RENCE, to whose family circle he had been admitted, he was appointed to the valuable Rectangularship of St. Euclid's College, instituted for the Propagation of Parallelograms in the Polygonian Islands. On the occasion of his preaching his own first Parallelogrammatic Sermon, which, it must be acknowledged, he did in excellent axiomatic English, he captivated the rich vulgar widow of a defunct Dyer, who considered his complements as addressed to herself.

This devoted Lady disposed of a large portion of the property which her husband had made by dyeing, in order to purchase for Mr. MATTIX a Living, and she was on the point of appearing in her true colours, after throwing off the weeds, when Time's inexorable scythe gave her her *coup de grace*. Her entire property went to her relatives, except a box of her best weeds, which were left to Mr. MATTIX, and so all his hopes in this quarter ended in smoke.

The following year he won the Rhum Boyd Scholarship, by a learned essay on the *Tripos* and *Onions* of the Ancient Greek Superstitious Rites. This prize is in the gift of the Greengrocers' Company, which at once elected him as their Honorary Chaplain, when he immediately rented a commodious house charmingly situated in the most fashionable square of the Hypotheneuse, which gave him the right to the tolls, not only from all the belles crowding to his church, but also, by a grant of the College of St. Rhombus, from everyone crossing the *Pons Asinorum*.

Here he made Mrs. Dowdye's acquaintance, and the intercourse very speedily became close and confidential. From the moment he became the Bishop's Chaplain, and Canon of Small-Beerjester, Mr. MATTIX resolved that he—he, Mr. MATTIX, would in effect be Bishop of Small-Beerjester. Mrs. Dowdye had also chosen the same position for herself. Mr. MATTIX flatters himself that he can outmanoeuvre the Bishop's wife, and that, if other means fail, he has a reserve force in his hand in the shape of the Bishop himself, who, he is confident, would gladly avail himself of any safe opportunity of emancipating himself from the petticoat tyranny.

Mr. MATTIX is tall of stature, but decidedly low in his views. He is somewhat broad-chested, but very narrow-minded. When there are two lines for him to take, he can, according to his inclination, be either obtuse or acute. His forehead is square, his eyes look round, and are occasionally bisected with mathematical precision by heavy Euc-lids. To some people the bridge of his nose is something they cannot get over, and its classic outline bears a strong resemblance to the above-mentioned *Pons Asinorum*, which is the only Roman thing about him; as any approach to an M. B. waistcoat, a high-cut clerical coat, or an imitation *jugum* or Roman Collar is, in Canon MATTIX's eyes, an intolerable abomination. His hands are large, but otherwise they are no great shakes. For myself I have always disliked his manner of shaking hands; his right hand is cold and fishy, and its touch is flabby; but on the other hand it must be borne in mind that he is a servant of the Church Establishment, and not a professional Shaker.

Such is the clergyman whom Mrs. DOWDIE has introduced into Small-Beerjester as her husband's Domestic Chaplain; he is neither a Cherub, nor a Demon; for to the former a stall-seat in the Cathedral would have been of no practical value; and as the latter he would have been sadly inconvenienced to find a suitable place for his tail, which would have caused a considerable coil among the clergy generally.

Mrs. DOWDIE has heard all about JOHN BOUNCE'S proceedings, and has determined to place her favourite in Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER'S place, whenever that Gentleman shall be forced to resign, an event which, as we have seen, is not likely to happen quite so soon as the Bishop's wife had expected. Mrs. DOWDIE has at present no idea that the Reverend MATTHEW MATTIX has cast a loving eye on MORLEENA, and Mrs. OVERWAYTE is for once wrong in her surmise that Canon MATTIX has been recommended for the vacant place in her sister's affections by the Bishop and Mrs. DOWDIE, whose mutual enemy the Archbeacon's wife is by nature and position. Each Lady wishes to get the whole ecclesiastical power of Small-Beerjester into her own hands, and the Bishop and Archbeacon are only their puppets. Mrs. OVERWAYTE has managed to dispose of JOHN BOUNCE, and she is now looking forward to rendering useless all Mrs. DOWDIE'S efforts at supplanting her father on the Mastership of Deedler's Trust. Moreover she is determined to defeat whatever matrimonial designs Mr. MATTIX may have on her sister MORLEENA, and as he is opposed to the Archbeacon's interests generally, she will not rest until she has driven him out of the Small-Beerjester Diocese, and with him, if possible, the entire DOWDIE party; and it is not improbable that the excellent Lady may have ambitious dreams of her bosom's Lord being seated heavily on the Episcopal throne. Be this as it may, Mrs. OVERWAYTE contents herself at present with frustrating Canon MATTIX'S designs on MORLEENA, and on the Mastership of DEEDLER'S.

"He is a great gun, no doubt," she has said to the Archbeacon, in one of those nocturnal episodes at the Archbeaconry, whereof we have been so frequently the unsuspected witnesses. "He is a great gun, no doubt; but for all that, Archbeacon, I'll spike the Canon."

"But, my dear, the Archbeacon ventured to suggest, "suppose MORLEENA falls in love with him."

"Fall in fiddlesticks, you Arch-Noodle!" retorted his Lady. "My father will resign his office of Percentor, and we must have somebody ready in the Archbeaconry to fill the vacancy, and to marry MORLEENA. Then when the Canon is spiked, our candidate can step into his shoes, and if you're only half awake—."

"I am, my dear," said the Archbeacon, taking a vigorous pull at his night-cap that stood hot by the bedside.

"You may step into the Bishop's shoes and gaiters."

"But my itty tidy-pop," began the Archbeacon, cajolingly, "who is the man we're to have here ready for the Percentorship and MORLEENA'S hand?"

"Who!" exclaimed his spouse, giving so startling a back-legger as nearly sent the Archbeacon flying on to the floor. "Who! why you Arch-idiot," she was never more familiar than this in addressing her husband, "your old friend Mr. ARABLE."

"The very man!" exclaimed the Archbeacon. "I'll write to him to-morrow. I'll write about—."

"You'll right-about face now," interrupted his spouse, turning away, "and don't bother me any more."

"Bong swore," murmured the Archbeacon. And then the worthy couple gradually sank off to sleep, performing in their slumbers a duett from *Nosey en Egitto*, performing triumphant marches on their two organs in anticipation of the glorious victory over the DOWDIE party, and the ultimate spiking of the objectionable Canon.

And who is Mr. ARABLE? Ladies he is far too important a person to be introduced at the tail of a chapter, or at the end of any chapter of a tale.

A Double Saint's Day.

On Wednesday last came off the *fête* of the French Republic. On the day following, the Legitimists celebrated that of their Chief, the Count de CHAMBORD—the festival of his Patron Saint, the Fifteenth of July. That, in their Calendar, is St. Henri's Day; but since a Saint is a Saint all the world over, HENRI CINQ, as they call him, may rejoice under the tutelage of another Saint also besides St. Henri—the guardianship of two Patron Saints, SS. Henri and Swithin; and in particular enjoy the advantage of invoking the latter to send him a long reign.

Wanted, a Settlement.

If Bend Or they can prove a "crook,"
As HOLKER says they're able,
'Tis clear that, spite a stable book,
Engagements will begin to look
Uncommonly un-stable!

A THREATENED INFILCTION.



The statement made by Lord ENFIELD, in the House of Lords, as to the course to be followed in taking the Census of 1881 has relieved the minds of numbers of people of a great load of anxiety. Alarming rumours of the questions that would be put, and the answers that would have to be returned, in the Census forms, under the heaviest penalties, were disturbing the equilibrium of everybody everywhere. Some excited householders went so far as to say that the Census was only meant to incense us, and to denounce it as inquisitorial and vexatious, an intolerable interference with the liberty of Britons, certain to arouse angry feelings in the breasts of thousands of harmless Heads of Families, and to sow discord between Churchmen and Nonconformists, total abstainers and tipplers, allopaths and homœopaths, and all the other respectable but differently thinking sections of the community.

Happily, all these apprehensions have proved to be groundless. We know now that the Census paper of 1881 will be well nigh as simple and harmless as that of 1871, and we can therefore review, with a quiet mind, some of the traps and pitfalls which rumour insisted Heads of Families would find lurking in the document to be left with them, on a certain day next April, by the Enumerators.

The most disquieting report was that the statement of age would have to be supported by affidavit, or, in the case of Moravians, Quakers, and Separatists, by a statutable declaration. Cautious ladies (likewise gentlemen) trembled to think that their hour had come at last, and meditated emigrating, between now and April, 1881, to some happy innocent country where statistics and Censuses are alike unknown.

Many quiet families did not relish the idea of having to disclose the average weekly consumption of wine, beer, and spirits on the premises. Smokers puffed at the notion of being compelled to render a return of their expenditure on tobacco, distinguishing between pipes, cigars, and cigarettes.

Another threatened question was whether the family were allopath or homœopath, or "Peculiar People," faithless in all doctors, and following a path of their own.

But far worse than this was a terrible whisper that all unmarried females would be called upon to declare, without reservation, whether their affections were engaged; and to satisfy the Enumerators that in taking country walks with a male companion, corresponding, exchanging presents, &c., they were acting with full parental consent.

Domestic animals, it was reported, were to be included in the return. A harmless requirement, but it was foreseen that nice questions, difficult of adjustment, would arise—for example, whether the Cat actually slept on the premises on the night of the enumeration.

A demand for a declaration of political opinions would, it was contended, if persisted in, light the torch of Revolution throughout the land.

About one hundred and fifty religious sects and parties fully expected to be harassed with prying and trying questions.

Lastly, prostrate bewilderment was the condition of the perplexed Head of the Family, on hearing that he would have to find out and record the opinion of every adult member of his household on the following debated questions—Vivisection, the use of Stimulants, Athletics, Ritualism, Tobacco, Turkey, Vegetarianism, and the orthography of SHAKESPEARE'S name. The Head was not made more comfortable by being told that he might have to add the names of the favourite Authors, Actors, Painters, Poets, and Preachers, of all under his roof.



FRENCH FOOD FOR ENGLISH BABES—AND MOTHERS.

Grigsby (during entr'acte). "WHAT! YOU HERE, MISS JONES!"

Miss Jones. "YES; I GOT MAMMA TO BRING ME. SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND FRENCH, YOU KNOW! AIN'T IT FUN!"

[*Grigsby flatters himself that he sees the fun of a Palais Royal play as well as anyone on this side of the Channel, but he does draw the line somewhere; and does not see the fun of a respectable Materfamilias being present at such an entertainment,—and with her Daughter, too! a thing that is not even done in the country of Zola!*]

PITY A POOR FO(R)STER-MOTHER!

OH, he always were weak in the knees, I know, and a leetle bit shaky, but still
A more inercent and well-meaning child there never could be than my BILL!
Which his birth premature and promiscus-like were a good deal agen him, poor pet!
But I've nussed him keerful, and I've fed him reglar, and he is that lovely, and yet
Them boys, them rascally rampageous boys, they are down upon him like bricks—
Though that ain't the word—with their stones and shied taters, not to mention rotten eggs and thick sticks.
From the very fust they was that unjust that they wouldn't trust him a mite,
Now, do it stand to reason as a mossel like him is likely for to kick or to bite,
Or to ruin anythink in the varsal world? See him toddling flipperty floppity,
Fust one side, then t'other! It's rediklus, quite, to fancy him pitching into "proppty."
A inercent cherub never cut a tooth than him, my poor little BILL,
Which them wenomous boys, drat their nasty noise! is a-doing their best for to kill.
Though why they should chivvy him into his coffin is more than a body can tell;
As the most aggravacious of the 'ole lot of 'em is that Irish boy, PARNELL,
A more cantankerous and howdacious young rebel never broke a fond parent's heart;
Not think never don't please him not nohow, confuge him! and cer'tny I have done my part.

Sometimes I 'ardly seem for to know him myself, he's that altered in face and in figger;
And for all my care and my tender cosetting he never seems to grow any bigger.
As to better, they'd "amend" him off the face of the earth—they're as woid of heart as of manners!—
And o'er his little corpus shout their "Hear, hear, hears!" jest like demons a howling hosannas.
I'd like to larrup them all round, the young waggerbones; who dust say they derserves the birch ill?
PARNELL and BIGGAR, and the other Paddies, likeways also that RANDOLPH CHURCHILL,
Who's as bad as the worst, and that ojus GORST, as I'd string him up in a halter,
With that sarey GIBSON and that spiteful ECHO, and that cold supercilious WALTER.
Oh mussy me! There, they're at him agen, my poor unfortnit BILL! With his back all askew, and his side kinked in, and his spindleshanks wobbling still.
It's all pelt! pelt! pelt!—have they never felt what a Forster-dame's feelinks must be?
Oh! there's one in his wind, and a half brick behind, and a rotten egg squelched on his knee!
And what can I do? What a hullabaloo! He'll get reglar riddled, he will.
They won't let him pass!!! Oh what will become of my poor little, dear little BILL?

[Left lamenting.

THE LONDONEE'S EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.—Getting over it without being blown up!

REPUBLICAN CRY FOR HENRI DE ROCHEFORT.—*À la Lanterne!*



THE FO(R)STER-MOTHER.

"OH DEAR, OH DEAR! WHAT WILL BECOME OF MY POOR LITTLE BILL?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FRIDAY, July 9 (Lords).—On the Motion of Lord SPENCER, a Scotch Educational Endowments Bill having been read a Second Time, the Elementary (Three R's and Extras) Education Bill, not specifically Scotch, was read a Third Time, and passed. So likewise were the Union Assessment (Single Parishes) Bill, and the County Bridges Bill; as ratepayers will probably soon discover.

(Commons, Morning.)—Mr. GLADSTONE having, to a question touching the Cabinet's Eastern policy, courteously asked by Sir H. D. WOLFF, made a civil reply, sufficient to keep, as it were, the wolf from the door, the House plunged into Committee on the Compensation for Disturbance (or C. D. Irish) Bill; and in a debate on the question that the Preamble be Postponed, floundered about all the sitting, so as to make no progress at all, but stick in the mud. In the course of this controversy, Mr. GLADSTONE besought the Committee not to persevere in obstruction, and warned them that waste of time would not induce the Government to withdraw measures they thought necessary to be passed for their country's good. In the course of the continued altercation which followed this menace concerning the moors, Mr. BIGGAR—for once in the way—happened to give the Chairman occasion to call him to order. Further cackle was subsequently adjourned until

Evening, when a Resolution by Mr. ROUNDSELL, proposing the abolition of the remaining restrictions by which the headships and fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge are limited to persons, but saving the case of the Deanery of Christchurch, was moved, and, after a discussion at this stage of the Session of course perfectly futile, in which, nevertheless, several honourable Members took part, necessarily withdrawn. Then the House went to work again in Committee on the C. D. (Ireland) Bill, contrived at last to agree on the Motion to Postpone the Preamble, and adjourned.

Monday (Lords).—Census (England and Wales) Bill for 1881 laid on the table by Lord ENFIELD, and read a First Time. This Census is not to vex or puzzle people by requiring them to return their religious opinions.

Lord ORANMORE dilated on Hibernian Atrocities, chronically characteristic of "the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea;" otherwise once poetically described as

"The land of misrule, and half-hanging, and flame."

No noble Lord materially contradicted Lord ORANMORE's statements; whence it would appear that Ireland only wants Home-Rule to become quite Another Place—not the Lower House of Parliament, but one still nether—paved, as the saw says, with good intentions.

Gas and Water Orders Confirmation Bill read a Third Time. No, Stupid, this measure did not emanate from Convocation.

(Commons.)—After interrogations and responses, Mr. GLADSTONE moved a Resolution providing for despatch of business during the remainder of the Session. Hereupon business was immediately arrested by a long wrangle, in the course of which Mr. COWEN well but vainly observed that they had too many Members, too much work, and too much talk.

Too many cooks proverbially spoil the broth out of Parliament; in it hinder the concoction of any broth whatever.

Mr. GLADSTONE's Motion having been at length agreed to, he then gave notice of an Amendment, designed, on second thoughts, to supersede Mr. LAW's, of the Irish C. D. Bill. Then the House went into Committee of Supply, and, finally, further considered the Relief of Distress (Ireland) Bill in Committee, and took such time in so doing that they did not rise to go home till nearly a quarter to five in the morning.

Tuesday (Lords).—The LORD CHANCELLOR presented and got read a First Time a Lord BYRON Indemnity Bill, to exempt (the contemporary) Lord BYRON from the consequences of having, by an oversight, taken his seat and voted before having sworn his oath and subscribed the roll in this present Parliament. Further proceedings perfunctory.

(Commons, Morning.)—Irish C. D. Bill again; Committee thereon. In moving that the Chairman report progress, Lord R. CHURCHILL called on Government for some explanation of Mr. GLADSTONE's most recent Amendment, which he called a third or fourth change of front. Answer from Mr. FORSTER in general terms. Particulars reserved.

Controversy followed an Amendment moved by Lord G. HAMILTON, as to whether, in practice, "ejectments" necessarily meant "evictions," which, if they did, it would be sharp practice no doubt. Fact affirmed and denied right and left.

Mr. GIBSON moved an Amendment confining the Bill to tenants under £15. Mr. GLADSTONE would take £30. Mr. GIBSON said that wouldn't do; and then another change of front was charged upon the Ministry—this time by Mr. O'CONNOR, Mr. P. MARTIN, and Mr. PARNELL. Further consideration of Clauses adjourned till evening sitting.

(Evening.)—Count-out; and *Punch* reports "Progress."

Wednesday (Commons).—Debate on Mr. FORSTER's Irish Bill continued for nearly six hours, partly squandered upon Mr. GIBSON's Amendment confining the operation of the Bill to holdings under £15, instead of £30 as proposed by its author and his Chief; partly upon the question whether or no the Chairman had power to silence Mr. MAC IVER (Conservative), who would persist, although thrice called to order, in making irrelevant remarks on Emigration, a subject said to be his "fad." Question ultimately referred to Mr. SPEAKER, who ruled in favour of Mr. MAC IVER and against Mr. CHAIRMAN. Thereupon Mr. CHAIRMAN gracefully invited Mr. MAC IVER to continue his remarks, but he forbore, and left off boring—for a time.

Oddly enough, the Chairman, having called Mr. MAC IVER to order for the third time, then called on Mr. PARNELL, who had risen at the same moment with the other hon. Member, to speak. Was not this trying to cast out Conservative Obstructive by Home-Ruler Obstructive?

The latter, in possession of the House, forthwith moved to report Progress, which was ironical of him; and he created laughter by declaring that, though he thought the Bill ought not to pass, he was not willing to take the responsibility of defeating it at the present moment. He was good enough to signify that he would not press his Motion; but discussion thereof was nevertheless continued by Mr. BIGGAR and The O'DONOOGHUE; also by Colonel TOTTENHAM. To enable Progress to be reported, Lord ECHO likewise spoke, and twitted the PREMIER with having initiated Communistic legislation.

Mr. MAC IVER then remounted his Emigration hobby, and took another ride amid much interruption.

After an invective against Irish landlords from Mr. TIMOTHY SULLIVAN, the Motion to report Progress having been withdrawn, Mr. GIBSON's figure was negatived, and expenditure of breath on Mr. FORSTER's adjourned.

Sir EARDLEY WILMOT's Atheists Disqualification Bill broke down on a point of form pointed out by Mr. LABOUCHERE. Here ended the Government's Wednesday sitting.

Thursday (Lords).—The Census Bill was read a Second Time, and the Census (Ireland) Bill, moved also by Lord ENFIELD, a First Time. In reply to suggestions from Lord FORTESCUE, for despatch of compilation, and for the addition of sanitary inquiries, the noble mover said that, both for economy and expedition, the Local Government Board thought it best to restrict the returns to the heads enumerated in the Bill.

We occasionally hear talk of "cooking returns." There is no fear that those of the Census will be cooked at all; but some apprehension exists that, as before and as usual, officials will take a long time in doing them.

(Commons.)—The Marquis of HARTINGTON informed Mr. J. K. CROSS that the excess of the Afghan War-costs will be so enormous that the Government have concluded that a solid and substantial part of them ought to be borne by this country; that is to say, those of its inhabitants who pay the taxes. But there is no occasion for alarm or hurry; and the Government, before they propose any



GROUND GAME, &c. !!

Squire (rather perplexed). "HULLO, PAT! WHERE DID YOU GET THE HARE?"

Pat. "SHURE, SURE, THE CR'ATUR' WAS WAND'RIN' ABOUT, AN' I THOUGHT I'D TAKE'T TO THE 'WANES'!"

Squire. "BUT DID THE KEEPER SEE YOU?"

Pat. "BLISS YER HONOUR, I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR HIM EVER SINCE I CAUGHT IT!!"

definite course, will wait till they can lay all the facts before the House, and will take time to consider.

On again with Committee on Mr. FORSTER's little Irish Bill, or bantling. Discussion of his £30 Amendment on Mr. GIBSON's £15 Amendment resumed by Mr. BIGGAR, who, of course, opposed all limitations of the Bill whatever. So did Mr. DALY, Sir J. M'KENNA, and Mr. SHAW. PARNELL recommended postponement. Mr. FORSTER offered, with the consent of Mr. GLADSTONE, to give up his Amendment of an Amendment. Mr. GIBSON taxed the Government and the PREMIER with further change of mind and front.

If Mr. GLADSTONE has changed his front, has he changed his "dickey"? Has he ever changed his shirt-collar—except for the wash?

Our WILLIAM deprecated the heat and extravagance with which, he said, a second-rate matter had been treated, and asserted the right of the Government to accommodate every section of Irish Members.

Granted the right, query the possibility, WILLIAM.

Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE having, in his turn, fallen foul of repeated changes of the Bill in deference to Mr. PARNELL, Mr. FORSTER's Amendment was negatived, and Mr. GIBSON's withdrawn. Three other Amendments then also successively came to nothing, and further "progress" was adjourned till the morrow.

Lord BYRON is all right. His Indemnity Bill passed through all of its stages.

Friday (Lords).—In answer to Lord MIDDLETON, Lord ENFIELD said the Local Government Board hoped to introduce a Noxious Vapours Prevention Bill next Session. In the meanwhile, chemical and other works will go on emitting effluvia.

In Committee, the Preamble and Clauses of the Educational Endowments (Scotland) Bill were agreed to with a few alterations, and, possibly, improvements.

(Commons, Morning.)—Much time taken up with talk on the complaint of Mr. DILLYN that the Lord BYRON Indemnity Bill, brought down from the Lords, had been read three times at two

o'clock before noon. Then Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill on again in Committee. Amendment moved by Mr. GLADSTONE "that a landlord shall not be relieved from the payment of compensation if he has refused a tenant's reasonable offer without himself offering a reasonable suggestion," partly carried after protracted prattle, the remainder talked upon by Mr. BIGGAR, until the hour came for suspending the sitting, and so talked out.

(Evening).—Resolution moved by Mr. BRETT, and amended at the suggestion of Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, that the erection of a statue to the memory of the late PRINCE IMPERIAL in Westminster Abbey, would be inconsistent with the national character of the edifice, after a Division on the Motion for going into Committee of Supply, finally carried by 171 to 116; neither the majority nor the minority including Ministers, who, instead of going into the lobby, withdrew from the House, amid ironical cheers and laughter. A question which ought never to have been raised is now, perhaps, settled.

A Derby Ditty.

In these days of characteristic ballad-writing, when every sport and pursuit, down to deep-sea diving, has had its song, why doesn't some one take advantage of a pending squabble and immortalise the Turf? "Bend O'er me Gently" would make a capital title, and, if the Duke of WESTMINSTER could only be persuaded to write the words himself, somebody's fortune would be made. MESSRS. BREWER and BLANTON have shown considerable energy in their recent handling of *Robert the Devil*. Why shouldn't they publish it?

A Word for Him.

(By One of Them.)

WHAT! BIGGAR satisfied! Shure—there's a flaw—He'd niver swallow what was backed by Law!

A SPORTING OBSTRUCTIONIST.

(By an Ill-used Gentleman of the Pavement.)

THAT noble animal, the 'Oss,
I've 'eerd some parties praise;
I never come his back across,
But bets on him I lays.
Talk about Ponies' "pints" to me—
Your words is empty sound:
All in a Pony, I can see,
Is five-and-twenty pound.

An 'Oss's own self I don't take
No sort of interest in,
But only as regards the stake
I stand to lose or win.
But whether that 'Oss wins his race
By foul means or by fair,
To ask such questions ain't my place,
Who neither know nor care.

Yet all my 'art's in every Race,
A goin' to be run,
I always goes and takes my place
To learn which 'Oss has won;
The Sportin' Paper's 'Orifice front
For hours I waits without,
Until the name on which my blunt
Depends, is 'anded out.

There I, and others sitch as me,
Which that ewent expects,
Each anxious the result to see,
Quite peaceably collects;
Awaitin' till the 'and-bill shows
Which way the game has gone,
Why should the Bobby, 'ere we knows,
Oblige us to move on?

THE MEN AT WIMBLEDON.

WHEN the Volunteers, last week, completed the twenty-first year of their existence, they came of age, and, as a body, presumably arrived at years of discretion; so that even rank and file attained their majority. The most incorrigible offender can now no longer call the demonstration of Infantry Volunteers at Wimbledon a Big Baby Show.

THE NEXT MOVES.

THE "Identic Note" having been delivered to the Sublime Porte, the question of the hour is, "What will come of it?" Mr. Punch, having special facilities for gazing into the future, has great pleasure in publishing a Prophetic Calendar of the Situation for the remainder of the year 1880, and the whole of the year 1881:—

August 1st.—The Porte, before answering the Identic Note, asks for further time. The SULTAN explains that the reforms suggested have already secured his heartiest sympathy, and that he loves the Allied Sovereigns infinitely better than his own brothers.

2nd.—Consultation of the Powers thereon. Much telegraphic communication between Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Rome, and London.

20th.—Consent of five of the Great Powers obtained after frequent meetings of Ambassadors, assisted by "Technical Subordinates."

30th.—Scrapes of the Sixth Power removed after explanation and compensation.

September 1st.—Official consent of the Powers ready for delivery. The SULTAN prevented from receiving the *Doyen* of the Ambassadors by reason of a severe toothache.

15th.—Continuance of His Majesty's toothache. Diplomatic pressure employed to effect a cure.

16th.—Pressure successful. The SULTAN admits the *Doyen* of the Ambassadors to an audience, and graciously accepts the further time allowed him by the Six Powers.

October 1st.—The *Doyen* of the Ambassadors presses the Grand Vizier to give an answer to the Identic Note. Satisfactory reply. The answer ready. Fair copy only required. Slight delay, on account of the illness of the Imperial copyist; that official suffering from a sore finger.

November 10th.—The SULTAN explains to the *Doyen* of the Am-



Fair but Considerate Customer. "PRAY SIT DOWN. YOU LOOK SO TIRED. I'VE BEEN RIDING ALL THE AFTERNOON IN A CARRIAGE, AND DON'T REQUIRE A CHAIR."

bassadors that the Imperial Treasury cannot afford to pay for "the writing materials" necessary for the production of the Identic Note.

11th.—Application of the SULTAN, for a loan, to England.

12th.—Application of the SULTAN, for a loan, to France and Germany.

13th.—Application of the SULTAN, for a loan, to Russia, Austria, and Italy.

14th.—Application of the SULTAN, for a loan, to Greece, Spain, Portugal, Egypt, China, Ireland, Canada, Sweden, Australia, Zululand, the Pope, the Sandwich Islands, and, later in the day (as an after-thought), Honduras.

15th.—Universal refusal to the SULTAN's application.

December 1st.—Vague reply to the Identic Note. Sum total—the SULTAN will do nothing.

New Year's Day, 1881.—Despatch of invitations to the Powers to attend another Congress.

January 2nd until December 31st, 1881.—As before!

Possibly.

(Suggested by a Current Inquiry.)

"ALL'S WELL! From stem to stern, no spar unsound,—

There never sailed a ship more worth her cost!"

If that be so, and she was judged "well found,"

These cheery optimists, so pleased all round,

Will tell us next that she has been well lost!

MIDSUMMER APPEALS.—Appeals for ice, claret-cup, pic-nics, garden-parties, and light summer dresses.

THE TOURIST'S DREAM BOOK.

(Compiled by Mr. Punch's travelled Seer.)



If you dream of inspecting hundreds of highly-coloured pictures, and listening to thousands of never-ceasing chimes, you will go to *Antwerp*.

If you dream of enjoying a savoury lunch on a pier, and attempting to escape from a very unsavoury odour on a quay, you will go to *Boulogne*.

If you dream that you have suffered a couple of hours' martyrdom on board a steamboat, and are now resting, half dead from exhaustion, in a railway carriage, you will go to *Calais*.

If you dream that you have

tried to lessen the fatigues of a long trip by retiring to "rest" immediately after arrival at midnight one evening, and starting off again by a train leaving at 4 A.M. the next morning, you will go to *Dijon*.

If you dream that after undergoing a lengthy and tedious journey you have found yourself in the same atmosphere with a number of kings and princes, you will go to *Ems*.

If you dream that you have shown daring worthy of the recognition of the Victoria Cross, and have consequently braved the horrors of a "new route" warranted better than the very best, you will go to *Flushing*.

If you dream that you are disappointed at finding a city of marble hidden in a coating of mud, you will go to *Genoa*.

If you dream that, for the sake of your health, you are getting up at five in the morning to drink some nasty water (comparatively safe from the germs of typhoid fever), and are habituating yourself to bed at sunset, you will go to *Homburg*.

If you dream that you are sharing a view of a snow-capped mountain with a collection of 'ARRYS, JOCLAS, and their "people," you will go to *Interlacken*.

If you dream that you have purchased from Mr. Cook, for £27 14s. 6d., a first-class ticket enabling you to visit Dieppe, Paris, Turin, Venice, Trieste, Alexandria, and Jaffa, with the privilege of ending your journey on a horse, you will go to *Jerusalem*.

If you dream that you are being roasted alive in a dismal town within sight of one of the pleasantest hotels in Europe (the Beau Rivage at Ouchy), you will go to *Lausanne*.

If you dream that you have "done" the best part of a beautiful river, have had enough of it, and wish to proceed no further, you will go to *Maryence*.

If you dream that from a very dirty city you are gazing upon a fairly charming Bay, and yet have no desire for the immediate approach of Death, you will go to *Naples*.

If you dream that you have turned a desperate gambler and an inveterate *gourmet*—that in your first character you have a passion for *baccarat*, and in your second a palate for oysters, you will go to *Ostend*.

If you dream that your wife will sacrifice everything to her love for the bonnet-shops, you will go to *Paris*.

If you dream that you have spent three weeks on the ocean wave, vainly attempting to secure a pair of sea-legs, you will go to *Quebec*.

If you dream that you are fighting a score of waiters in your efforts to obtain a room at a hotel, and are being heavily charged (in more senses than one) by the proprietor, you will go to the *Righi*.

If you dream that you have waded through some very uninteresting "scenery" to look upon a third-rate waterfall, you will go to *Schaffhausen*.

If you dream that you are within hail of Rome, and are not satisfied with your resting-place, you will go to *Turin*.

If you dream that your thoughts are given up to the consideration of the manufacture of velvet in one of its most useful branches, you will go to *Utrecht*.

If you dream that you are being bitten by gigantic gnats, and are floating on a successful rival to the Regent's Canal, you will go to *Venice*.

If you dream that you are taking a solitary walk in an empty garden, and are thinking that, after all, there was something to be said in favour of the Tables, you will go to *Wiesbaden*.

If you dream that you have an opportunity of practically testing the many interesting stories you have heard from your friends about Japan, you will go to *Yokohama*.

If you dream that you are singing with feeling, inspired by the close proximity of the spot, a rather florid song about certain "fair waters," you will go to *Zurich*.

And, finally, if you dream that you are enjoying true comfort, and are escaping a thousand disappointments and annoyances, you will stay—at home!

TURKS AND THOROUGH GENTLEMEN.

In the *Morning Post* the other day appeared a letter with the signature of "STANLEY OF ALDERLEY," denouncing the Hares and Rabbits Bill on the ground that, if enacted, it will effect the destruction of game, and check the residence in the rural districts of the rich and the educated, cause field-sports to disappear, and render still fewer those of Her Majesty's subjects habituated to stand weather, and thus fit themselves to endure an autumn or winter campaign. The bi-titular correspondent of the *Post* demands:

"What, then, is the object or the motive for this Bill? Primarily its object was to catch votes, and to enable the Government to figure as farmers' friends. But the real motive and *animus* in the minds of the real promoters and originators of such legislation is the same as that which has led the country astray from its interests and traditional foreign policy. It is a hatred of gentlemen; the Turks are essentially gentlemen, and must therefore be got rid of. The same feeling applies to the country gentlemen."

It would be interesting to know what are those characteristics of the Turks generally, which constitute them essentially gentlemen. In the estimation of some persons claiming to be gentlemen themselves, one essential property of a gentleman is independent property; the means of subsistence without labour, coupled with actual abstinence from any manner of work or kind of useful employment whatever. In the disposition to live without doing anything to deserve or gain a living, and the desire to subsist entirely on the productive powers of others, the typical Turk, if not grossly belied, is equal to the laziest member of the British nobility and gentry; not certainly a type of his own order, whatever STANLEY OF ALDERLEY may think. For the implied comparison with Turks, as born simply to consume the fruits of the earth, English country gentlemen must feel flattered, rather, by STANLEY OF ALDERLEY.

RULES FOR THE NEXT LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

1. All competitors to adopt a tone of modest depreciation of their own powers, while extolling the prowess of their opponents.

2. No competitor on any account to assume a garb of an eccentric character. Hats to be useful rather than grotesque.

3. Umpires to learn their duties thoroughly before consenting to assume office. A novice should never be permitted to pick up a first knowledge of the rudiments of the game in this important post on a match-day.

4. Gate-money to be discountered, and grand-stands abolished.

5. Press notices to be submitted for correction (when necessary) to a competent judge before despatch to the various papers. "Reasons why" such and such a competitor did not win, to be officially suppressed.

6. Decisions of bystanders upon nice points in a game, as to whether a ball was or was not inside the line, &c., &c., to be ignored. Strict tennis should be as "hard and fast" as strict whist or strict cricket.

Given at Wimbledon and elsewhere,

July, 1880.

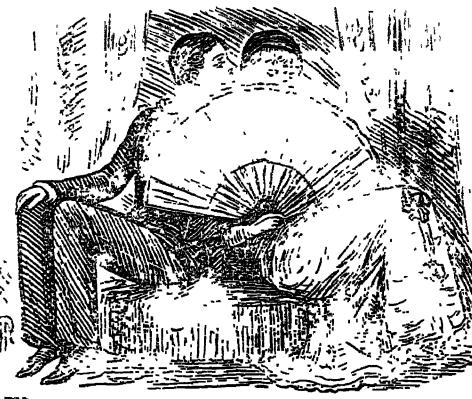
(Signed) TOBY,

By order of Mr. Punch, Hon. Secretary,
Director-General of National Games.

A FLY IN AMBER.—A Cab of that colour.

GROUND GAME.—Lawn Tennis.

THOUGHTS ON A BALL.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,
THERE has lately been a Ball at the hospitable Mansion House, given to the Mayors of the United Kingdom. In an account of this festivity I find the following remarkable statistical statement:—

" Of the Mayors nearly 150 were present, each wearing his state official robes and chains, and all were accompanied by Mayoresses."

One hundred and fifty Mayors, and an equal array of Mayoresses! Certainly our Mayors are marrying men. Not a bachelor amongst a hundred and fifty of them! The office of Mayor is clearly not antagonistic to the rite of Matrimony. The Mayoral dignity as surely implies a Mayoress as it does a robe and a chain. Silver cradles are as proper to our Chief Magistrates as maces and dinners. No single Alderman, no unwedded Councillor need aspire to the Chair, unless he can give a solemn pledge and promise that he will, within one month from his election, present the borough with a Mayoress. Whatever class of the community may look with indifference—nay, perhaps with aversion—on matrimony, this charge cannot be brought against our Mayors. They set a bright example to those over whom they are appointed to rule, and deserve re-election, and knighthood, and testimonials, and every other distinction and enjoyment that life can offer.

What a striking illustration, too, of the influence of woman is hereby afforded! Can anyone suppose that all these hundred and fifty Mayors would have come up to London in the hot weather, to dance in their robes and chains at the Mansion House—for this night only turned into a Mayors' Nest—unless they had been persuaded, perhaps, in some extreme cases, compelled, by their wives, their Mayoresses? This is a question, *Mr. Punch*, we must all think over in the holidays.

THE MAN WITH THE EYE-GLASS.

P.S.—It has occurred to me, in explanation of the hundred and fifty Mayoresses, that as all the Mayors of the United Kingdom were not present at the Ball (those who attended it may be distinguished as the United Mayors of the Kingdom), the absentees were exceptional bachelors, who being ashamed to present themselves to the LORD MAYOR without a Mayoress, stayed at home.

SOMETHING LIKE A COMPANY!

MR. PUNCH, MY VERY DEAR SIR,

21st July, 1880.

You have often claimed to be the Philanthropist of the civilised and uncivilised world, and your contention most justly has never been denied. As a man of business, you stand preëminent as the Financier of the Nineteenth Century—a century which has seen the largest undertakings in the History of the Universe carried to a successful conclusion. It is in your joint characters as a philanthropist and a man of business that I address you, confident in the knowledge that you will place at my disposal a feeling heart and an unfailing brain.

My very dear Sir, you have doubtless read the account of some legal proceedings in connection with the Northern Counties of England Fire Insurance Company (Limited), which were taken in consequence of the gross mismanagement of the concern to which I have just alluded. My very dear Sir, the N. C. E. F. I. C. (Limited) was an excellent idea; and the fact that more than a couple of thousand pounds in *hard cash* was subscribed by a good-tempered Public out of a nominal capital of One Million Pounds sterling, is a proof (if one is needed) that the English people are ever ready to give a hearty welcome to concerns founded on a substantial commercial basis. It is to be regretted, for all our sakes, that so promising a business should have ended in what may be comparatively termed disaster. Still, the details of the case are encouraging—most encouraging. Although imprisonment with hard labour was not included in the duties of the Manager and the Directors as set forth in the Articles of Association, the solid fact remains that something—and a very pleasant something—was paid in to the account of the Association by a number of well-meaning Shareholders. This is very comforting, and ought to be received by every Promoter of Good Feeling, Human Sympathy, and Public Companies of limited liability, with heartfelt Satisfaction and brain-experienced Gratitude.

This will be conceded by every Briton of average intelligence; and, when the concession is made, the query arises, "Cannot the experiment be repeated?" or, to use a colloquialism of Transatlantic origin, "Is the little game *quite* played out?" No!—a thousand times no! Never shall it be said that a man bearing my name, and with my reputation, has allowed a germ so full of promise to vanish into a nothing airy as—in fact—the air!

So, my very dear Sir, to Business—and Philanthropy. I have jotted down a few ideas that only require a little thoughtful arrangement to blossom into a financial scheme of colossal proportions, and as welcome as the flowers in May. I have imagined an undertaking, and these are my notes:—

The Title of the Company.

This of course should be of a character to encourage a cheerful confidence in the minds of those who are invited to share their fortunes in the common lot. Hope is one of the most blessed of virtues, and honourably takes a place in a list headed by Faith, and ending in Charity! What say you to the "Bank of England Rothschild Three Per Cents in Consols Investment Company?" It seems to me that this title would be welcomed by thousands of country Vicars in petty parishes, small-annuitant-holding Spinsters, and aged naval and military Officers on half-pay. It is to these excellent persons that we must look for pecuniary support. We know that their means are straitened—should we not give them the value of our more extended experience? After dealing with us for a time, would they not gain an accurate knowledge of the limits of their resources?

The Aims of the Company.

To do everything, and by "everything," of course, taking a large view of the expression, we should mean "everybody."

There would be plenty of scope for our industry. For instance, we might at once secure a large business in Life Insurance by insuring the lives (at our own prices) of all the Residents in the principal Cemeteries. This would be perfectly safe from a financial point of view, as we should never have to pay unless the policy-holders appeared in person at our office to claim their money—a proceeding which would most probably be of very rare occurrence. On the other hand, the Premiums due might appear on the Profit side of our Books as "owing." The merits of this idea include the fact that, strange to say, this kind of insurance has never been tried before, not even by the Northern Counties of England Fire Insurance Company (Limited).

The writing of the word "Fire" reminds me that this Branch also should give us a large portion of business. We could insure the Palaces of the Emperor of China, and the crops, herds, farm-buildings, &c., &c., of the principal inhabitants of the Undiscovered Islands, and many other persons of importance. It is an axiom that "Silence gives consent," and, were we not forbidden by the parties interested to carry out this proceeding, we might logically imagine that the transactions would be agreeable to their wishes.

It is needless to point out that these two ideas alone would give us an enormous business. I have, however, a number of other notions, equally new and equally sound, in reserve. They might be used as occasion required.

The Capital of the Company.

After all the most important point. Money is as much the sinews of Peace as of War. I would propose a Capital of £150,000,000, divided into 1,000 Shares of the nominal value of £150,000 each.

And here I would adopt the plan of the Northern Counties of England Fire Insurance Company (Limited).

The Public should pay *what they pleased*. The smallest contributions would be most thankfully received. Thus the millionaire would pay for his shares in hundreds of thousands of pounds, while the small clerk would obtain documents of equal value for a few half-crowns. Every pocket would be consulted, and Croesus and the pauper at his gates would have a common interest in a joint concern!

The idea is a very solemn one, and moves me to tears!

There, my very dear Sir, you have the produce of my Brains and Heart.

In conclusion I may say that I shall allot to you 750 shares in the new Company, for which I shall be glad to receive an appropriate remittance.

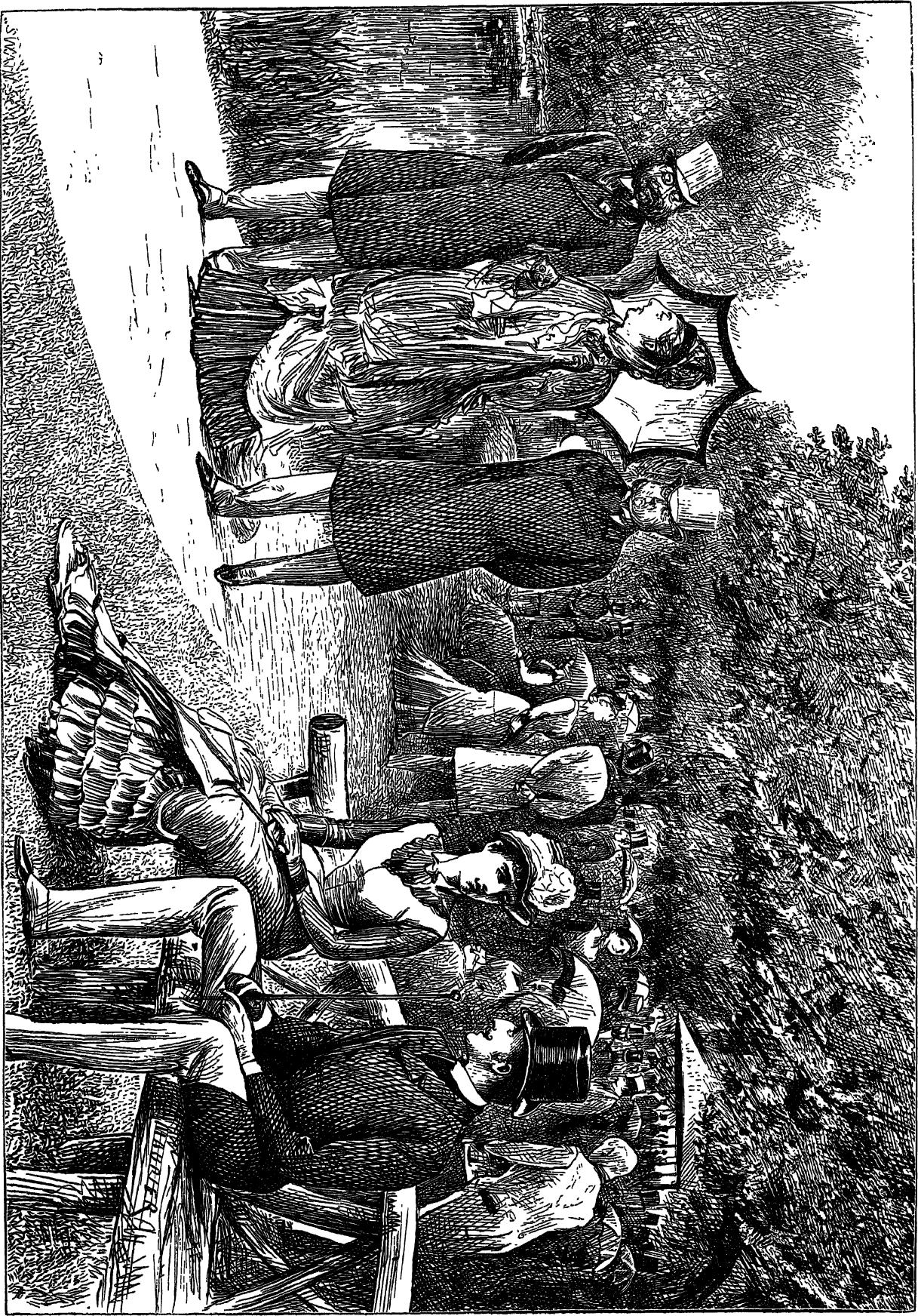
As we have not yet appointed our Bankers, I will keep your money—of course *pro tem.*

Believe me, my very dear Sir, Yours most sincerely,

Post-Office, Seven Dials, (Signed) JEREMIAH DIDDLER.
(To be left until called for).

P.S.—Should you, for various reasons, feel indisposed for the moment to embark in this Company, may I beg you to lend me until Tuesday week, at half-past one o'clock punctually, the ridiculous sum of one and fourpence halfpenny?

P.P.S.—Make the loan eighteenpence, and I will throw the Shares in *gratis*.



CULTURE.

"She. 'OF COURSE YOU WENT TO MONSIEUR RENAN'S LECTURE ON MARCUS AURELIUS?'" He. "No, I didn't. WHO'S MARCUS AURELIUS?" She. "A STOIC? WELL, AT ALL EVENTS, MARCUS AURELIUS WAS ONE—AT LEAST HE DIDN'T GO SO FAR AS MOST STOICS." He. "DIDN'T HE? HOW FAR DO THEY GO?" She. "WHAT A RIDICULOUS QUESTION!"

[Collapse of conversation.]



Old Lady (nudged by her Daughter). "GOOD GRACIOUS! MY DEAR CHILD, TURN YOUR HEAD AWAY—DON'T LOOK AT THEM! AND THE HUSSY, TO STAND STILL, AND LET HIM DO IT!"
 [But Mamma was short-sighted. It was only Mr. Gossmere, the Hairdresser, arranging his wax-model.]

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "*The Chronicles of Barsellshire*," "*Beerjester Brewers*," "*The Half-way House at Aleinton*," "*Thorley Farm for Cattle*," "*Family Parsonage*," "*The Prying Minister*," "*Pearls before Swine* ; or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "*Rub the Hair*," "*The Way We Dye Now*," "*Fishy Fin*," "*Fishy Wildux*," "*Dr. Thorne and David James*," "*Star and Garter, Richmond*," "*Rachel Hooray!*" "*The Jellies of Jelly*," "*The Bertrams and Roberts*," "*Lady Pye-Anna*," "*Tails of All Creatures*," "*Arry Otspur*," "*Mary Greasily*," "*Vicar of Pullbaker*," "*McDermott of Ballad singerum*," "*Can't You Forget Her?*," "*He Knew He Could Write*," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW CANDIDATE.

MR. HENRY WILLIAM ARABLE, or as he was known to his intimates, 'ARRY BILL ARABLE, was a personage very much before the world, and, therefore, considerably in advance of his time at Oxford.

He had recently been engaged in a tremendous controversy with Mr. MATTIX on the vexed questions of the exact position of the vestry door in the Eastern Church; and secondly, as clergymen were not permitted to wear their hats in church, whether a curate with a tile off could be permitted to officiate. These two Gentlemen had never met one another, but war to the paper-knife had been carried on between them in the columns of the *Penny Prometheus*, which, professing impartiality, had sided with Mr. MATTIX's view, and had refused to insert any more letters on these subjects, except as advertisements. Whereupon Mr. MATTIX had written a tract to show that Mr. ARABLE was no better than an idiot; and Mr. ARABLE had replied with a learned pamphlet, proving that his opponent was much

worse than one. The works sold brilliantly, until public interest began to flag, and then the combatants retired from the arena for a few months to re-set their weapons, and to sharpen their wits.

Mr. ARABLE had distinguished himself greatly at Oxford by passing every examination without looking at it.

"ARABLE ploughed again" had passed almost into a proverb, and there was no distinction which he might not have attained had he not openly declared that he preferred to stay at Oxford, and be, without cultivation, a Fellow of his College. For this, however, he would have had to wait some considerable time had it not been for his suddenly indulging in serious thoughts about religion. He bought a Missal in ten volumes for his own private reading, which he kept in his rooms, and only spoke of it as *Chambers' Missal-any*; or he would use one volume at a time as a missile for the head of any one who ventured to dispute with him; and on Fridays he stinted himself with short commons after, and haunted long Lauds: he gave up reading the parliamentary news in the papers, he professed himself quite satisfied with his own Lauds and Commons. His rooms in the evening were illuminated by acolytes instead of wax-lights, and he used to stand all day in only angular positions, like the saints in painted windows, repeating to himself, "*Non Angli sed Angeli*," which seemed to afford him considerable personal satisfaction. He shaved his head, and took a vow never to do it again until he was able to make a pilgrimage to Bath. Instead of a surplice in the College Chapel, he appeared in a Roman Cotta, which so frightened the Master and the Fellows, that ARABLE thenceforth christened it his "Terror Cotta," but as there was nothing in the statutes against the use of this garment, he refused to take it off, boldly alleging that he was not "one of the Surplice Population."

In short, Mr. ARABLE knew precisely what he was about; and as he never contravened any of the College regulations as to walking on the grass-plats, throwing stones at the Master's windows, putting fireworks in the fountain, ringing the bells of the College Chapel and then running away, or going round a corner and crying "Bobby! Bobby! Bobby!" when he saw a Proctor, or being out after midnight without a special permission from the Vice-Chancellor, and as he never "screwed up" any of the officials, or got screwed himself, the College Authorities had really no shadow of a case against him. They could not expel a man because he chose to eat less than the

others, while he paid exactly the same. Yet it was known to every one that Mr. ARABLE fasted, and that the consequence of this fasting was that, losing flesh daily, he became thinner and thinner, and it was evident to all that he was leaning towards Rome. This leaning was specially remarkable when he came to Lent.

Such conduct as this of ARABLE's did not suit the tradition of Bacon College, which was established, as every one knows, after the Reformation, in order that its Members, as a body, might be a perpetual protest against the older College of All Souls', which, in comparison with its new and powerful rival, soon began to fall into disrepute as simply consisting of a "Set of No Bodies." So as Mr. ARABLE began to develop certain new and unheard-of theories about being "born again," the Master and Fellows of Bacon's decided that the only thing to retain their wayward brother in the Establishment would be to provide him with a snug berth.

I need hardly inform my readers, be they fair or unfair, who have visited Oxford at Commemoration time, that Bacon College is a most picturesque building, though wanting in certain pig-uliarities, which is accounted for by its being supposed that the architect at the time of drawing out the plans, had a stye in his eye.

It is a small College; in fact, Bacon is considered pygmy in comparison with the others; but, at the same time, since its first foundation, it has always been looked upon as the resort of Littry men, whose reserved and studious habits well warrant the epigrammatic motto over the front gateway, underneath the brazen sow's ear, *Porker Verba*, which is again repeated in Old English characters, under the figure of "Hogg, King of Basin," in the noble sow-west window, the gift of CRACKLYN PETTITTO, First Master of Bacon, wherein the story of the above-named illustrious, and generous Monarch is strikingly told, with all the incidents of the Basin and The Wash, and of King Hogg plighting his Trough, which the discovery of the original Mosaics have recently brought to light.

"I shall be delighted to see Mr. ARABLE, Percentor in Beer-jester," said Mr. SIMONY SIMPLE, on hearing that Mr. ARABLE had accepted the offer, which was the very snug berth fixed on by the College authorities; "it will relieve me of a thankless office, for the chorister's notes are absolutely valueless; and as the surplice funds are exhausted, the washing-bill has to be defrayed out of the Percentor's pocket;" and poor Mr. SIMPLE played an inaudible psalm of joy on his invisible mouth-organ.

He had never quite recovered JOHN BOUNCE's attack, nor had he been entirely himself since his memorable visit to London. Sir ISAAC ALLPHERE had not yet sent in his bill; but Mr. SIMPLE knew the dreaded day must arrive sooner or later; and if the Bishop and the Archbeacon refused to accept the responsibility which he had incurred of presenting a testimonial to Sir Isaac, he foresaw nothing for it but relinquishing his office of Beadle.

"Yes," murmured the poor Master of DEEDLEE's, and a vision of the burnished silver poker which he had so often carried in state before the Bishop rose before him as he lifted a glass of the Archbeacon's port to his lips. "Yes; here's to the silver poker! I pledge the silver poker in a bumper!" and he drank off the wine at a draught, as though he saw his way out of immediate pecuniary difficulties by pledging the silver poker.

The idea fetched him amazingly, and if the banble could only fetch as much, he would fulfil his promise to Sir Isaac, hire a tin-foiled *papier-mâché* property poker which would look just as good as the original, and retain his honourable post of Beadle of Small-Beer-jester in spite of everything and everybody.

If MOBLEENA would only play Mr. MATTIX as she had played JOHN BOUNCE, and then marry Mr. ARABLE, Mr. SIMPLE might bide his time patiently, and might even end his days as Bishop of Small-Beerjester. It will be evident from what is passing in our worthy Beadle-Percentor's mind, that he has not been Master of Old JEREMY DEEDLER's Trust all these years for nothing.

So a storm was impending, of which I have already given a sure forecast; but at present the horizon is apparently clear, the weather is lovely, and there was scarcely a ripple on the calm surface of the See of Small-Beerjester, when Mrs. DOWDIE determined to give a lawn-tennis party in the Palace Gardens; on which occasion the Bishop would appear in his own lawn-tennis sleeves, and show what his Grace and agility could do, and Mr. MATTIX, the Domestic Chaplain, would conduct the five o'clock tea Service by way of an appropriate finish to a happily and well-spent day.

In this project she was much influenced by her desire of exhibiting the new Chaplain to the inferior Clergy in his proper station as an ecclesiastical dependant of the Bishop's household, powerless to do anything of his own will and pleasure, but holding his appointment entirely by her favour. It occurred to her that this was an opportunity, not on any account to be missed, of keeping the Chaplain in his place, and showing him that, though he was a new Canon, yet he could not even be loaded with honours without her permission; and, indeed, by the rules of the Palace, she heard the Canon's report every morning at breakfast, and once again at sun-down.

GRACE!

AN ODE À LA MODE.

To the Modern Incarnation of an Antique Ideal, by Punch's Special Rhapsodist.

"After seeing a great deal of diverting University cricket, it is salutary, it is instructive, to watch Mr. GRACE play as he played before luncheon on Monday. The wicket was as difficult as it could be, for the sun was drying and drawing into lumps the sodden turf. SHAW and MORLEY never bowled better: the former breaking and hanging, while the latter either got up awkwardly or sent in over after over of swift shooters. Mr. GRACE played this hard bowling with perfect patience and mastery. In about half-an-hour he only made some four runs, because there were no more runs to be legitimately made. No half-volley could tempt him, as one tempted Mr. PENN, to hit up. In short, Mr. GRACE batted in the 'grand style.' There was a monumental composure, a sanity, an absence of the fantastic in his cricket, which reminded one of the masterpieces of Greek literature and art." —*Pall Mall Gazette*.



ELL classic Charis might her
sex abjure,
Nausicaä pale with envy.
Lo! the type
Hath changed! O Master!
Lord of "Cut" and
"Swipe,"
Precious of style, of pose as
chastely pure
As any Phidian masterpiece,
all hail!
How welcome, in these un-
heroic days
Marred by the Gothic and
Romantic craze,
Thy classic calm, erect by
stump and bail,
Sane, statuque, serene,
prepared to slog
As Hercules to smite, yet
self-contained
As Phebus watching his
swift arrow's flight;
Cool, though the turf to
semblance of a bog

Be turned, and though SHAW's shooters, swiftly rained,
With Azure Funk might fill the Lord of Light.
PRAXITELES should have sculp'd thee; not that thou
Art slim, soft-moulded, sleek-limb'd, epicene,
Nay, faith, but swart, square-shouldered, stalwart, keen,
With bellying shirt back-blown and beaded brow,
Brawny bat-gripping hands, and crisp-curled beard
As black as Vulcan's own. It may be feared

The later Greek had little liked thy style,
Effeminate prig, whose supercilious smile
Had dubbed thy brown barbaric, and thy bend,
At crease or point, too crab-like for pure charm
Of gracious pose. Yet, yet to see thee send
The well-placed "sixer," stay with sudden arm
High up the sharp-cut swift palm-stinging sphere,
Else boundary-bound, is Beauty, in its sheer

Ripe roundness of most perfect preciousness,
Outquitting utter quiteness in its fine
Completeness of large mastery. Therefore, less
Than godlike only by fortuitous "duck"
(Fiat of Fate, whom cricketers call Luck)
Or catch-muff more infrequent, thee divine,

Or thereabouts, right rapturously we hail,
Lord of the flying ball and untouched bail!

Of unimagined scores up-piler mighty!
Great unfantastic Artist, calm, unfighty
Half-volley scorning, 'ticer proof! Ah me!
Could we, in Higher Art, "live up to" thee
As to old china, e'en on this dull earth

Life were worth living. Now, in the drear dearth

Of the Intense Ideal, what pure joys

To the æsthetic spirit it affords

To see thee witch the Ladies up at LORD's,
Spite of SHAW's shooters, MORLEY's screw'd decoys,
Hour after hour, unbowed, uncaught, unstumped,
Though by long rain the sodden turf be lumped

Like to plum-pie-crust. Ah! no more ado!

Why with vain visions thus our spirits vex?

The antique Charis feminine? Go to!

Have we not learned that Beauty hath no sex?

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(At Her Majesty's—for the new Opera.)



exactly on earth. On the stage left was a bank of clouds—very unsafe place to deposit money—while, high up, was what closely—or, if not closely, at all events, at a distance—resembled a pantomimic Smashed Tomato illuminated. On the right, in the distance, was a view, apparently, of some portion of the Downs at Brighton. Sky above, and lots of Operatic stars.

The Prologue, illustrating an evening call paid by *Mefistofele* to the Upper House—*Mefisto*, by the way, would have been admitted into the Commons without any difficulty as to affirmations—consists of diabolic solos and angelic choruses. *Mefisto* offers to wager that he will seduce *Faust* (who appears to be a sort of test case) from the right road. The angels—evidently very sporting characters belonging to “another and a betting world”—accept the challenge, and lay evens.

The whole proceeding is of doubtful morality, and would not be sanctioned by the Turf Club, as *Faust*'s soul clearly belongs to himself, and he is just the one person not consulted in the matter.

The music of the Prologue is something to be heard over and over again with increasing pleasure. Act I.—Frankfort-on-the-Maine. View of the flowing Maine, where the tale commences. Easter Sunday holiday-makers. The Elector, at the head of a cavalcade, passes across. Great excitement of the crowd to see him, as naturally there would be in a city where there is only one Elector. What a big vote he would have! A Caucus in himself! Well, on comes the Elector, and then comes the ballot—no, I mean the ballet, who, in the presence of *Faust* and *Wagner*—very generous this of *Borro* to introduce another composer, *WAGNER*—dance a sparkling “Obertasse.” I take it for granted that what they dance is an “Obertasse”—as named in the *libretto*. It is a jovial, sparkling sort of dance—the kind of thing which it is usual to “turn on at the Maine;” and the name, being Franco-Germanically translated, means, of course, the “Obertasse,” or the “Cup-too-much dance.” *Mefisto*, as a friar of orders grey, startles *Faust* and *Wagner*, and then evening sets in, the mist rises—that is, the gauze descends—and we have before us gauze and effect.

Next Scene, same Act; very quick change, reflecting great credit on the Stage Manager Mr. HARRIS (who, like Mrs. Harris, is invisible), and talented assistants.

“That,” said Mrs. MALAPROP Junior, who sat next me and would keep the book, “that is *Faust's Lavatory*.”

Into the alcove on the left came another cove, *Mefisto*. A fine scene, musically and dramatically; a marvellous song for *Mefisto*, who finishes it by putting his fingers in his mouth—of course he said in Italian, “I put me-fist-oh to my lips”—in order to produce a shrill whistle, which a waterman at a cabstand or a street-boy would have envied. Its effect, as grotesque as anything that ever came from the hand of the Great Whistler—Whistler Jemmy—himself. Duett for *Faust* and *Mefisto*, “Whistle and I'll go with you, my lad!” and—off they go!

H, a Grand Opera, *Mefistofele*! On my night it commenced with a prelude consisting of a well-sustained passage of people over my toes to the accompaniment of blessings, not loud but deep, of forced smiles, fierce looks, grumblings, exculpations, murmurings, explanations, and, in the orchestra, melody of harps disturbed by demoniac trombones.

On they came—oh, Pilot, 'twas a crowded night!—on they came—singing (to themselves)—

“Over his toes, over his toes,
'Tis a poor stranger whom nobody
knows.”

Ah! were the Corn Laws still in existence, wouldn't I be a Protectionist—of my own! At length the last

Lady in velvet—a Lady in velvet, and a lot of it, is a difficulty in the Stalls, because her dress clings to your knees so affectionately—had passed, and the Curtain drew up on the Prologue of *Mefistofele*. Perhaps all this toe-prelude was to remind me that the Opera was by Bo-r-i-to; and mine would be anything but a *beau-y toe* after all this crunching.

What on earth did that Scene represent? Nothing “on earth,” or, at all events, not

tell this Opera. Having finished one head, up crops another. No; it must be continued in our next—whenever that may be. The story of *Marguerite* is partially, and impartially, told. *Siebel* is not there, nor does *Marguerite-NILLSON* get her *Valentine*. If you can forget GOUNOD's *Faust* you can more thoroughly enjoy *Mefistofele*. If you can't, you will be perplexed and vexed. *Faust* has a hard time of it. He is taken by *Mefisto* to witness the open air rehearsal of a Christmas Pantomime on a Sabbath night. Heavens! what will Exeter Hall say? Then he is taken to a “Classical Night” at the Ancient Concerts or the Philharmonic. Here he meets Helen of Troy; but *Mefisto*, a deceiver ever, ought to have taken him on to Paris, and given him a night there.

Then, in the Last Act, *Faust* appears got up like Old Father Christmas on a sugar-topped cake, and decides for himself that, all things considered, he is tired of *Mefisto*'s company, that his room below must be worse than his company on earth, and that, on the whole, he prefers genteel society and a quiet life for the future, to a hot atmosphere and overcrowded space, and so dies on a bed of roses; while *Mefisto*, who has wasted his time and lost his bet, gets on to a trap and goes down to H-arrogate, where the sulphur waters are.

And that's all from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

LATEST BRADLAUGHABLE INTELLIGENCE.

TREMENDOUS excitement on admission of Mr. BRADLAUGH, in wax, into Madame TUSSAUD'S Establishment.

CORBETT's figure gave an extra kick of delight, and, as he offered his snuff-box to the unwelcome guest, he assured him he was a friend at a pinch.

OLIVER CROMWELL, CRANMER, and CHARLES THE FIRST were indignant.

The Giant is annoyed, and TOM THUMB threatens to make the place too hot to hold him. Figures waxing wroth.

Latest Telegram from Baker Street.—BRADLAUGH cool. Great heat. CROMWELL showing signs of melting. All melting. Sleeping Beauty undisturbed.

Latest Latest.—All threatened with the Guillotine, in the Chamber of Horrors, if they're not quiet. Tranquillity restored.

The Sale at Wimpole.

“The sale of the Earl of HARDWICKE's property at Wimpole Hall, Royston, Cambridgeshire, the family seat, commenced yesterday, by direction of the sheriffs of the county, under a judge's interpleader order. . . . Biddings then began, and the deer were sold to Mr. THOMAS BETTS, of Winfarthing Hall, Diss, a gentleman who has hired the park for grazing.”—*Daily Telegraph*.

YES! Going, going, gone! And Wimpole's doomed.

Lit at both ends a Hard Wick's soon consumed.

Advantage from lost pounds Winfarthing gets.

If lost by betting, deer are won by Betts!

A LITTLE PICKING.

A SUBSTANCE, warranted the best thing in the world to kill flies, is advertised under the name of “Myocum Fly Gum,” to be “simply wound round a piece of string.” Is “Myocum” a product whose invention was derived from the experience of a phoneticist in seclusion?



INDUCTIVE RATIOCINATION.

Mamma. "WHEN GRANDPAPA WAS YOUR AGE, EFFIE, TEA WAS TEN SHILLINGS A POUND, AND BREAD A SHILLING A LOAF!"

Effie. "AND IS THAT WHY POOR GRANDPAPA IS SO THIN?"

ALL ABROAD.

(*How to Manage it.*)

MR. GLADSTONE's threatened determination to see certain measures carried through Parliament in the present Session, even at the loss of a considerable portion of his holiday, coupled with Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD's still more ominous avowal of his indifference to any holiday at all, has led to the following arrangements:—

On and after the First of September next.—

Partridge-shooting will commence on Wimbledon Common. The game, which will be on the ground from noon to 4 P.M. daily, under the direction of an experienced Bond Street salesman, will be accessible to all Members of Parliament who, after establishing their identity and producing a written licence from the SPEAKER, can manage to hit it.

Bathing-machines will be placed on the northern shore of the Serpentine, where, by an arrangement with recognised purveyors of sea-salt, and possibly, if necessary, with the assistance of the Great Eastern Railway Company, it is contemplated that a very fair sea-

bath, enjoyed under nearly all its normal conditions, will be at the command of such Members as are still confined to Town.

Tickets for twelve baths will be procurable from the Sergeant-at-Arms. A band of itinerant Christy's Minstrels, a photographic apparatus, and the Humane Society's drag will be in attendance every morning from 10 to 1 P.M.

Primrose Hill will be broken up with shrubs, dykes, trenches, and masses of brick-work. It will then in its upper portion be whitewashed, and a small hotel built on the summit, while experienced guides will wait at the bottom, at the Regent's Park entrance, for the assistance of those who are desirous of making the ascent and seeing the sun rise. Those Members who are also members of the Alpine Club, and may be in search of harder climbing, will have the privilege of ascending St. Paul's, from which, by the kind permission of the Dean and Chapter, all the staircases and ladders will have been removed, both inside and out, and of carving their names on the ball at the top. Alpenstocks and hatchets will be purchasable from the Verger on duty.

The garden of Kensington House will be, for the time being, devoted to the wilder sports, and, by arrangement with the Zoological Society, the whole of the tigers now in their possession will be let loose in the ornamental grounds at the rear. Such Members as contemplated taking their holiday in Africa, will be provided with a single ticket to the High Street Station. Admission to the grounds will be by voucher, after dusk.

Lastly, several yachts will be placed upon the Round Pond, and a few experienced salmon, and a ladder for their use, introduced into the ornamental water in St. James's Park, while "walking gentlemen," from minor theatres, will be hired to give life to Rotten Row; and people who are about to migrate to their back rooms, and close the shutters of their front, will be requested to delay this fashionable movement as long as possible.

The hope that the above programme, or, at least, a portion of it, will be carried out, may rob the necessary menace of the PREMIER of half its terrors.

VOLUNTEER UNDRESS.

In a Torquay newspaper, amongst certain orders for the 4th Battery 1st Devonshire Artillery Volunteers, that gallant Force is instructed that—

"3.—The Battery will assemble at Gun Battery, Walls Hill, at six P.M., on Saturday next, for shot and shell practice; the men will wear forage caps and waist-belts only."

In very hot weather at Oxford, in other days, when trousers used to be fastened under the soles of men's boots, an Under-graduate reported to his friends that the summer costume at the University consisted of "surplice and straps." The uniform assigned for shot and shell practice to the corps above named seems even yet more simple, and very much less additional to a state of nature. There is a certain distinguished Regiment commonly called "The Buffs." It was always regarded as an unparalleled body of soldiers; but, from the above direction, the 1st Devonshire Artillery Volunteers appear to have approached it very nearly in point of name, if not of fame.

A TRAVELLING SHOW.—A King on a tour.



“IN LIQUIDATION.”

COUNSELLOR G. “WE HELP YOU? MY GOOD MAN, WE CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU IF YOU RESIST THE JUDGMENT OF THE COURT.”

THE M.P.'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.



Hot, hot, so hot! My brain's on fire,
and still they go a-maundering
On and on, unwearily, with well-
worn washy platitudes,
In muddy sloughs of tangled words
for ever blindly wandering.

Who choked these bores for once
and all would earn my deepest
gratitude!

Choke-bore! Ah me, those pleasant
words bring savours fresh and
heathery!

And in this poisoned, murky air,
that's very nearly killin' us,
I dream awhile of scented ling and
see the bracken feathery,
To wake, alas! to dreary talk and
odours vile and villainous.

No hope, no ray of light can pierce
our darkness intellectual;
For even of these wretched bores if
happily once quit you went,

Such sweet relief from endless talk would yet be ineffectual,
For still behind there lurks the scorn of the outraged Constituent!

No mercy feels his heart of stone, e'en if asphyxiation
Should threaten with a sudden doom his chosen Representative.
I fear, indeed, his bosom glows with a certain proud elation
To see his Member crushed beneath his labours argumentative.

For this, with desperate nerve we faced the rack inquisitorial,
And bore the "heckler's" galling grin that scarcely veiled the snarl he meant;
For this we came from North and South and regions hyperboreal,
To hear these windbags blow and buzz as Members of High Parliament!

Parliament! We're like the crows caw-cawing in their croaking-room!
In vain I've tried to comprehend, though my attention best I lent,
The feeble twaddle that I hear in House or Tea- or Smoking-room.
The arguments are always stale—the air is always pestilent.

NATURAL INHUMANITY.

ACCORDING to evidence given at an inquest held by Dr. HARDWICKE at Camden Town, JOSEPH ESSEX, a child of nine, was accidentally drowned the other day in the Regent's Canal. Whilst the first of the witnesses below-named was vainly endeavouring to rescue him, two barges came along, "but the men in charge would not stop, although called on by the police, and the persons looking on, to do so." Whereas—

"It was stated by SADDER that, had the first barge stopped, he would have been able to save the deceased. Mr. HUNT, who arrived on the spot while the two last barges were passing, stated that the reason why the bargemen would not stop their barges or assist in saving life was that they received nothing for their trouble; whereas if they recovered a dead body they received five shillings from the County."

The virtue of taking trouble, incurring loss, or running risk to save life, is, as far as the County is concerned, its own reward.

"The Coroner, in answer to a jurymen, said that there was no fund by which he could reward the young man SADDER for his praiseworthy efforts to save the life of the little boy. It was a great pity that nothing could be done to the bargemen for their most disgraceful conduct."

It will rather be a pity if nothing can be done to the County that will induce it to afford such encouragement as that which was wanting in the above case to stimulate the humanity of bargemen. Knowledge of the need of that provision may perhaps suffice. Now the County authorities possess that knowledge. Let them also know that—

"The jury returned a verdict of 'Accidental Death,' adding that the conduct of the bargemen was highly discreditable. They made a collection, and gave it to SADDER for his praiseworthy efforts."

The County will now then perhaps make that allowance for saving lives as well as for recovering dead bodies, which, had it been expected by those bargemen, would probably have prevented any occasion whatever for the generosity of a Coroner's Jury.

NOTE FROM THE BACHELORS' BALL.—*Kensington House.* Change its name. Call it the Albert (GRANT) Memorial.

But one consoling thought relieves our wearisome
inanity—

At least we're free to change our place: the Speaker's
always resident!
Our lot's a cruel one, but, though it seems like inhu-
manity,
It comforts me to think that worse befalls our august
President!

August! that hopeful word again brings tortures as of
Tantalus,
And visions of the blessed Twelfth in my dazed brain
will flicker up—
A vision as of breezy moors, with cooling mists to mantle
us.
The thought is maddening—"Sir, I move this House
do forthwith liquor up!"

Vivisection for the Table.

A contemporary states that, at a recent meeting of the Anti-Vivisection Society :—

"Frequent reference was made to an important article in this month's *Scribner's Magazine*, entitled 'Does Vivisection Pay?' which the writer answers in the negative."

Vivisection *does* pay, in one sense, when a physiologist is fined for practising it otherwise than according to law. In another sense it pays when a fishmonger who charges so much for unscathed or unvivisectioned salmon asks more for "crimped" salmon. The question, therefore, whether Vivisection pays or not, may be answered in the affirmative. Vivisection, at any rate, pays the fishmonger; a privileged person whom the Anti-vivisectionists of course duly distinguish from the physiologist.

AFTER THE AMNESTY'S OVER.

FROM the violence of the seditious language used at the Working Men's Congress now assembled in Paris, it is clearly proved that the Enemies of the Republic are not all "on the Right." No, nor all *in* the right, either. *Nous verrons.*

WON BY ONE!

How they shot for the Echo Shield at Wimbledon, 1880.

[After the closest possible contest all through, the Irish Eight made 1638 points to the English 1637 (the Scots scoring only 1523), and won by one point.]

Excited Hibernian loquiter—

Och! the Rose and the Thistle
For the prize may whistle,
For the glorious Shamrock it has made 'em yield.
Though JACK and SANDY
At the butts were handy,
It was PAT—the darlint—who bore off the Shield!

Well the Scots might "whistle,"
They were not in the tussle:
But the Jacks and the Paddies they fought point by point;
Shure their splendid firing
Won the Camp's admiring,
And they shouted joyously for THYNNE and JOYNT.

And Lieutenant Fenton,
He serenely went on;
Brave MILNEE also, likewise gallant YOUNG.
There were scores right big by
The two Misthers RIGBY,
And thin upon WARREN Oireland's hopes all hung!

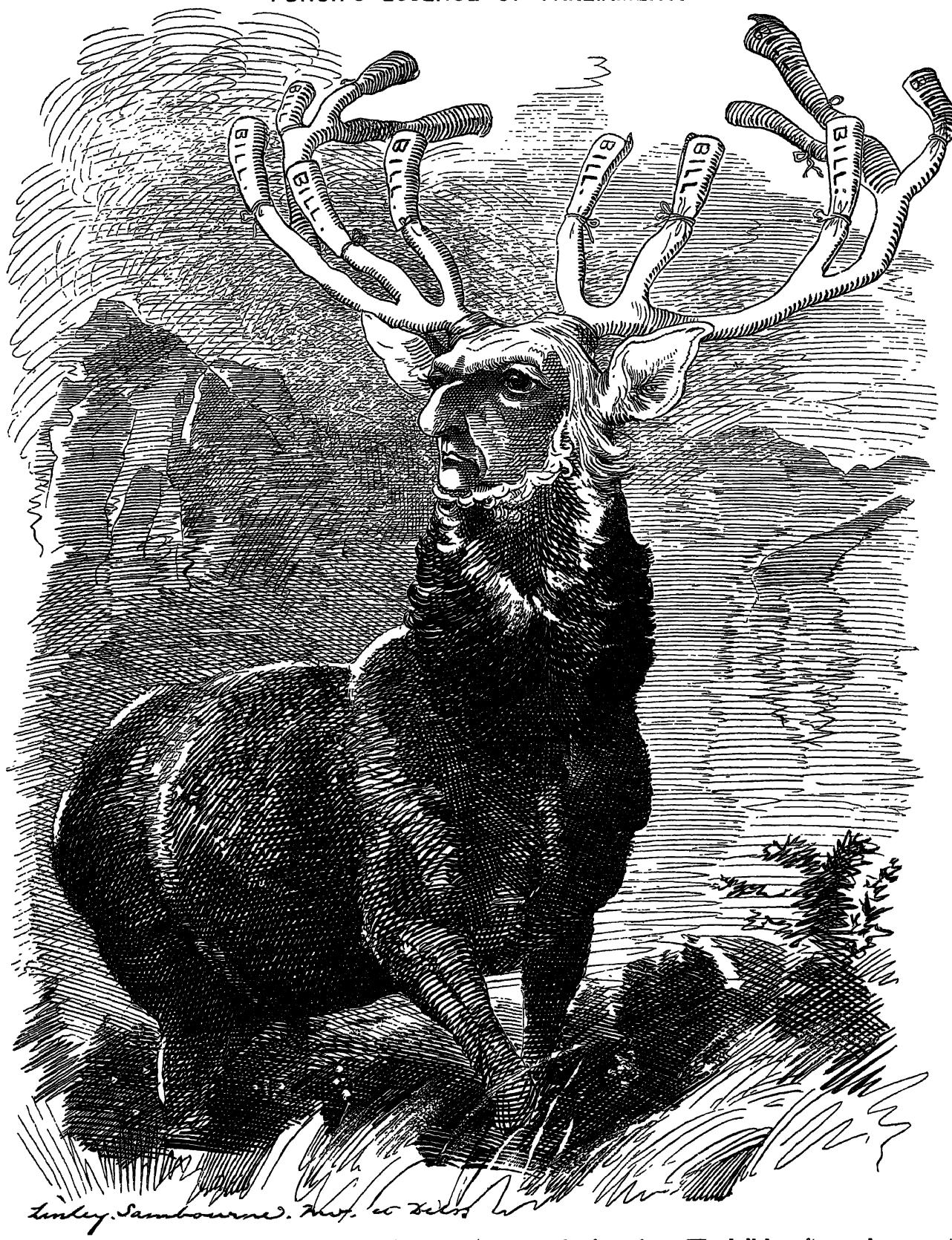
Och! excoiting minute!
Will he hit, and win it?
Will the lad's nerves fail him, as so many's have done?
Eh? Hurroo!!! An "Inner"
Laves Ould Oireland winner

Of the closest battle in the worruld by—One!

[Left hurrooing and whiskeying in honour of Ould Ireland, in both which proceedings Mr. Punch most heartily joins him.

THE REAL "PIRATES OF PENZANCE."—Mr. MACKNOCHIE and Refractory Ritualists.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Saturday, July 17 (Lords and Commons).—At Wimbledon, Shooting Committee (not to say Team) of either House, at three p.m., shot for the Challenge Cup presented to the Council of the National Rifle Association by the Maharajah of VIZANAGRAM—a personage of whose name the anagram is plain. After a close contest, the Com-

mons won by five points. We shall hereafter see how many they will score in JOHN BULL's eye.

Monday (Lords).—After Royal Assent had been given to sundry Bills, Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY inquired the reason for recently

printing certain correspondence relative to the alleged murder of a Mr. PETER MESHULLAM, at Jerusalem, twenty years ago. Mr. MESHULLAM had not been assassinated, although, at the late Vice Consul's instigation, it was said, somebody had been hanged.

Lord GRANVILLE explained that the correspondence had been published only on account of a claim made against the Foreign Office, and merely in justice to private persons.

Their Lordships got on with some unopposed Bills, and away in time to come in for a cup of five o'clock tea.

(Commons).—From a little past four till a quarter to six, Ministers under fire of interrogation; in the course of which Mr. GLADSTONE, answering Mr. SCHREIBER, said the Government hoped to proceed on Wednesday with the Employers' Liability Bill, notwithstanding the absence of Mr. Dodson—who had it in charge.

Pity poor Mr. DODSON, late Member for Chester, unseated for bribery committed in his name without his knowledge, and against his will, by some fool, if not hypocrite or knave. What is to prevent a political rogue from committing bribery in the disguise of a partisan of the opposite party, to the end of compromising that party's candidate? Britons, beware the Caucus!

The PREMIER also pointed out to Mr. H. VIVIAN that it would be absurd to waste a day in futile discussion of the Welsh Sunday Closing Bill.

Mr. BIDDELL then gave notice of his intention to ask the PRIME MINISTER a really sensible question:—"Will he favourably consider a proposal to limit all speeches to seven minutes, with an exception in favour of Members of the Government?"

Say, rather, perhaps, an occasional exception in favour of some of the Ministers.

Then, once for all, into Committee on the Irish Tenants' Grip on the Land (C.D.) Bill, and, after amendments right and left, right on behalf of the Landlord, left in the Grip on the Land Interest, all negatived, the Little Bill finally struggled through Committee.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord ENFIELD moved the Second Reading of the Census (Ireland) Bill, and the Earl of FIFE the ditto of the Census (Scotland) Bill. The former Bill, like its predecessor, contains a religious schedule, which the Irish do not object to; and it can be accurately compiled. The latter, following the English Census Bill, contains no catechism.

Clearly, the Saxon, and the Cymry moreover, look you, like keeping their religious opinions to themselves. Can it be that Irishmen delight to flourish their conflicting faiths in one another's faces?

Both Census Bills were read a Second Time, as also was the County Courts Jurisdiction in (Ireland) Lunacy Bill, designed to give the County Courts of Ireland jurisdiction in cases of craziness combining unsound intellect and limited means.

Other Bills were advanced, including several Orders Confirmation Bills, of no particular interest to the Clergy, if of any to the Laity.

(Commons, Morning).—Mr. BIDDELL asked his limitation of loquacity question, to which Mr. GLADSTONE answered No; but he saw the drift of it, and obstruction to business might require serious attention.

On going into Committee on the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill, Mr. HUBBARD moved, as an Amendment, a Resolution for amending, by correction, the inequities of the Income-tax. Hereupon followed a debate on quite another matter—the penny additional to that tax to be imposed by the Budget, and the question whether or no it would be just to repeal the Malt-tax by means of that imposition.

At last, however, Mr. GLADSTONE got up, and replied to Mr. HUBBARD as well as could be expected, and in the usual way. The inequalities of the Income-tax were undeniable, but the idea of redressing them was Utopian. In 1874 he saw his way to repealing the tax altogether; but we had travelled a long way from where we were then, and he had no proposal to make now.

No, of course not. He would take nothing by it—except the gratitude of a comparatively few. The parties aggrieved and fleeced by the Income-tax are a weak and defenceless minority. The majority of those who vote the taxes and also the national expenditure, pay no Income-tax whatever; thanks to a Conservative Democratic Reform Bill.



THE YOUNG WIFE AND THE OLD FRIEND.

"HAVE YOU SEEN MY PIPE, LOVE?"

"DO YOU MEAN YOUR MEERSCHAUM, DARLING? HERE IT IS, INSIDE THE FENDER. IT SMELT SO OF THAT HORRID TOBACCO, THAT I WASHED IT FOR YOU!"

From his apology for the Income-tax the PREMIER proceeded to defend its aggravation by a penny in the pound; and, after some words, Mr. HUBBARD's Motion was negatived by a [majority of 217 Representatives of the multitude to 28 Members for the few. Then the House went into Committee, but progress was reported immediately.

(Evening).—Committee on the Budget Bill continued, with discussion of details; for example, the specific gravity at which the beer duty is to be charged. A specifically grave debate of which the gravity was a little lightened by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who with reference to the gratification of the Farmers' desires by the repeal of the Malt-tax, said that to a sceptical mind it might suggest a quotation from a classical author.

"Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Li faciles"—

—which he omitted to translate for the benefit of agricultural—and commercial—gentlemen. Nor did he quote JOHNSON, singing after JUVENAL,—

"How nations sink by darling schemes oppress,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request."

Or else he might have insinuated that the repeal of the Malt-tax was a darling scheme of which the concession might possibly disappoint the British Farmer.

Relief of Distress (Ireland) Bill re-committed pending the distress; and the House adjourned a little before sunrise.

Wednesday (Commons).—At work on the clauses of the Budget in further detail, discussing questions chiefly of ciphering; how much sugar shall be deemed equivalent to a bushel of malt from 27 lb. to 28 lb., at what figure to fix the specific gravity of worts (encore) and so on. Mr. WATNEY, Mr. M. A. BASS, and Mr. WHITBREAD, on the part of the brewers, haggling with Mr. GLADSTONE, who, amendments being withdrawn or negatived without a division, carried all his points; but he promised the men of beer to re-open the questions between



NEMESIS.

Wife (he had brought her a little present). "No, WILLIAM, I WILL NOT HAVE HIM BROUGHT UP ON THE 'BOTTLE'! LOOK AT YOUR OWN NOSE, DEAR!"

him and them should experience prove his calculations wrong—instead of confirming the conclusions of his consummate “chalk-head.”

Mr. SULLIVAN moved an Amendment providing that the valuation of public-houses in Ireland shall be GRIFFITHS’s valuation, but withdrew it on Mr. GLADSTONE’s undertaking to provide that the valuation shall not exceed 20 per cent. valuation. Who’s GRIFFITHS? As an actuary and accountant, evidently in Irish estimation at least, a safe man.

Adjournment of sitting, formal business despatched, and House adjourned.

Thursday (Lords).—In Committee on the Census Bill, an Amendment, proposed by Lord FORTESCUE, to provide for the local collection of sanitary information was rejected without a division, but another Amendment, moved by the same Peer, appointing that an abstract of the Census shall be published within three months instead of twelve, passed without opposition; and thus improved the Census Bill went through Committee.

Fortes scutum salus ducum. Had Lord FORTESCUE’s sanitary extension of the Census been carried, wouldn’t it also, have tended to the *salus populi*?

On report on Amendments in the Educational Endowments (Scotland) Bill, the Lord President named the Commissioners thereunder to be appointed by the Government, the first on the list (of four) being Lord BALFOUR of BURLEIGH—a romantic if not historical name.

The Irish Census Bill, and some smaller Bills, having passed through Committee, noble Lords knocked off.

(Commons).—Government having, by the mouths of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Sir C. DILKE, and Mr. GLADSTONE, given nearly sixty querists indefinite answers, the House set to on the Report of Amendments on Mr. FORSTER’s little (Irish) Bill. Two new Amendments proposed by Mr. GIBSON to temper the Bill for the unhappy Landlords, were accepted by the Ministry; a third, moved on the same behalf by Mr. CHAPLIN, got negatived. Then, on the Motion of Mr. FORSTER, the House disposed of the question of limitation, carried over from the Committee, by deciding on a limit of £30 valuation; and, having settled that point, ordered the Bill to be read a Third Time on Monday.

Mr. FAWCETT next moved the Second Reading of the Post-Office Money Orders Bill, to cheapen and facilitate the transmission of small sums. It proposes to let you send one shilling for a halfpenny, sums up to ten shillings for one penny, and up to one pound for twopence. Here is a lovely little Bill for you, a truly Liberal Bill, although, as Mr. FAWCETT candidly said, it was practically the Bill of the late Government, and it had the warm support of his predecessor.

After some precautionary criticism from Sir J. LUBBOCK, who wanted the Bill overhauled by a Select Committee, it was read a Third Time, and the House, having at last done one bit of good work, adjourned.

Friday (Lords).—Inquiry as to the progress of the new Ordnance Survey, from Lord BRAYE, answered by Lord SODELEY, and from the Duke of SOMERSET about the Geological Survey, replied to by Earl SPENCER, in a brief and instructive lecture on geology.

On the Report of the Census Bill, Lord ENFIELD opposed an Amendment moved by Lord LIMERICK to provide a special Census for the City of London, but said there was nothing to prevent the Civic Monarch and his Aldermen and Council from doing a Census of their own.

A considerable batch of Bills were forwarded, and then their Lordships adjourned.

(Commons, Morning).—The Marquis of HARTINGTON, in answer to Mr. ARNOLD, announced that he had received a telegram from the Viceroy of INDIA, saying that at a Durbar on Thursday at Kabul, ABDUR RAHMAN had been proclaimed Ameer of AFGHANISTAN by somebody or other, whom the telegram did not name.

As ABDUR RAHMAN is supposed to have European ideas, in due time we shall perhaps have a photograph of him as Ameer, smoking a meerschaum.

(Evening).—Moving for papers, Mr. BRYCE expatiated on the frightful state of things existing through Turkish misgovernment in Armenia and Asia Minor; and a conversation ensued, graver than the debate of the other evening about specific gravity.

Sir C. DILKE said the Government was doing all it could with the Porte in concert with the other Powers. The pressure of six Powers was being brought to bear on the Porte with a view to enforce reform.

European six-Power pressure is pretty strong, but will any pressure milder than hydraulic pressure bring the Porte to reason?

Mr. GLADSTONE, after Mr. ONSLOW, Sir W. LAWSON, and Mr. LABOUCHERE had said their says, defended the Government’s line against Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. They were working with caution, and within the limits of their duty; but were not prepared to act save in concert with the other Powers.

Success to the Powers, exerting six-Power pressure in concert on the Porte; and may they keep it up at concert-pitch to the desired end.

After a few Turcophil observations from Mr. BOURKE, the House agreed to Mr. BRYCE’s motion for papers, and adjourned itself.

A PHENOMENON OUT OF PLACE.

THE subjoined advertisement, extracted from the *Liverpool Daily Mercury*, appears to attest the existence of a very extraordinary creature, of a description generally considered by Physiologists as fabulous:

WANTED, by a Mother and Son, a Situation as KITCHEN GARDENER or COWMAN. No objection to horse. Good references. Address, &c.

A “Mother and Son,” really both, would surely do better to get shown as a *lusus naturae* than to work as a Kitchen Gardener or Cowman.

For a long time we have ceased to hear anything about Hippophagy; but the statement foregoing, that the advertiser “has no objection to horse,” appears to indicate that a prejudice against a particular form of animal food is decreasing amongst the laborious classes.

CYNICISM CORRECTED.

It is not true, says SMELFUNGUS, that there is always something not altogether disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of even our very best friends. When any of our friends whosoever get into difficulties, and apply to us for assistance, which we cannot well afford to render them, but shall be considered mean if we don’t, their misfortunes then give us unmitigated pain.

“DE TANNER’s FAST”—is he? Then stop him. But if he won’t be stopped, and insists on going it for forty days, then back him, as we have SHAKESPEARE’s authority in *Hamlet* that “Your Tanner will last you nine year.”

“SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.”



MR. PUNCH, MY GOOD YOUNG FRIEND,

I GIVE you your second title because I would have you know, Sir, that I was wearing my Sovereign's uniform and fighting battles under the shadow of the British Flag long before you were born, Sir! Zounds, Sir! you were a baby in your cradle when I led the forlorn hope at — But there, I won't tell you where. A warrior never boasts of his own feats of arms. I am generous to a fault and never misrepresented a fact in my whole life! A true old English gentleman, Sir, from my white locks to my patent leather boots.

Attention! You want me to give you a few hints on Sporting. Well, Sir, you could not have come to a better quarter for information. I may say, Sir, that I have been born on the turf (the dear old Irish turf it was, bedad, Sir!), and have lived on it in various quarters of the world all my life long—as a boy, as a man, as a veteran. Like every commander, I have seen my ups and downs. I have made pots of money, and have lived, Sir, in the most elegant affluence. I have had a Town house in Piccadilly, a couple of stalls at the Operas, a shooting-box in the Highlands, a villa in the Isle of Wight, with a yacht moored off the dining-room window, a *pied à terre* at Paris, and a settled-from-the-Conquest family seat (with a few thousand acres, half a dozen lawn-tennis grounds, an orchid-house, and a first-class Tudor midnight ghost, all complete) in the best hunting county in the shires! Yes, Sir, I have known what our “lively neighbours” call the “High Life.” On the other hand, I own (without shame) that I have sometimes been “in retreat.” Before now I have lost everything, yes, Sir, everything—but my honour!

Was I at Goodwood? Why, Sir, you might as well ask me if I had ever captured a battery of the enemy single-handed! Of course I was at Goodwood! And a very pleasant party we were, Sir. The usual four—my Right Hon. Friend (who had actually put off a Cabinet Council), the Archbishop, the Millionnaire, and myself. My ecclesiastical colleague (if I may be permitted the expression) was in his very best form. His story about the SULTAN, the Margate Bathing-Machine Horse, and Her Majesty's Consul at — (you know where), was absolutely screaming! The practical joke, they tell me, was contrived by BISMARCK—the dog! Ha! ha! I will repeat it. Well, you must know that when Lord SALISBURY was—but of course you have heard it before, Sir! If you haven't, Sir, more shame to you, Sir, for neglecting the duties of your position! My Right Hon. Friend was depressed, and was scarcely equal to discussing finance (his strong point, you know, Sir), with the Millionnaire. My protégé, the Millionnaire! How much does he not owe to me! And, if it comes to that, how much do I not owe to him! But, with the delicacy of true friendship, Sir, an account has been kept by neither of us. At least I can answer for myself, Sir.

And now to the racing. Right shoulders forward—quick march! Well, there was nothing in it! Hollow as a drum, Sir. The Goodwood Cup was a match, Sir! Think of that, Sir—a match, Sir! Will you believe it, Sir—a field of two! Scarcely enough to afford a cry of “A thousand to one—bar one,” Sir! The prize, according to the *Times*, was a “Roman Crater,” Sir! Although I am an Englishman in the very best sense of the word, I still have a few

drops of Irish blood in me, and I was disgusted to find “the crater” so insulted, Sir! It was an outrage. Sir—an agrarian outrage, Sir! But to continue. The favourite was nowhere, and (as the Archbishop observed) *Dresden China* was not broken. Good, eh? A quaint conceit, Sir! None of your nonsense, Sir! I am a simple, guileless old soldier, Sir, and I tell you it amused me! Law! how heartily I laughed as the old ecclesiastic paid me over my little earnings! To humour him, I had taken him several times over, Sir, about *Chippendale* at 10 000 to 30! I made the odds for him myself!

But I was so thoroughly disgusted, Sir, with the whole affair that I gave up Goodwood on Friday in favour of the City. It always does my heart good, Sir, to see our grand old Metropolis in all the glory of its Business Pride! The Home of Enterprise, Sir, the very Centre of Commerce! Ah, Sir, a noble thought, a very noble thought indeed! And, truth to say, Sir, I had a small commission on hand, Sir. I am good-natured to a fault, Sir, and can say “No,” Sir, to nobody. So you shall hear, Sir!

The aged widow of my deceased uncle had entrusted me with what she accurately termed her “little all” for investment. A few hundreds, don't you know, Sir, just enough to keep the wolf from the door down at Brixton. Of course, as an officer, a gentleman, and a relative, my services were given to her gratuitously. I insisted that she should have every penny—every penny, Sir—of the interest accruing from the Bonds. She was to lose nothing—absolutely nothing, Sir, unless the Stock (on realisation) happened to go down. I, on the other hand (as she had a poor head for business, and I didn't want to bother her with details), agreed only to take something when—mark the when, Sir—the Stocks went up! Then—but not until then—was I to take the difference. I selected a good substantial healthy-looking Stock of unquestionable respectability, and—well, as I write, the blessings of my venerable and venerated connection are ringing in my ears! Zounds, Sir, I am affected almost to tears! The rest is silence!

Yours to command,

THE COLONEL.

P.S.—By the way, should—I repeat should—you and your friends (I like to be genial, Sir, and I say the more the merrier, Sir,—the more the merri-er!) want something really safe, why follow me. I have invested the fortune of my aged Aunt (dear old lady!) in Turkish Fives!

ART POUR ART.

(From a Parisian point of view.)

THE Englishman's Art! Ah! *ma foi*, 'tis ridiculous, *Borné*, Boetian, maudlin, meticulous, *Bon père de famille* and thrall to the dutiful, He's quite devoid of true sense of the Beautiful. Is he not steeped in “propriety”—soaked in it? *Pouf!* Gallic lungs cannot breathe, they are choked in it. Ne'er will he rise to the true Ideality Whilst he is weighted with stupid Morality.

Painter, it hangs on his Philistine neck a log, Poet, he's dragged to the earth by the decalogue; While he is frightened of Nature and Nudity, Slave he must be to Convention and Crudity. Two things are worthy of high Art capacity—Painting bare limbs and describing salacity. Art that's not hinged on these points in banality; No inspiration is found in Morality!

BULL is so fond of his sweet domesticities, Calm honied courtships, and baby felicities, Treacle-pot passion, and coarse cockney drollery! Art? A mere compound of clap-trap and foolery! Art that gives not with minutest explicitness Details of passion in piquant illicitness, Virginal vice and mature sensuality, Can't be true Art, for it smacks of Morality.

Art must be free; that's the *sine qua non*, you see (Some Britons own it,—they are getting on you see). Art owneth nought as a bond, chain, or band mankind. Save this—it must deal with the Seventh Commandment. Art without that theme to batten and tarry on, Pines, like a fly in the absence of carbon. Bondage to dirt? Not at all. Ideality Finds nothing *borné* about immorality!

THE OLD GOLDEN AGE.—Ladies are wearing “old Gold.” When husbands grumble at these new cases of waist, their wives, being on, or rather in, their metal, reply that “it is good for home trade, the mode not being French, but thoroughly John-Bullionish.” “Vantage they win,” as we say at Lawn-Tennis.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, July 26 (Lords).—Their Lordships had a chat over the Second Reading of the Wild Birds' Protection Law Amendment Bill, moved by Lord ABERDARE.

The Duke of ARGYLL, commanding the body of the Bill, criticised the schedule, which, said His Grace, had been drawn up by somebody who knew nothing about the birds it referred to. Nearly half of their names were synonyms; for example, "lapwing," also entered "pewit." Besides, he found in it one or two birds of a very destructive character.

The sparrow-hawk, let us hope, if there is one left; the kite also, and the buzzard, once common, now rare. Yes, and all the rest of the *Falconidae*, and the owls. Never fear, your Grace. Time enough,

if these fine old English birds multiply, to take means for keeping them under.

Lord WALSINGHAM judiciously pointed out that it was desirable that a bird should be known in every place by its local name.

As for example "chaffinch," *alias* "chink, *alias* "spink," in different counties. The compiler of the Schedule did, perhaps, know what he was about, a little, *pace* the MACCALLUM MORE.

The LORD CHANCELLOR noticed the omission of the kingfisher and the woodpecker, and suggested that they should be put in. As wild birds, and wards in Chancery now, of course they will. Why left out?

The Bill, as amended by their Lordships, was read a Second Time;

thank them. Then Lord SPENCER moved the Second Reading of the Relief of Distress (Ireland Act Amendment) Bill, and explained its provisions. It also passed its Second Reading, and Noble Lords, before adjourning, forwarded other Bills, not a few.

(Commons).—Lord HARTINGTON gave a not unsatisfactory account of the state of affairs in Afghanistan, from which it appeared that the Indian Government, mainly following out the policy of their predecessors, had squared it with ABDUR RAHMAN, proclaimed Ameer of Cabul with their consent and that of the Sirdars. Our troops would, as soon as possible, retire to a position where they could keep a look-out; and it was hoped that in the Autumn they would retire through the passes to India. No formal engagements had been made with the new Ameer; he had simply been recognised and offered temporary assistance to establish his authority. He had been let know that he must have no relations with any Foreign Power but ourselves, but, if he took our advice, the British Government would back him against any unprovoked aggression. A Mahomedan Envoy would be sent to Cabul, but the Ameer would not be required to receive a British Resident.

This is meant for an improvement on the policy of the late Government. Such may it prove. At least, a Mahometan Envoy is perhaps less likely than a British Resident to be assassinated.

In answer to a question, the noble Marquis said the assistance given to ABDUR RAHMAN would be principally pecuniary.

So everybody no doubt foreboded.

In answer to Lord E. CECIL, Mr. GLADSTONE confessed that it was quite true that the increased Income-tax, although not sanctioned by law, had been stopped from salaries paid to civil servants, and from coupons on foreign stocks. But, pleaded Our WILLIAM, the practice had the merit of convenience to sanction it.

So have all the iniquities of the Income-tax. But still they are at least legal; which makes some difference, doesn't it, WILLIAM?

Mr. FORSTER at last moved the Third Reading of his long-debated little Irish Bill, whereon, said he, "Sir, we have now had twelve sittings." A little Bill truly much sat upon. But finally carried by 303 to 237; a diminuendo majority greeted with Opposition cheers.

Big Ben struck two, and the House adjourned.

Tuesday.—First appearance of Little Irish Bill in the Lords, and of two giants, the Chinese CHANG and the Norwegian, with the Dwarf, in the Commons. It was a tall night, but the Giants found it short commons as an intellectual feast, and left early. Our Artist took them. (Vide Illustration.)

Lord NORTON moved and carried the Second Reading of the Industrial Schools Acts Amendment Bill, chiefly designed for the particular protection of girls under fourteen; and Lord SUDELEY obtained the same success for the Merchant Seamen's (Payment of Wages, &c.) Bill—essentially an anti-crimp Bill, framed to protect poor JACK from land-sharks of the crimp kind. Lords ABERDEEN and NORTON very much applauded Lord SUDELEY's measure, calculated, no doubt, also to please Mr. PLIMSOLL.

(Commons, Morning).—Mr. GLADSTONE attempted to explain, in answer to Lord R. CHURCHILL and Sir H. WOOLFF, why it had been arranged that Mr. DODSON should accept the Chiltern Hundreds when he had been unseated for Chester; but the case nevertheless seemed to remain very much an affair of "DODSON and Fog."

Dr. CAMERON got upon Postal Telegraphs, and in the Evening, suggested that the public are anxious for "increased telegraphic facilities and diminished charges." Having got his answer from Mr. FAWCETT, he withdrew his Motion.

Colonel BARNE complained of the amount and incidence of the Education-Rate, from which he complained that the farmers derived no benefit. He moved that a larger share of the cost of education be defrayed out of the Imperial Exchequer. Motion seconded by Mr. BIDDELL, and opposed by Mr. MUNDELLA, who protested against the disparagement of education and the eulogy of ignorance in Colonel BARNE's speech. The Resolution in the farmers' or barn-men's interest was negatived by 114 to 36.

Mr. BREWER caused a discussion respecting the alleged conduct of the Lord Lieutenant of Louth while acting as



HEARD IN MID-CHANNEL.

Robinson. "YOU'VE SEEN MORE OF THE WORLD THAN MOST PEOPLE, MRS. SMART. NOW, WHERE HAVE YOU MET THE HANDSOMEST, PLEASANTEST, AND BEST-BEED PEOPLE?"

Fair American. "WELL—AMONG YOUR BRITISH ARISTOCRACY."

Robinson. "INDEED! THAT IS MOST GRATIFYING TO MY PRIDE AS AN ENGLISHMAN! AND WHERE HAVE YOU ENCOUNTERED—THE UGLIEST, VULGAREST, AND MOST OFFENSIVE SPECIMENS OF HUMANITY?"

Fair American. "WELL—AMONG YOUR BRITISH ARISTOCRACY!"

Colonel of the Antrim Militia; misconduct of which, it seems, he was not culpable. Further legislation was then deferred.

Wednesday (Commons).—The Marquis of HARTINGTON having received a telegram reporting a terrible disaster to have occurred to the force under General BURROWS near Candahar, read it to a thin House in dead silence.

The Budget was proceeded with nevertheless. Lord G. HAMILTON moved to omit the clause increasing the Income-tax by a penny in the pound; but Lord R. CHURCHILL, as the farmers' friend, declined to vote against the means for the repeal of the Malt-tax, and Mr. GLADSTONE said the success of the Amendment would render that relief impossible, let alone the relief of Indian difficulties requiring Imperial assistance. Sir S. NORTHCOOTE supported Lord G. HAMILTON, whose Amendment, however, was rejected by 230 to 94.

As children must be paid for, so must remissions of duties—of course out of the pockets of the Income-tax payers; for there is now no more taxing the People. No wonder, then, that they do not object to the Income-tax. A tax which the People have not to pay is necessarily popular.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON read two further telegrams encouraging the hope that "annihilation" was too strong a word to describe the calamity which had befallen General BURROWS's brigade. The House, with some slight sense of relief, adjourned.

Thursday (Lords).—Authorised by the QUEEN, Lord GRANVILLE, in reply to Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, stated that his Royal Mistress had sent the SULTAN a message "in which she expressed a firm hope that, even at a sacrifice, he would accede to the unanimous wishes of Europe." "Don't you wish you may get it, Ma'am?" is the answer which, in an Oriental form, the Padishah will perhaps not dare to return to Her Majesty's letter, only because he may possibly apprehend that there is something to be read between the lines.

Answering the Duke of SOMERSET, Lord GRANVILLE announced that grave as was the affair at Candahar, it had been exaggerated in the first accounts. The last account from Afghanistan will be heavy for JOHN's pocket.

A sad reverse, whatever the details may be, but, apparently, not quite amounting to an Afghan Isandlana.



CONCLUSIVE!

Unseated M. P. (indignantly). "ACTUALLY CHARGED ME WITH BEBERY!" Friends. "BUT DIDN'T YOU DENY IT?" The Unseated. "CERTAINLY—MOST EMPHATICALLY—BUT—THEY AH—PROVED IT!!"

On Motion for going into Committee on the Relief of Distress (Ireland) Bill, Lord EMLY, supported by Lords DUNRAVEN and POWERSCOURT, besought the Government to devise a scheme of State emigration.

Lord SPENCER said that the feelings of the Irish people were opposed to compulsory emigration, and that the Irish Boards of Guardians possessed large powers of encouraging PAT to emigrate.

If poor PADDY could consult his own inclinations, an "Irish Exodus" would mean staying at home.

Their Lordships then put the Bill into Committee and passed it through, pushed some other Bills on a peg, and adjourned.

(Commons).—The Marquis of HARTINGTON, touching the Candahar disaster, repeated the statement made by Lord GRANVILLE to the Peers; and recited telegrams in detail.

Sir C. DILKE, in reply to Mr. MONK, said the Porte had answered the Collective Note by declining to cede Larissa, Janina, and Metzovo; but proposed new negotiations for settlement of the frontier, and general details.

The Porte seems not to perceive that a European Round Robin means that its signatories have had enough of negotiations, and don't intend to stand any more delay, during which the frontier will remain as utterly unsettled as the state of the Turkish dominions altogether.

On the Order of the Day for the Second Reading of the Hares and Rabbits Bill, Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord ELCHO, between them, created a laugh. The former presented a petition from 127 Haddingtonshire farmers for the Bill, and the latter a petition against it from Sir T. GLADSTONE. "A little more than kin, and less than kind," apparently.

Why is the question concerning "ground game," which exercised the Collective Wisdom for so many hours, like a kernel? Because it lies in a nut-shell. Is it, or is it not, necessary to debar a bad landlord from driving a hard bargain which will force his tenant to keep the hares and rabbits on the estate he farms sufficiently under to prevent them from ravaging his crops in a ruinous measure, and thus constituting themselves a plague of noxious vermin worse than

WISDOM OF EXPERIENCE.

SIR.—I am sorry to say I am old enough to remember a time considerably previous to the birth of most of my acquaintance. I recollect in particular the day in which many people's minds became possessed with an idea that we had entered on an era of peace and progress, and philanthropists fondly prophesied the approaching cessation of war, and the abolition of capital punishment. As to war, their amiable predictions, which I always derided, were very soon falsified by a succession of tremendous conflicts, and now, instead of turning swords into plough-shares, nation is striving against nation to construct monster cannon, ironclads, and torpedoes. So much for war, and, as regards the other necessary usage whose abandonment was foretold by many mawkish sentimentalists, any of those simpletons still surviving may learn late wisdom from this recent item of foreign intelligence:

"CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN SWITZERLAND.—The Great Council of the canton of Schwyz, in voting the restoration of capital punishment, has decided that executions shall be public. Capital punishment has now been restored in four cantons—Unterwalden, Appenzell, Uri, and Schwyz."

I always contended that Society could not get on without the gallows. When I say the gallows, I mean the guillotine also, and its other equivalents. Now they have tried the experiment of disusing it in Switzerland, and you see with what success. When milk-sops used to talk to me about what they called the hopes of humanity, I always told them that there was no hope for humanity whatever; for human nature was human nature, and plague, pestilence, and fire, battle, murder, and sudden death—the latter occasionally inflicted by the executioner—would continue till the end of time. I doubt not you will sympathise with the extreme satisfaction which the foregoing confirmation of foresight and of the feeling that is father to prevision, affords an aged philosopher who always was, and is, and ever will be, an out-and-out and thorough-going

PESSIMIST.

P.S.—I am glad we in this country were not such fools as to try the experiment of suspending "*sus. per coll.*"

DEAN STREET, SOHO AND SOHOH.—They use a "punkah" at the Royalty Theatre. Is it considered to be a satisfactory way of raising the wind?

any rats and mice, and as bad, almost, if not quite, as locusts and Colorado beetles and the *Phylloxera*?

Friday (Lords).—On the Motion for the Third Reading of the Relief of Distress (Ireland) Bill, a dialogue between Lords POWERS-COURT and KIMBERLEY on the subject of Emigration reverted to by the former Peer, and pooh-poohed by the latter. After that the Bill was read a Third Time and passed.

The Second Reading of the Limitation of Costs (Ireland) Bill was moved by Lord STANLEY of ALDERLEY, and, on the Motion of Lord ANNESLEY, rejected.

Is it not much to be wished that some measure could be framed for the effectual Limitation of Costs (Ireland)?

(Commons, Morning).—Hares and Rabbits Bill on for Second Reading. Abused by Lord ELCHO in good set terms as a "monstrous abortion," which would demoralise everybody concerned, encourage fraud, and make the relations of landlord and tenant intolerable. Defended by Sir W. HARCOURT, who gave Lord ELCHO as good as he brought, and, *obiter*, chaffed BRAND. The match between these two opposite champions over, on the recommendation of Sir S. NORTHCOTE, the Bill was read a Second Time. Pitched battle and row to come on the Third Reading.

(Evening).—An attempt at a sitting, but, before any business could be done, the House counted and the *seance* snuffed out.

Very Necessary.

SIR,
An examination for Steam-Launch Owners. Certificate of efficiency to be shown at every Lock. Charge of admission for any Launch to a Lock to be two sovereigns. This would bring the Launchers to their senses, and be a way of applying a lesson from *Locke on the Understanding*.

Yours truly,

HAPPY-GO-LOCKY.

GUY'S IN DISGUISE!

As there seems to be some rumoured conflict of authority at a well-known London Hospital, *Mr. Punch* begs to publish a revised "List of Regulations."

THE MEDICAL STAFF.

There shall be four Physicians, who shall have unlimited power, exercisable (as a matter of form) at the discretion of the Taking-in Committee, the Treasurer, the Librarian, the Sisters and Nurses, the Chaplain, and the Matron.

These Physicians shall be required to visit the Patients at least two fixed days in every week, and shall appoint their own days, subject only to the courteous consent of the Clerk and Registrar, the Surveyor, the Porter, the Sub-Porter, the Night Watchman, the Messenger, and the Matron.

The Physicians shall each in rotation have charge of the Clinical Wards, and shall deliver a Clinical Lecture at least once a week. The subjects of these lectures shall be left to their own choice, after receiving the perfunctory sanction of the Chaplain, the Bathmen, the Janitor, the Engineer, the Engineer's Assistant, and the Matron.

The Assistant Physicians shall help the Physicians, and shall be completely under their control, subject only to the occasional interference of the Museum Keeper, the Museum Keeper's Assistant, the Sisters, the Nurses, the Baker, the Cook, and the Matron.

There shall be four Surgeons, who shall perform the necessary operations, under the nominal supervision of the Trustees, the Governors, the Chaplain, the Surveyor, and the Matron.

The Assistant Surgeons shall act under the orders of the Surgeons, of course subject to the purely friendly guidance of the Nurses (day and night), the Chaplain, the Engineer's Assistant, and the Matron.

The Dental Surgeon shall extract teeth and lecture on Dental Surgery at such times as may be *really* considered advisable by the Messenger, the Baker, the Back-Gate Porter, and the Matron.

The Aural Surgeon, the Pathologist, the Medical and Surgical Registrars, the Apothecary and Dispensers, and the Laboratory Man shall be perfectly independent of all control, provided only that they accept the periodical hints of the Janitor, the Librarian, the Museum Keeper, the Museum Keeper's Assistant, the Sisters, the Chaplain, the Clerk and Registrar, and the Matron.

The Medical Staff shall order what they please, in hope (if not in faith) of seeing those orders obeyed. In consideration of this perfect freedom of action, they will be held responsible by everybody for everything with the hearty and entire consent of the Governors, the Trustees, the Treasurer, the Taking-in Committee, the Sisters, the Nurses, and the Matron.

THE NURSING STAFF.

The Matron shall be subject in all things to the wishes of the Lady Superintendent. To prevent confusion, however, the Matron and the Lady Superintendent shall be exchangeable terms referring to the same official. This regulation shall be enforced with the utmost rigour at all times and on every occasion.

The Sisters shall pay the greatest possible deference to the utterances of the Medical Staff. They shall invariably allow those utterances to enter at one ear and to exit by the other. They shall consider themselves entirely at the disposal of the Medical Staff when they have obtained the consent of their immediate Superior.

The Nurses shall follow the lead of the Sisters, and shall submit themselves in all things to the orders of the Doctors, when those orders have originated with the Matron.

Thus the Medical Staff will learn to work harmoniously with the Nursing Staff, and a clashing of authority will obviously be a matter of almost insurmountable difficulty.

THE PATIENTS.

The Patients shall cheerfully accept the treatment ordered by the Physicians, misunderstood by the Nurses, referred to the Taking-in Committee, supported by the Surgeons, edited by the Governors, and generally revised by the Matron.

They shall willingly undergo any necessary inconvenience incidental to the situation. They shall be glad to have their beds made shortly after daybreak. They shall never object to the absence of their guardians at the hours set apart for meals and moral exercises. They shall train themselves to welcome new faces, and shall never fret for the companionship of nurses removed to other wards for the sake of variety. They must remember that such little troubles must be goodnaturedly accepted, to enable the Sisters and their subordinates to perform the duties assigned to them to the entire satisfaction of the Framer of the Rules, Regulations, and Observances.

In conclusion, should any Patient show practically his or her disapproval of a system at first sight rather suggestive of a divided authority, of a kingdom within a kingdom, of a quarrel between Healers and Attendants, of a dispute between Doctors and Nurses, he or she shall be immediately dismissed from the Hospital with the tacit consent of the Governing Body and through the immediate agency of the Undertaker!

IRISH NOTIONS OF NOTES.

HE patriotic Mr. PETER SHERIDAN, "a Dublin merchant for forty-five years," arrived at six o'clock on Saturday evening, at the St. Pancras Station.

He tendered a £3-note of the Bank of Ireland in the restaurant, in payment of refreshments. This tender was refused by the young ladies behind the bar. They referred Mr. PETER SHERIDAN to the Station-Master.

The Station-Master told Mr. PETER SHERIDAN that he would not take Irish notes. Mr. PETER SHERIDAN told the Station-Master "the note was a Bank of Ireland"—note understood.

The Station-Master replied that he did not care.

Having related the foregoing particulars in a letter to the *Times*, Mr. PETER SHERIDAN adds:—

"My answer was that it was a poor compliment to Ireland, and that I would henceforth refuse any payment tendered by Bank of England notes, and would recommend every man, woman, and child in Ireland, through the Press, to do likewise."

Is it not too probable that some, if not most, of Mr. PETER SHERIDAN's debtors, if they suppose him likely to be as good as his word, will, whenever they offer to discharge their obligations to him, in the amount of from £5 upwards, make a point of always tendering him Bank of England notes?

Mr. PETER SHERIDAN is perhaps descended from ancestors commemorated in the stock Irish anecdote, according to which, once upon a time, the inhabitants of a certain district in his native land, bearing a grudge against a local banker, and wishing to spite him, collected for that purpose as many of his notes as ever they could, and then burnt them.

HIGH AND MIGHTY.

Two Strangers paid a visit last week to the House of Commons. They were, it is believed, the most exalted personages who have ever passed within the walls of the House.

They were of the highest standing in Society.

They had the loftiest demeanour.

They were far above all Party differences and divisions.

They could look down on the most conspicuous and eminent Members of the House.

The Standing Orders of the House greatly excited their curiosity. They inquired with a personal interest about the Long Parliament.

The Tory benches wished they had such allies to stand up for the Constitution, against the revolutionary Hares and Rabbits Bill. (The only drawback that seemed to suggest itself was that they might get to high words.)

Everybody appears to have been polite and attentive to them, but even if they had suffered any slight or neglect, they could have overlooked it.

They looked over the House.

They went away highly pleased with their reception, did—

The Chinese Giant (8 ft. 6 in.) and the Norwegian Giant (8 ft. 4 in.), each of them fully entitled to bear before his name the letters H.R.H., i.e., His Royal Highness.

ONE FOR TANNER.

"Dr. TANNER, Sir," said a bluff Norfolk J.P. "If he were in this country, I'd commit him for getting his livelihood without ostensible means of subsistence."





SUDDEN RESULTS OF DUCAL CAPRICE.

Todeson (a staunch Conservative ever since he shook hands with Royalty, last week). "LOOK, AUNT, THERE'S CZESCHSKI, THE VIOLINIST, YOU KNOW! BY JOVE, IF HE ISN'T SITTING BETWEEN THE DUCHESS OF IPSWICH AND THE DUCHESS OF PUTNEY! SPLENDID FELLOW, CZESCHSKI! MOST CHARMING WOMEN, THEIR GRACES!—KNOW THEM BOTH WELL—MUST INTRODUCE YOU SOME DAY"—(bows elaborately—is completely ignored—continues his remarks to his Aunt)—"UGH! IF IT AIN'T SICKENING TO SEE THE WAY THAT FAWNING FIDDLING CAD TOADIES THOSE TWO OLD FRUMPS, JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE DUCHESSES! WHY, THEY WOULDN'T EVEN SPEAK TO HIM IF HE WEREN'T A FOREIGNER; AND THEY'LL CUT HIM DEAD NEXT WEEK—THAT'S A COMFORT! UGH! WHAT A WORLD!"

[Becomes a Radical again on the spot.]

THE PIG AND THE PEER.

Peer (sotto voce). By Jove! here he is, then, the pestilent creature, He looks quite at home, too—ineffable cheek!
Pig (aside). Och, shure thin, my Lorrud, in figure and feature Ye're mighty impudent!
Peer (to Pig). What do you seek?
Pig (to Peer). Sake is it, yer honurr?—'Tis justice I'm sakin', And this is the roight sort o' shoy for that same.
Peer (aside). Eugh! Justice would just salt you down into bacon, Base porcine pretender. (Aloud.) You bear a bad name.
Pig (jauntily). Bad'cess to the blaygurrd that gave it! But that thick Will not take you in.
Peer. Well—ahem!—I don't know.
Pig. Och, shure thin, I swear by the holy Saint Patrick, I'm just the most innocent gentleman.
Peer (dryly). Faix, ask Misthurr GLADSTONE. Oh!
Pig. Faix, Faix, ask Misthurr GLADSTONE. I'll see him d—dashed first. Your sponsor is worse than—well, well, I'm a Peer. (Sighs.)
Pig (aside). Ah! noblesse oblige. But the wrath that outflashed first Much marred the repose of the caste Vere de Vere. (Aloud.) Don't ye loike Misthurr GLADSTONE?
Peer (struggling with insurgent emotion). I—like—him!!! (Mastering his feelings with difficulty.) The question Is wholly irrelevant. Keep to the point.
Pig. Faix thin, will yer honurr forgive the suggestion? Ould Oireland is just the laste taste out o' joint, Thanks intoirely to rent-grabbers greedy and—
Peer (irritably). Pooh, Sir! More pigheaded—umph! that's a sort of—metonymy;

But, oh! I'd conjure you, whatever you do, Sir, Don't—do not fall foul of Political Economy! My friend, there are chords! (Sighs.) Yes, the land and its holding Are sacrosanct matters, too holy to touch. *Pig (aside). Holy, is it? Who cares for his praching and scolding? Shure, thin, on the land we must keep a roight clutch. (Aloud.) Is it me ye'd be after evicting, thin?* You, friend? Nay, never! If that's your sole fear, be content. Without your kind offices what would they do, friend?—The "Gentleman who"—as of old—"pays the rent!"

A Confession.

(From Guy's.)

THOUGH Charity trains us as Mother,
We rejoice—being averse to a blister—
That while every man is our brother,
Every woman—well, isn't our Sister!

LEFT OUT BY INADVERTENCE.

THERE is an omission in the list of the members of the City Livery Companies' Commission—The Lord Mayor's splendid footmen.

EXTENSION OF LICENCE.

SWELLS complain that there's nothing open after half-past midnight. Legislation wanted for London's upper classes.



THE PIG AND THE PEER.

PIG. "BEDAD, MELORD, AND IS IT MESELF THAT'S TO BE EVICTED?"

PEER (*tenderly*). "YOU EVICTED! NO, NO. WE'LL TAKE THE GREATEST CARE OF THE 'GENTLEMAN WHO PAYS THE RENT.'"

THE RIFF-RAFF PIRATE!

(A Fragment of a River Romance.)



SIR ARRY gave another yet wilder and more convulsive lurch, and his wife, pale and trembling, held the light again above his distorted features. The good old Vicar, kindly and silent, marked the changes of his guilty sleep with the attentive air of one who has seen much but has understood little. He drew a step nearer, and then gently asked, "And is this his usual habit of slumber?"

He would have been answered by an icy nod, had not the restless sufferer at that moment bounded up with another shriek.

The sleeper was sitting erect now, and was staring vacantly towards the foot of his couch into the space beyond. "I see another of 'em. Put on the steam! In to him!" he chuckled horribly to himself. "Now we shall do it! Forward we go! Ha! ha! Cut him down to the water's edge! Ha! ha! ha! Capital! Capital!" He sank back exhausted, with merriment, but quickly rallied. In another instant he had seized a pillow, and was gazing savagely over the side of the bed. "Six of 'em floundering this time! That's a good 'un! But d'ye think I'm going to let the life-buoy go over the weir? Not if I know it!" He hid the pillow as he spoke, and turned to the other side as if in fierce altercation. "What's the matter with you, eh?" he asked, laughing, as if in enjoyment of some tragic joke. "Can't swim, can't yer? Yah! Then why don't you learn? Ha! ha! Steam away! For'ard there! There's another of 'em ahead! Now-in we go! Lock 'em! That's another good 'un! Why, they're a-drownin' like tadpoles in a bilin' duck-pond! For'ard!"

The exhausted Baronet fell back. The paroxysm was over. All was hushed. His wearied wife approached the Vicar, and, with bated breath, told the dread secret of her suspicion. "It is some crime of his early years." She gasped, "He must once upon a time have been a diving garrotter!"

The kind old Vicar took her hand sadly. "It is worse, I fear, than that, my good soul!" he responded, with a gentle inflection in his voice. "Your husband has had a fearful past."

She looked at him inquiringly. Then he told her the hard and cruel truth.

"In his youth," he said—"I know it now—he kept a steam-launch, and diverted himself under the protection of the Rules enjoined by the Thames Conservancy!"

A Professional Phrase.

In a leader on the Burials Bill, the *Morning Post* lately observed—

"Everyone who has looked into the subject knows perfectly well that the Dissenters' grievance is a thing *pro re nata*."

Rather, one would say, *pro re denata*, so to speak of the subject of the Bill. The medical student in the old story translated *pro re nata*, in a prescription, "for the little thing born," but the foregoing quotation, apparently, relates to a thing, which, instead of having just been born, is about to be buried.

Now, STOOPID!—A tall Lady in a tight dress quite realises the "Bendor difficulty."

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Bursellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine; or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishtyas Wildus," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anne," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry Otspur," "Mary Greatly," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladssingerum," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

WHO SHALL BE FAIREST?

MR. MATTIX remained at Small-Beerjester to do all the work for the forthcoming party, while the Bishop and Mrs. Dowdile went up to London to make various necessary purchases at the Stores.

The structure of the Palace and the plan of the grounds were admirably adapted for Mrs. Dowdile's purpose. Of course Lawn-Tennis would be played on the Episcopal Lawn; and as religious observances were not on any account to be kept out of sight, there would be a series of short services during the game in the different courts. In another corner of the garden, bowls of Bishop would be provided for the stalwart elderly Gentlemen who might have an ecclesiastical bias; there would be a circus with some hobby-horses in the paddock for those who were never happy unless mounted on their own particular hobby, which each person could bring with him were he so minded.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the new glass houses would be watched with delight by most of the Ladies, who, interested in the poultry-yard, were every one of them hen-wives, and would produce their own prize layers. Should it come on to rain, a portion of the company could be invited into the billiard-room, when taking the cue from his wife, the Bishop would exhibit his skill in making minor canons. There would also be a ploughing match between the Rural Deans, and if two Ody-Colonial Bishops could be sent in time, they, with his Lordship of Small-Beerjester, would appear in a tableau representing the Three Graces.

The Chaplain himself would wait at table, see the dishes carefully carried in, and all the arrangements carefully carried out. On this occasion Mrs. Dowdile insisted on his wearing his full clerical official court suit as Domestic Chaplain and Canon, which consisted of a sombre livery with knee breeches, and artilleryman's boots as a Canon; high waistcoat, footman's coat, splendidly braided, which he could not neglect without being splendidly up-braided by Mrs. Dowdile,—white tie, a pair of academical brass bands round his throat, a Master of Arts gown, and a low-crowned hat very much turned up at the sides with strings and coloured cockade, to revolve with the wind like a ventilator. It was part of his duty to show the Ladies into the Bishop's private chapel, which, on account of its being furnished with luxurious sofas and arm-chairs, was called the Chapel of Ease, where the Private Chaplain had always to be in readiness at any hour to preach privately to the Bishop, and never to stop until the Bishop woke and walked out. Woe be to the Chaplain who, presuming on the Bishop's somnolence, should suddenly drop his discourse. It was the only thing that roused the excellent Dr. Dowdile into instant action, and a formidable hassock was soon sent flying with unerring aim at the neglectful chaplain's head.

While on the subject of Mr. Mattix's duties, it will not be out of place to add that he had to brush his Lordship's hat every morning, water the rosette in front, iron the brim, see that all the buttons were on the episcopal gaiters, and that the apron-strings were strongly stitched. When Dr. Dowdile went on a visitation, which the devout inferior clergy regarded as a visitation of Providence, —he was accompanied by his wife on the guitar, and his Chaplain, who acted as courier, taking the tickets, looking after the luggage, and ordering stalls in the Cathedral three weeks in advance.

Mrs. Dowdile therefore requested Canon Mattix to be good enough to bestir himself and procure a tent, or as she described it, a marquee, in which some of her visitors could sit during the afternoon party at the Episcopal Palace; and if he could devise any entertainments to amuse and astonish her guests in a harmless and inexpensive way he was at liberty to do so; nay, he was earnestly requested to make a point of doing so. Mrs. Dowdile's request was, of course, a command; and as it was nothing new for his Lordship's Clergymen to take their orders from the Bishop's wife, so Mr. Mattix, bestriding



"HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL—"

Irish Landlord (in distressed district, who had paid Compensation for not receiving his Rents, and was sinking his Capital in Draining-Works, and otherwise "disturbing" his Tenants). "WELL, PAT, I HOPE, WITH A GOOD HARVEST, WE SHALL GET ON WITHOUT ALL THIS 'RELIEF' NEXT SEASON—"

Pat (an Optimist). "OCH, PLAZE HEAVEN, YER HONOUR, WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER BAD YEAR YET!!"

a sleek cob, for he had not as yet ventured upon the high horse, rode forth intent on the marquee, which was to be such a feature in the day's proceedings.

My readers may guess that I myself have no strong partiality for Mr. MATTIX, yet I must admit that he is a man of parts which might ordinarily have accounted for his pulling up in front of a booth at a fair, where a theatrical exhibition was being given within five miles of Small-Beerjester. Indeed, Mr. MATTIX was meditating many things in his mind about a Fair, but the Fair that engaged the Reverend Gentleman's thoughts at this particular moment was the second daughter of the Beadle of Small-Beerjester, the Per centor, whom he had been brought there by Mrs. DOWDIE to supplant in his mastership of Deedler's Trust.

Mr. MATTIX had already placed himself on a friendly footing with MORLEENA, having pressed her toe twice under the table at the Bishop's luncheon, and then thrown all the clerical fervour at his command into his eyes as he offered her the preserved ginger. He had called one morning at her father's house, and, having watched his opportunity, had drawn near her, and sat close to her in the drawing-room. He had entered unexpectedly and had found her in deshabille, playing an air by BACH on the piano with her back hair down. He had asked her politely, "What air that was?" alluding to the one she was performing, and she had replied, "My own, of course!" Like your impudence!" when he at once explained that he did not allude to the hair of her locks, but to the air on the keys; on which MORLEENA had blushed deeply, and had shaken out her tresses; then she had called him "a great big naughty parson," and had gone straight to the sofa, where she sat down, pouting and sulky, till Mr. MATTIX, who could adapt the craft of the serpent to the convenience of the dove, came and sat down beside her, repeating playfully the nursery rhyme about Little Miss Muffet, and hoping that he, at all events, would not be the spider to "frighten Miss Muffet away."

MORLEENA had taken up the rhyme and observed that "buffet" rhymed to Muffet, and then Mr. MATTIX had retorted that buffet in French meant a refreshment place, and asked permission to offer her, in her own house, a glass of sherry, which MORLEENA declined with

thanks, but played at tip-biscuit with him, when Mr. MATTIX in his eagerness to catch a piece she was about to throw to him, edged nearer and nearer MORLEENA's seat. And then he had asked her whether she had heard his latest sermon in Beerjester Cathedral on "waist not, want not," wherein he had informed his hearers that he considered a little waist a very dangerous thing, but had shown how even a considerable amount of waist might be pressed into the service of the Church, and how necessary it was to suit the action to the word and the word to the action; to all of which Miss MORLEENA had given her unhesitating assent, being perfectly sure that anything like dissent on such an occasion would be quite out of place. And when he left he had given her his best blessing, and had asked her to get the idea of his being her shepherd thoroughly through her wool, "and one day," he murmured, "the shepherd may hope for a shepherdess."

"And will he marry one of his own lambs?" MORLEENA had inquired archly.

To which Mr. MATTIX, becoming quite impassioned, had pressed her hand, as he replied, "Not a lamb;—Ewe."

To which MORLEENA had made no answer, and Mr. MATTIX was now thinking over this interview, and was weighing his chances and calculating his plans as he sat motionless on his cob in front of the booth of the Fair which was being held on Gosling Green.

As I have already more than hinted, to say that he was attracted by a Fair in any shape was nothing new; but on this occasion his attention was arrested, and not unwarrantably, by the appearance of an elegant female figure dancing on a platform, in front of a gigantic picture, while two persons in fantastic costumes played a drum and cymbals, and a third shouted to the crowd a reiterated invitation to "Walk up!" as they were "just a-going to begin."

Mr. MATTIX was not sufficiently lost in love to be unable to appreciate the exquisite type of Italian beauty which now appeared before his eyes. Who could she be? this vision of unsurpassed loveliness? —for as he sat and gazed he was dazzled by a sort of beauty the like of which he had never before seen, and he was caught by her easy, free, voluptuous manner, which was perfectly new to him. He had never been so tempted before: the temptation was irre-

sistible; it carried him away, right out of the saddle and on to the platform, where he found himself in company with an Arlecchino, a Pantalone, the father of his resplendent charmer, her brother dressed as a Gainsborough Blue Boy, and a Merry Andrew, who was bowing to him and asking, "What he could go for to fetch for to carry for to bring," adding that if he had a ticket from the Church and Stage Guild he must pay extra.

The entire *troupe* was Italian, and, though perhaps not peculiar in their own country, would certainly create a sensation on the lawn of the Episcopal Palace of Small-Breasted; for it had suddenly occurred to Mr. MATTIX, as an inspiration, that in order to account for his presence on their platform—so different from his own platform at Exeter Hall—he would explain that he had come to engage them for a private afternoon performance at Mrs. DOWDIE's garden-party, if their engagements would permit of the arrangement.

The Signora, who appeared to be the Manageress of the booth, received him in her dressing-room; and, after giving some orders in an undertone to the Blue Boy, turned to the enraptured Canon, and assuring him that his horse would be provided with a good stall in the first row, motioned him to a seat close by the couch on which she reclined, beautiful and motionless, in an attitude of the deepest and most earnest attention.

"Excuse my receiving you in this dress," she said, simply; "but business is business, and this is my costume."

And very becoming her costume was. It was white muslin, reaching quite to the knees, without any other garniture than rich yellow roses and pearls across her bosom, and the same round the scarcely perceptible armlet of her corsage. Across her brow she wore a tiara of precious stones that gave additional lustre to her eyes, which were brilliant as diamonds of the first water, sparkling with dazzling effect on each side of her exquisitely-chiselled nose, which in itself was a perfect mosaic. On her arms, which her position required her to expose, she wore several magnificent bracelets; while her perfectly-fitting fleshings, of the palest pink tint, exhibited to advantage the marvellous outline of her well-rounded limbs. Her small feet were encased in the tiniest white high-heeled satin shoes, set off with large delicately-coloured rosettes.

Dressed as she was, and looking as she did, so beautiful, so statuesque, with that lovely head, those large staring eyes which took everybody in at a glance, it was impossible that Mr. MATTIX, clergyman though he was, should not be also numbered among those who were taken in by those eyes and done for on the spot.

"I must introduce myself," she said, in excellent English, to which her foreign accent lent an irresistible charm. "You will see in the bill," and she handed him a programme, which he received as though he were in some delicious overpowering dream, "that I am announced as COLUMBINA CRINOLINA. That is not my real name. I am the Marchesa di ZAZZELIA. The Boy in Blue is my half brother; the others are my servants; though Signor PANTALEONE acts the part of my guardian pour me donner contenance."

"You are a Marchesa then?" said Mr. MATTIX, softly, and then mindful of Mrs. DOWDIE's commission, he explained that he was in search of a marquee, and esteemed himself so happy to have found a *Marquise*.

She inclined her head towards him pensively, and eyed him like a she-devil.

The Canon who had never met a she-devil, however, thought that this was the sort of angel he liked, and drawing the chair nearer to the sofa, and within reach of the Signora's dazzling white arm, he assumed the deepest sympathy and prepared himself to console her, should she show any symptoms of being overcome by emotion.

"You do not know my sad story?" she inquired, laying her hand on his with a light touch that sent a tremor through his whole frame, and made his hair curl up crisply like the leaves of a sensitive plant.

No, he didn't know a word of it, he stammered, but he should be happy to hear it.

"I am a Roman by birth," said La Marchesa di ZAZZELIA. "I have the blood of the PUMPEYS in my veins. That is how I first took to pumps and dancing," and she kicked one of her little shoes in the air, and then asked him to replace it on her foot.

The Canon was but a man. What could he do but place himself at her feet? After all, there was no harm in his holding the shoe if she were the only one to put her



"ALL THERE!"

Clerk (who has called to see the gas-meter). "Is yours a WET OR A DRY METER, MADAM?"

Young Wife (who does not like to show ignorance). "WELL, IT IS RATHER DAMP, I'M AFRAID!"

foot in it? As for his kneeling before her, had not his own shoemaker knelt before him to try on a new pair, and there was nothing wrong in the act?

"Knee plus ultra," said the Signora laughingly, as she jerked her foot into its place, and motioned him to his former seat by her cushion.

"I was engaged to be married to Il Duca di POLICHINELLO," she continued, earnestly, "a dissolute nobleman who had already killed his first wife, Donna JULIA, and was accused of such dreadful crimes that rather than be his wife I sacrificed my position in society, my fortune, everything, and escaped from Italy, accompanied by the few faithful attendants you have seen with me, and possessed only of these family jewels which you now see me wearing."

Mr. MATTIX would have examined them more closely, especially the diamond pendants in her ears, but at the sound of a small bell, the Signora rising suddenly from the sofa, observed in a low tremulous voice, that he must hear the remainder of her story another time; and having faithfully promised to bring the tent, the troupe, and the whole show to the Bishop's garden-party, she quitted the small apartment where their *tête-à-tête* had been held, leaving Mr. MATTIX quite bewildered and struggling into consciousness as though he were awaking from a deep sleep.

Past and Present.

Paterfamilias (to his son). Do you mean to say they don't punish you for being idle? Why, in my time at Harrow, a fellow who didn't know his lessons was flogged, as certain as—

Son (amused). Oh! no one learns their lessons now, except the regular mugs, and fellows grinding for an Exam!

Paterfamilias. How the deuce then do you expect to get into the Army? The competitive examination is most severe.

Son (gaily). Oh, six months at a Crammer's will do that all right, never fear! No one ever passes direct from school, you know.

[Visions of £10 a week for a year, and failure at the end of that, float before *Paterfamilias*, who feels accordingly.]

THE SHORE.

(With Apologies to the Shade of Southey.)



The excursion crowd strong
Then plunges along,
Running and leaping,
Over rocks creeping,
Kicking and flinging,
"Kiss-in-the-ring"-ing,
Pulls at the whiskey
Making them frisky,
Smiting and fightin'-
A thing they delight in—
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with
their sound.

* * *
Sea-weeding and feeding,
And mocking and shocking,
And kissing and missing,
And skipping and dipping,
And drinking and winking,
And wading and bathing,
Shell-picking, and sticking
In mud-holes and kicking,
And going a-rowing,
And fishing and wishing,
And roaming in gloaming,

How do Cheap-Trippers
Come down to the shore?
* * *
From their sources they wend
In the squalid East-End;
From White-chapel
Surge and grapple
Its 'ARRIES and its CARRIES.
Through court and through lane
They run and they shout
For awhile, till they're out
By their own special train.

And thence, at departing,
All bawling at starting,
They drink and they feed;
And away they proceed
Through the dark tunnels,
'Mid smoke from the funnels,
Where they shriek in their fury,
Helter-skelter, hurry skurry,
Now singing, now smoking,
Now practical joking,
Till, in this rapid ride
On which they are bent,
They reach the sea-side
And make their descent.

* * *
Sight-seeing and teasing,
And larking and sparkling,
Love-making, and taking
To beer-ing and jeering,
Donkey-riding and hiding,
And squeaking and seeking.

And galloping and walloping,
And wandering and maundering,
Uncoating and boating and floating,
Upsetting and getting a wetting,
And crying and drying and spying,
Immersing, dispersing, and cursing,
And meeting and greeting and seating
and eating,
And fuddling and muddling and huddling and puddling;
And so never ending, but always descending,
The Cockneys for ever and ever are wending,
All at once and all o'er with a mighty uproar—
And this way Cheap-Trippers come down to the shore!

THE NEW DRESSMAKER.

(What it must come to with the present taste for "real" trimmings.)

SCENE.—A Belgravian Boudoir. Lady ANNE discovered at her toilette table.
Mr. WEEDS is ushered in by a Maid.

Lady Anne. I am not at all satisfied with the dress I wore last night. The palm-leaves were too heavy, and the camellias faded before the first dance. As for that lattice-work covered with jasmine you fixed up for me on my skirt—why, it was coming undone the whole evening.

Mr. Weeds. Very sorry, my Lady, but you said you liked flowers better than fruit. It is the first complaint I have had, and I garden, as you know, some of the best blood in town. Your Ladyship will remember that I gave

you refusal of the dress worn by the Duchess. It made quite a sensation, and I admit that I felt nervous and fluttered when I ushered her Grace into the salon.

Lady Anne. The grape-drapery, with its vegetable marrows and parsnips was certainly pleasing. By the way, the sudden introduction of the artichokes in the tunic was ineffective.

Mr. Weeds. Your Ladyship is right. I frankly admit that the cucumber required toning down. We ought to have scattered a pint of peas over the gauze, and emphasised the buckles with kidney potatoes. Your Ladyship is pleased with the dress your Ladyship is going to wear to-night? It cost me several hours of the most anxious thought. I believe, fondly believe, you will consider the patch of mushrooms worn on the left arm a masterpiece! As for the vegetables, my Lady, you may rely upon them. They came fresh this morning from Covent Garden.

Lady Anne. It might be worse. The bouquets of carrots and Brussels sprouts are certainly sweet. The head-dress—a cauliflower in a nest of beetroot—is very pretty. But are you sure that you can fix it in securely?

Mr. Weeds. Certainly, my Lady. And now, my Lady, I am sure you will forgive me if combining, as I do, millinery and greengrocery with the art of waiting at evening parties, I humbly ask permission to withdraw?

[Exit Mr. WEEDS, to assume his war-paint for the evening "gentle" conviviality. Scene closes in as Lady ANNE tries on a dress looking like the evergreen-covered case used by Jack-in-the-Green on May-Day.

SIGNS OF A REVIVAL.

(By a Pessimistic Reader of the Times.)

SCENE—Interior of a Workman's room. The Workman's family discovered sadly taking their tea.

Wife. Father has not yet returned! But how could I expect it? Return to nothing cheerier than tea! That nation is, indeed, impoverished that cannot afford its working-man his pint of beer at regular family intervals!

Eldest Son. Believe me, Mother, better times are at hand. Trade is, for the moment, under a cloud, but the sun of prosperity will soon shine out once more, and we shall be happy. So, cheer up, Mother dear—cheer up!

Eldest Daughter (earnestly). Listen to ENDWARD, dear Mother! We have still much to be thankful for.

Wife (angrily). Thankful for? You mock me!

Eldest Son (soothingly). May I guess my sister's meaning? She would say that during these years of depression—when the good old English workman has been so often forced, for long periods together, to exchange the cheerful pewter for the nerve-shattering tea-pot—education has progressed by leaps and bounds. Look at ourselves! Time was when we were wont to speak a coarse, nay, an almost unintelligible jargon, interlarded with profanity; now our language—creaming, if I may use the image, with family affection, is sugared with politeness.

Eldest Daughter. Is as polished and to the point as the reports in a daily newspaper! Ah! what do we not owe to the School Board!

Wife (bitterly). Not much! We are not allowed to get into arrears with their rates, and be hanged to 'em!

Eldest Son (reproachfully). Nay, Mother, you are ungrateful! But, believe me, we have brighter days in store. Soon this long-continued depression will pass away, and then—(loud noise heard without)— Ha! what was that?

Wife. Hush! Your father!

Enter the Working-man. He repulses his Wife, who attempts to embrace him, aims a vague but savage blow at his Son, and tries to pull his Daughter's hair. Then he kicks over the tea-table with its equipage, and falls heavily on the floor.

Eldest Son (joyfully). Mother! Mother! all our dark days are over! Trade is brisk once more!

Wife (eagerly). How do you know it?

Eldest Son. By the surest sign. Father is as jolly and joyous as of old. (Pointing to Workman, who is now sleeping heavily.) Shiver the superfluous tea-pot! Our Father is once more mops and brooms!

[Tableau and Curtain.



THE TANNER CASE.

Butcher (reading). "LIVIN' ON NOTHIN'—LET ALONE BUTCHER'S MEAT—FOR A MATTER OF A MONTH! WHY, I'D 'AVE HIM 'UNG, I WOULD! IF FOLK'S TAKE TO THIS 'ERE SYSTEM, WHAT'S TO BECOME O' THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION!?"

Chorus of Tradesmen (in assent). "AH! WHAT, INDEED!"

SPARKLERS.

(*Being short dining-out Stories, carefully selected by our Own Out-and-Out Diner.*)

N.B.—The object is to furnish, under the above heading, for the benefit of those who, when seated at a dinner-table, never can find anything to say for themselves, a little entertaining and thoroughly authentic gossip about somebody else. It is therefore sought, while avoiding any approach to personality, to provide perfect accuracy combined with an unmistakable *cachet*. With this in view, the task of selection has been confided to a person of title, who has at his command an abundant leisure backed by a comprehensive discrimination. But any suitable contributions from people who are still confined to town, will receive full consideration. The first instalment is subjoined:—

The interest taken by Mr. TOOLE in politics, and the habit he has of frequently slipping out from his own theatre between every Act, for the purpose of listening to a bit of some debate in the House of Lords, often leads him into amusing complications. Only the other night, hearing that the Chinese Giant had, by his mere height, given himself a capital advertisement in the Strangers' Gallery in the Commons, the clever comedian on pushing his way in and taking his accustomed place, instantly stood conspicuously on the seat. An Irish Member below the gangway calling the Speaker's attention to the fact, the latter, who never misses a legitimate opening for a joke, quietly left his chair, and addressing the culprit goodhumouredly, said, "Come, Mr. TOOLE, we can't have your *folly* here. How did you get into this House, Sir?" "I suppose, your *Wuship*, I came in with a *Standing Order*," was the pointed but pleasant reply. The SPEAKER went back to his chair in fits.

* * * * *

The economical stable arrangement of a certain well-known sporting Peer being discussed in connection with his rather serious illness the other evening in the tea-room, Lord ROWTON, whose official experience in dealing with the Cabmen's Reform Association has made him perhaps one of the best living judges in England of the peculiar points of a hack, was commenting, though in no unkindly spirit, on the stinginess of the nobleman in question. "My dear

MONTY," said Lord BEACONSFIELD, who came up at the moment, "don't imagine that death has any terrors for him. Why, you forget, his coffin will be full of screws!"

* * * * *

The inveterate habit of button-holing and then quoting a bit of the Latin Grammar to any leading actor he chances to come across, for which the Head Master of the Blue-coat School is chiefly distinguished among his intimate friends, led, the other morning, to a brilliant little passage of arms outside the establishment of a well-known West-End hairdresser. Happening to meet the accomplished lessee of the Lyceum on the door-step, and the situation naturally suggesting a reference to the advertised programme of the coming season, the great City scholar, slapping his acquaintance familiarly on the shoulder, said, in his usual dry manner, "*Corsicos odi puer apparatus!*" which means, my boy, you had better have stuck to the legitimate—and *Terry!* Come, find something to cap that, if you can." "What do you say?" replied the amiable tragedian, smiling pensively, "to my possibly having found, after all, a *rarer avis in Terriss!*?" On this being retailed, the same evening, to Lord BRABOURNE, he instantly said, "Well, if that isn't the best thing that has been heard outside the Athenaeum this fifty years, I know nothing of JUVENAL!"

* * * * *

Lord KIMBERLEY's aptitude for communicating a despatch in the shape of an impromptu epigram, has got him, before now, into hot water with more than one Colonial Governor; and, on the Cabinet coming to its recent decision to recall Sir BARTLE FRERE, he determined to surpass himself. Taking up his pen, without a moment's hesitation he jotted down the following:—

"Though rated out there as a seer,—over here

We're rated because we won't doubt you;
So you'd better come home, for with us you're still *Frere*,
While we shall feel *free-er* without you!"

When this reached the Cape, by cable, Sir BARTLE was taking lunch with a distinguished German personage.

TWO MONDAYS.

(*With Mr. Punch's compliments to the "Extreme Sabbatarian Party."*)

DARK MONDAY.

SCENE—A Counting House.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—An Employer of Labour, and his Manager.

Employer. Why are you so downcast? Anything wrong?

Manager. The usual story, Sir! Can't get the men to work. All muzzy and muddleheaded. Shan't be able to do anything with them until to-morrow!

Employer. Dear me, that's bad! But is there no brighter side to the picture?

Manager. Well, yes; the hands are not quite discontented.

Employer. Why?

Manager. Because owing to the compulsory closing of the Museums yesterday, they were able to spend the greater part of their Sunday in the public-houses.

BRIGHT MONDAY.

SCENE—The Same.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ as before.

Employer. Why are you so cheerful? Any good news?

Manager. Quite a new story, Sir! The men are really hard at work, and doing twice as much as usual. I only hope they will keep it up to-morrow!

Employer. That's good! But is there no darker side to the picture?

Manager. Well, yes; the hands are not quite contented.

Employer. Why?

Manager. Because owing to the voluntary closing of the public-houses yesterday, they had no resource but to spend the greater part of their Sunday in the Museum and Picture Galleries.

BEST COUNTY FOR PLAYING NAP.—Beds.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, August 2 (Lords).—"Proputty, proputty, proputty!"
Pitched battle among the Peers over the Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill; prodigious press of Peeresses to witness the first round.

"In their gay fal-lal-eries,
They thronged the galleries,
And filled the passages, and choked the floor-ways;
Peers' wives and daughters,
Crushed in closest quarters,
And sat contented in the open doorways."

Fancy a Peeress sitting in a doorway—and probably a draught—to hear an Irish Bill discussed! Patience on a monument smiling at Grief, seems nowhere in comparison.

As a preliminary, Lord KIMBERLEY announced that the Government had decided to recall Sir BARTLE FRERE, the Great First Fiddler's instrument not being entirely in tune with the Government orchestra.

Then Earl GRANVILLE suavely and suasively moved the Second Reading of the Bill, whose character he described as follows:—

"The Bill in effect provides that where the only reason why the tenant cannot pay his rent is the unusual failure of the harvests, when the tenant is willing to make reasonable terms with his landlord as to rent, arrears of rent, and otherwise, and when such terms have been refused by the landlord without any offer of a reasonable alternative, then the use of one of his remedies—a remedy to enforce the tenant's contract with himself, which is not possessed by English and Scotch landlords—will be suspended for a term not exceeding sixteen months, after which it can be resumed."

The Bill—like a Bobby's beat—was limited as to "area" and "time." Its principle was not "novel," though charged with being "sensational." He was sorry to hear that Lord GREY was about to resume his rôle of "Chucker-out" to the proposed measures of his own party; but as he had been at it for a quarter of a century, Liberal grief on that score was a mitigated woe.

Lord GREY proved his love of the Liberal party, as usual, by sharply chastening it. Turning his face to the Opposition Benches, he lashed out behind, like a less noble animal.

"Turn this way—they are converted," blandly suggested Lord GRANVILLE; whereupon Lord GREY faced round upon "his friends, the enemy." As a pendant to Lord GRANVILLE's *couleur-de-rose* sketch, he described the Bill as one for suspending the power of getting rents, and, in that character, opposed it.

Lord EARL thought that—

"Apt exaggeration's artful aid
Had made the Peers of this poor Bill afraid."

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE credited the Government with Good Intentions, but must decline to tread with them the road of which these were proverbially the pavement. What was "a reasonable alternative" for the landlord? "Between the devil and the deep sea" was the nearest definition he could hit upon. If this Bill were passed, we should have no more fine weather in Ireland.

The EARL OF DERBY (*more suo*) was moderate and mediatorial. Rather than accept the Bill as it stood, indeed, he would help kick it out, but "on the whole" (the favourite formula of such minds as the Earl's) he was in favour of encouraging the poor thing, and amending it in Committee—that Parliamentary purgatory where peccant Bills are purged of clinging frailties, and prepared for the Elysium of the Statute Book.

The Marquis of SALISBURY thought the Bill a portentous combination of Sphinx, Proteus, and Chimera. Its genesis had been perplexing, and he hoped for its speedy exodus. "Be just (to the Landlords), and fear not" (the Land League), should be the motto of the House of Lords.

(N.B.—This high-sounding motto, borrowed from Mr. GLADSTONE, does not, of course, apply to Foreign affairs, my Lord!)

After some defensive remarks from Earl KIMBERLEY, the House, on the Motion of Earl CAIRNS, adjourned at five minutes to twelve o'clock.

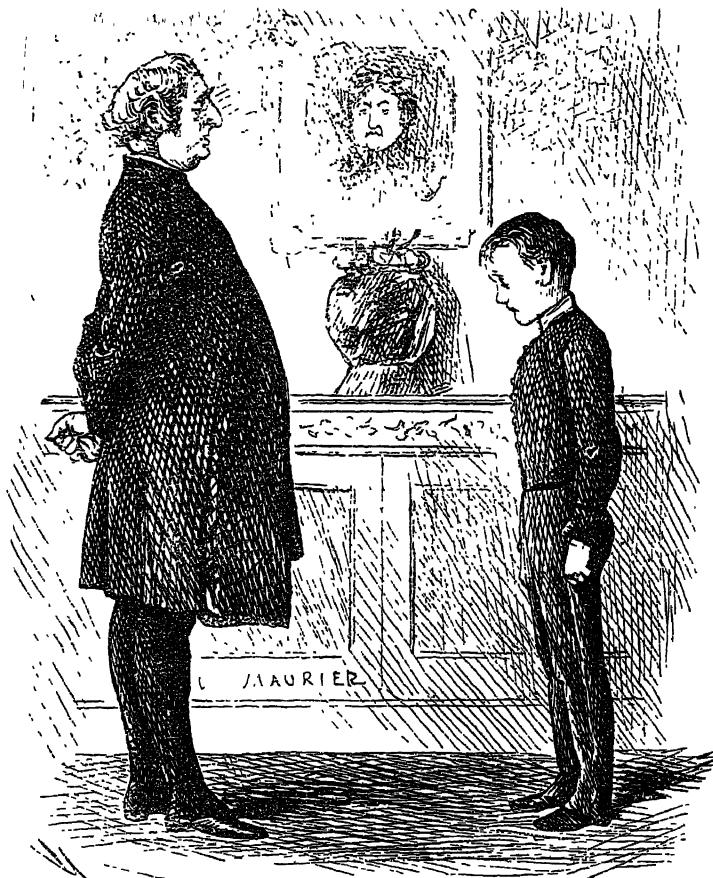
(Commons.)—The House was shocked by the announcement of the grave indisposition of Mr. GLADSTONE. (Upon his happy recovery therefrom, *Mr. Punch*, and a relieved country, cordially congratulate the Right Honourable Gentleman—and themselves.)

In Committee of Supply on the Civil Service Estimates, Mr. MUNDELLA moved the vote of £1,466,077 to complete the sum necessary for Public Education for the financial year. Interesting review of the progress in education during the decade that has elapsed since the passing of the Education Act. General chorus of praise to the Vice-President of the Privy Council.

"For he's a jolly MUNDELLA,
And so say all of us!"

Vote agreed to. House adjourned at 2:25.

Tuesday (Lords).—Debate on the Big-Little Irish Bill resumed. For hard upon three hours did Chief Gunner CAIRNS fire forensic shot into it until the "riddle" (in



NATURAL RELIGION.

Bishop (reproving delinquent Page). "WRETCHED BOY! WHO IS IT THAT SEES AND BEARS ALL WE DO, AND BEFORE WHOM EVEN I AM BUT AS A CRUSHED WORM?"

Page. "THE MISSUS, MY LORD!"

Lord SALISBURY's sense) was riddled indeed (in an artilleryman's). He thought (to summarise seven columns in as many lines) it would impair the fixed principles of "propriety," in deference to an unproven emergency, unfairly tax the pockets of a small section of the public, raise the sordid passions of the peasantry, and drive away Capital from Ireland.

Lord SELBORNE characterised the Earl's seven columns as "observations."

"Let 'observations' with extensive view,
Survey the Bill, and say it will not do."

He, Lord SELBORNE, thought it would. He rather fancied Earl CAIRNS, like certain Wimbledon marksmen, had been scoring bulls'-eyes (which did not count) on the wrong target, peppering a phantom Bill of his own imagination quite different from the one actually before the House.

Lord CRANBROOK, with his accustomed heat, threw cold water on the Bill, the Duke of ARGYLE as warmly defended it.

The Earl of BEACONSFIELD was retrospective, preferring, apparently, the calm pleasures of Memory to the flattering tales of Hope, or the delusive delights of Imagination. He informed a listening Senate that it was "a busy age," and a "rapid," that we had got into a pernicious habit of forgetting world-shaking events,—which took place five years ago (the Devon Commission, for example),—that "new ideas" were not so omnipotent as some people imagined, and that the despotism of public opinion required tempering—by Disraelian epigram, of course. He, also incidentally, opposed the Bill.

After a brief reply from Lord GRANVILLE, the House divided. The Great Propriety Fight ended in a majority of 231 against the Bill (Contents 51, Non-Contents 282); and the Peers, having once more "saved their country," and "earned the gratitude of posterity," broke up at twenty-five minutes to two.

(Commons.)—Here, upon the Employers' Liability Bill was waged by lesser men a lesser war. Law, portly and saccharine, on one side of the table, fought Law, smart and subacid, on the other; irresponsible philanthropists gushed, and irresponsible Ishmaelites gibed; and whilst Conservative free-lances showed themselves wonderfully liberal—of disinterested advice to the Government—Liberal Capitalists proved remarkably Conservative—of their own special interests. Highly interesting masquerade of political emotions.

Ishmael (Tory) stood in fixed "surprise."
"Sorrow" brought tears to Abdiel's (Liberal) eyes;
Official "Indignation" had to cope
With Capital's "Despair," and Labour's angry "Hope."

Progress was reported, though little had been made, and the House adjourned at half-past one.

Wednesday (Commons).—The House assembled at twelve o'clock, went into Committee on the Employers' Liability Bill, and lengthy discussion of the doctrine of "Common Employment," which "doctrine" was canvassed with as much heat as though it had been a theological one, warring interests being to the full as cantankerous as contending creeds.

Oh! Capital's unselfish zeal for Labour lovingly forthshines, When "Mines" (for "Railways") lay down rules, or "Railways" fashion laws (for "Mines.")

Moral of the Sitting, which was suspended at six o'clock.

Thursday (Lords).—Half an hour's sitting; Epping Forest Bill, and Wild Birds Protection Law Amendment Bill, pushed fairly through. Little cry and a fair share of wool.

(Commons).—Torture by question liberally (and Conservatively) applied to Government. In reply to an insidious inquiry from Mr. PARNELL, Mr. FORSTER intimated that, the loss of the Disturbance Bill notwithstanding, the Government must support the law in Ireland, but hoped the landlords would be moderate in their appeals to it.

Personal explanations between Mr. BOURKE and Sir CHARLES DILKE (on behalf of the Premier) concerning the alleged jealousy of the Powers, notably France, on the subject of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, and the improper suppression of evidence of that jealousy by the late Government. Like most personal explanations, it seemed to need—explaining.

Lord HARTINGTON detailed certain proposed arrangements for the conduct of the business of the House, against which everybody, of course, felt it his duty (and pleasure) incontinently to protest. Mr. FORSTER pathetically complained that the time of the House was being wasted!!! Forster, my lad, you lack humour! The motto of the Obstructives (Irish and Ishmaelitish) is "Never allow to be postponed till to-morrow what you can wrangle over to-day."

Then more disinterested dialectics on the Employers' Liability Bill, cut short, to Lord R. CHURCHILL's great disgust, by what he called "a mere Irish row," the discussion, namely on Mr. McCARTHY's Motion for the reconstruction—in the interest of the Irish Tenant-Farmers—of the Irish Land Commission, which Motion was lost, on division, by 74.

Friday (Lords).—The Peers talked for two hours, or so, about Acoustics and reporting. They objected to having a reporter wheeled about on the floor of their House to catch their Lordships' speeches. If no alteration is made, Reporters will be provided with ear-trumpets.

(Commons, Morning).—Lord R. CHURCHILL interrogative (*c'est la son métier*) about his clients, the Turks, and Concerted Coercion. Sir C. DILKE thought it would be wrong—and rude—to consider prematurely the "improbable hypothesis" that the former would render the latter necessary. Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (another incarnate Note of Interrogation) raised the old Bogey of "Millions of Indian Mahomedans"!!! which Lord HARTINGTON, in the most cold-blooded manner, straightway floored.

(Evening).—Mr. ARNOLD moved for relaxation of the restrictions on the Importation of Foreign Cattle. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT thought the Motion "wise." Mr. CHAPLIN swore it was "wanton." Mr. MUNDELLA, on behalf of the Government, said "*non possumus*," earning thereby Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's deep gratitude, and the Motion was negatived by 194 to 20.

Then the House (to avoid the supplementary purgatory of a Saturday Sitting on "contentious business") resumed discussion of the Employers' Liability Bill, and wound up its week's work at twenty-five minutes past three.

Ah me! if our Senators, ancient and young,
Were less short of temper, and less long of tongue

Sang Mr. PUNCH, M.P. for England, as he strolled home in the cool of the morning.

HOPPY-GO-LUCKY.

CAPITAL tidings from the Kentish grounds!
The hops are coming on "by leaps and bounds."

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

A PARAGRAPH headed "Disappearance of the Skylark" is troubling ornithologists. This will be a dreary world with no Larks!

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

THIS is how I come for to be a Waiter.

My Father was a Green Grocer, and wen the Swells as we served with Vegetables for their Dinner tables giv a Party, Father went as a Waiter or a Butler, as the case might be. Wen I seed him drest in his lovely soot of Black, and his beautifull white Choker, looking for all the world like a Bishop without his apron, my hart was fird with Ambishun, and I said to myself, if it is so grand to be a meer Ammytoor Waiter, what must it be to be a reglar Perfesshunal! So a Waiter I become, always having before me the possibillity of one day amering, like a crississ from a grubb or wisy wersy, into a full blone Foot-

man to a Sheriff or even a Lord Mare! But this is a vishun not to be reelised!

The fust thing as struck me when I began my offishal dooties, was the wonderfool amount of confedens shown to us by everybody as we waited on. The most secret hax, the most dangerus sentimens, in the most outspokenest langwidge, was talked of freely before us, as if we was all Def! My friend Brown, who's a bit of a Sinnic, says it's all Contemp; I say it's all Confedense, and nothink therefore shall flow from my pen and ink, that the most fastigios Warden can object to. I'm a true Conservatif. I want no change, and never wants to give none.

How can I help being a Conservatif, wen every week I hears all the loyal Toasts given four or five times, with almost teers of effec-shun and revrse? Then comes the Army and the Navy and the Wollunteers, and don't the Chairman, whoever he may be, pour out the melted butter pretty thick? Praps tho the man above all men as I continually hears spoken ighest of is, "my Right Honorable frend the LORD MARE," as the Chairmen all calls him. What wonderful chaps them Lord Mares all seems to be! Every one is allus better than the last one, so what they will sum day kum to, who can say?

Brown says, in his sneering way, "Wot a rum lot them must have bin as is past and gone!"

Wot a life of luxery and pride is a Lord Mare's! Fancy reel Turtel Soup five nights a week! The idear is too gorgeous to realise.

I loves my *City Press*, and why? Becos every Saturday it gives a bootiful account of all the grand City dinners, which takes up neerly harf the paper, and direclty it cumms, my eldest boy, who is gitting a cappital Eddicashun at somebody else's expence, expounds it all to me, and I am abel to say to almost all on 'em, "My children, I were there!"

It's always orful impressive to hear the profound silence while the Turtel is rapidly disappearing. Then the Aldermen arks one another, "How were the Turtel to-night?" "Not quite equal to last night's," or "Simply perfect," as the case may be. As far as Turtel goes, Aldermaniacks I call 'em.

I herd one wuthy Alderman say the other night at the Goldsmiths, "What a merciful dispensashun of Providens it is, that Turtel and Wenson should be as wholesome as they are scrumpshus!"

(Signed)

ROBERT.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

ANY Measure for the Relief of Irish Distress must be unsatisfactory unless it contains sufficient provisions.

ANTIQUITY OF BICYCLING.

THE Members of the Bicycle Club always date their letters "B.C." This will astonish future Antiquarians.

A MECHANICAL ORGAN.—An Artificial Nose.



WHY EAT ANY MORE?



IR.—If Doctor TANNER succeeds in living on nothing, couldn't the Tanner system be applied to the Corporation of the City of London? Why, a revenue would be saved enough to pay off the National Debt!

Yours hopefully,
REAL TURTLE.

SIR.—Long life to Dr. TANNER is what me and my little lambkins all say. No more legs o' mutton! No more slaughter-houses! No more being driven about by that worrying sheep-dog. "Cur woolley woo?" I says to him, talking over Dr. TANNER; at which he only growled a growl. The young bullock who told me about it roared at the idea. I couldn't help taking up my sheep-pen to say a word to you on the subject. They won't kill us now, only shear us—merely cut and come again, to keep up the supply for the Lord Chancellor's Woolsack. Dr. TANNER will be the sheep's friend—our *Sheer Ally*. Bless him! I'd have a statue erected to him by all the eatable animals, and placed—where?—in Sheepside.

Yours, not sheepishly,
A MEMBER OF THE BAA.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(*The Colonel on Brighton Bubbles and Canterbury Cajoleries.*)

HAVING promised to furnish you occasionally with hints upon Sporting, need I say I attended Brighton Races!

The journey down was not uneventful. The sole occupant of my compartment (beside of course myself) was a person of innocent appearance, who after discussing Hospital Sunday, the Benevolent Institutions of London, and other interesting topics of conversation, invited me, when we reached East Croydon, to play a little game of *écarté*. I agreed, when judge of my horror, after a couple of deals, I discovered that my apparently simple-minded fellow traveller was nothing less than a Card Sharper! I laid my plans accordingly. As a matter of common precaution, I invariably carry a few Kings concealed up the sleeves of my coat (if you knew the world as well I do, my dear young Friend, you would do the same), and with this advantage in my favour, I soon succeeded in foiling his iniquitous devices. Having lost some of his ill-gotten gains, the scoundrel wished to give up play, and to return to the discussion of Hospital Sunday, the Benevolent Institutions of London, and other interesting topics of conversation. It was then that I withered him with my scorn, and painted him in his true colours. I pointed out to him that travellers were cautioned by the officials of the Railway Company to beware of fellows of his stamp, and threatened to give him into custody at the next station. He was deeply moved, and promising immediate amendment, appealed to me for mercy. His tears convinced me of the sincerity of his repentance. Feeling, however, that I must not compound a felony, I as a Magistrate (I am on the Commission of the Peace for —, but this is a detail), imposed the fine, and smiled graciously, while I pocketed his money. Is it necessary to add, Sir, that the fine thus solemnly imposed, will

be expended to the uttermost farthing in true charity—which begins at home? No, Sir. I hope not!

Arrived at Brighton. Sir, in spite of the lassitude of the Police, the scepticism of the Municipal Authorities, the indifference of the Public Prosecutor, I insist that the notorious gambling-houses, the dens of dissipation and gambling are no myth, no horrible trick of a heated imagination! I myself am a living proof to the contrary. In the course of a couple of days (would you believe it, Sir?) I was turned out of all of them!

Utterly disgusted with Brighton town, on Thursday I left it to visit the Race Course. The company were neither numerous nor select. The boxes of the Grand Stand were occupied chiefly by baskets of flowers, and in the carriages *en face* was an assortment of paintings in rouge and *blanc de perle*, mounted apparently in frames of Worth. These paintings appeared to me, Sir, to be very indifferent "studies of flesh colour." The county notabilities were conspicuous by their absence. It was quite a relief to leave "the nobility and gentry of the district" to mix with "the common people." Here was a vendor of a mysterious compound called "Okey Pokey," and there a sharp American engaged in puzzling the county constabulary (who were crowding amicably around him) with a Yankee edition of "the three-card trick." I heard an aged Sergeant of Police observe, *à propos* of this last feat, that "he (the Sergeant) couldn't imagine how he (the American) could think of such clever things!" But the most interesting people on the course in my eyes were some half a dozen worthy fellows marking race-cards, and giving tips at sixpence the consultation! One of these "prophets" was a most finished orator. He gave his autobiography. He had been a surgeon, then a jockey, then a trainer, then a gentleman, then the proprietor of numerous "orises." He was now, apparently, a millionaire, and certainly the servant of the public. As the servant of the public he was ready to mark race-cards and give tips, naming the absolute winners for the races—all for the ridiculous sum of sixpence.

And now, my dear young friend, if you knew how impulsive I am you would not be surprised at what followed. I happened to be in a rollicking humour, and ready for any piece of wagery. I had preserved my *incognito*. There was not a soul on the course that knew me. So I thought I would play a little practical joke. Taking one of these prophets aside I arranged that he should mark the cards as I directed. Then came my part of the pleasantries. By the merest chance I happened to have brought on to the course with me a carpet bag containing a green hat with yellow stars at the front and back, a bright blue coat with large red buttons, a pair of—perhaps I had better say—a *dado* of pink and black stripes, a false nose, a large *porte-monnaie* labelled "Brown of London," and a board plastered over with the races arranged on a white card with a deep black margin. Hastily assuming this disguise I strongly resembled "commissioners" of a really respectable character. And now the joke commenced. My friend the prophet sent me plenty of customers. I assisted to put the public "on" the *King of Scotland* for the Cliftonville Plate, *Grace* for the Preston Handicap, *Chutney* for the Kemp Town Plate, and *Marc Antony* for the Welter Handicap. Those who were present know that none of these "noble quadruped 'orses" (as my prophet called them) "was able to win." The *King*, in spite of a good thumping from *CANNON* (rather suggestive of Blackheath riding on a Sunday) failed to get up to the Judge's Chair at the finish. *Grace's* colours (straw and sky-blue sleeves) were prettier than her performances. *Rossiter* had it all his own way on *Ligurian*, and as for *Marc Antony*, he was as much out of the race as Cleopatra. But now I considered that the joke was growing a little stale—the more especially as I learned from my customers that the Prophet had given *Canarie Chiel* (the horse that subsequently came in first) as his selection for the Steward's Cup. I retired during the running of this race, hastily resumed my ordinary costume, and quietly and unostentatiously returned to Brighton. Not a soul saw me go! In conclusion, I may say that I spent the day, on the whole, in rational, innocent, and not altogether unprofitable amusement.

I will merely add, that the remainder of the "Sussex Fortnight" was passed at Lewes, and I am hard at work upon the entries for the Autumn Handicaps. The Old Stagers have had a good week of it at Canterbury, though they missed the Old Stagerest Stager of 'em all, myself—

THE COLONEL.

Musical Information.

DR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, it is said, had chosen *Jonathan* as the subject of his forthcoming Oratorio at Leeds; but he changed his mind probably after visiting America, on the ground that some of his friends out there might object to it as too personal.

CON. FOR BACKERS OF THE FAVOURITE.—How many "bad seconds" go to a *mauvais quart d'heure*?



THE LAST VALSE BUT FOUR—TIME 2.35 A.M.

Wife of his Bosom. "DON'T KEEP LOOKING AT YOUR WATCH, ALCY! ONE WOULD THINK YOU WERE IN CHURCH!"

PUNCH TO THE PREMIER.

"ALL's well," my WILLIAM, "that ends well," and hearty
Are Mr. Punch's prompt congratulations,
Echoed, without respect of creed or party,
By a whole gladdened Nation's.

Wheugh! but it shocked us, WILLIAM, that sharp news
That you were down—the stalwart, steadfast, stable!
No man of us arose without the "blues"
From Monday's breakfast-table.

The House looked chill, my WILLIAM, and its voices
Were hushed to hear what, heard, deepened the sadness;
Now, House, Punch, People—all the World rejoices
With an unfeigned gladness.

Hurrah! But WILLIAM mine, be wise, beware!
Give not e'en tempered steel too sore a trial.
The Nation urges you, "Take rest! take care!"
And will not brook denial.

The venial selfishness of love suggests
The warning, of solicitude sure token.
We know the blade won't rust—it seldom rests—
But we'd not see it broken.

You must—but Punch is far too glad to chide,
He turns him to his task again more gaily,
Since he can send you, WILL, with thankful pride,
Salve! instead of *Vale!*

Entr'acte.

"*The Bridal Tour!*" indignantly exclaimed an old Haymarket ex-Pitman. "Try to pass this off on us as a good play! It's like his American assurance!"

"Ah," sighed the Manager, "I wish it were like his *London Assurance!*"

A SCARE IN THE CITY.

THE shell has burst over the City. The Commission of Inquiry into the Livery Companies is London-Gazetted; the styles and titles of the twelve Commissioners, one for each of the twelve great Companies, are duly set forth, the nature and scope of the investigation are precisely detailed; and the name of the Secretary is not suggestive of peaceful proceedings—it is *WARE*.

The Companies (eighty or so in number) will invite the Commission to dine with them in rotation. As a preliminary, the Members are all cramming themselves for examination.

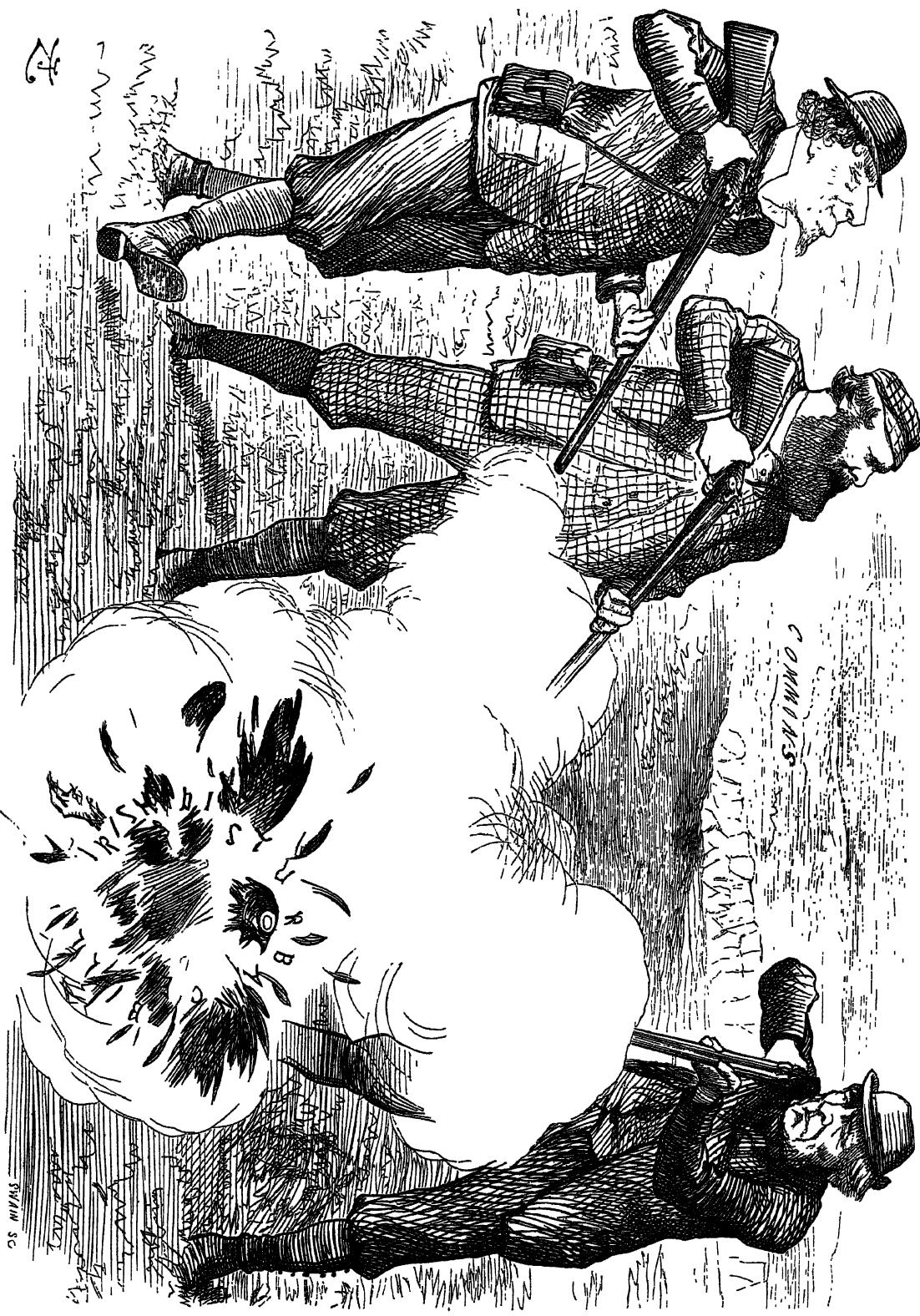
Relays of Charwomen are busy night and day in the Halls, preparing for the Chairmen.

The Apothecaries have offered to attend the Commissioners for nothing, on every day after the fare; the Barbers will shave them on the same liberal terms; the Cooks are ready to submit their (cookery)-books to the most rigid scrutiny, and show all their receipts for years; there will always be a knife and fork for them at the Guttlers'—we mean the Cutlers'; the Fishmongers will offer their little haul for dinner; and the Fruiterers will give them their desserts.

The Glaziers will appear in their best window-sashes; the Gloves intend to be hand-in-glove with them; the Girdlers hope to get round the Commissioners by girdling (we attach the utmost significance to this term, none but Freemen of the Company know its exact import); the Goldsmiths are on their metal; the Gun-Makers are alarmed lest their pockets should be rifled; the Joiners will join them at dinner (unless the parish-clerks forbid the banns); the Merchant Taylors have intrusted their case to a committee of nine, who will be as one man; and the Musicians will be instrumental in bringing about a satisfactory finish.

LEELAND'S FLOATING CAPITAL.—Cork. [This was "told to the Marines" last week, and a thousand of 'em were sent off at once to invest it.]

TRE BEST DR. TANNER.—The Sun at the sea-side.



OUR "NOBLE SPORTSMEN."

Louis B-C-NSF-LD (*jubilant*). "WE DON'T OFTEN GET SUCH A CHANCE ON OUR MOOR. WHY, WE'VE BLOWN HIM ALL TO BITS BETWEEN US!"

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine; or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishys Wildux," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Eye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry Otspur," "Mary Greasily," "Vicar of Pullbaker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.

RETURNING CONSCIOUSNESS.



through a hole in which he saw La Signora cantering round the circus on his own cob, as she bowed with inimitable grace right and left to the spectators. Ah! what would he not have given to have ridden with her on the same cob, and an old-fashioned pillion!

And here the author must beg it to be remembered that Mr. MATTIX was not in all things a bad man. His motives, like his grog at night, were mixed; and though his conduct is generally such as I am compelled for the sake of my most respectable readers to blame severely, yet, I assure you, I cannot prevent him from succumbing to these impulses which, if nice for the time being, are undoubtedly naughty; though I am willing to admit that it would have been difficult to impress Mr. MATTIX with the moral truths contained in one of his own sermons, could it have been read aloud to him on this particular occasion.

Mr. MATTIX had never been an immoral man, and therefore might have a good deal of amusement yet in store for him, as in early life he had devoted himself so entirely to study as to have had neither eyes nor thoughts for anything but the strictest mathematical definitions and the very plainest axioms. It must, therefore, be conceived by my readers, who would not for one moment tolerate the slightest suspicion of immorality in any of my works any more than I should myself, that Mr. MATTIX in all this was firmly convinced that, in making love to two Ladies at once, he was acting from the very highest motives, and that if he had ultimately married one for her money, and gone off with another for love, he would still have pacified his conscience by the reflection that no harm can be done where none is intended, that least said is soonest mended, and that the happiness of the greatest number is the object of the individual.

He saw no immorality in having two belles to his one beau, and as he rode back to Small-Beerjester on the cob which Mr. MERRYMAN had brought out with La Signora's compliments and thanks, he hummed to himself "How happy could I be with either," and began to debate whether such an Italian Marchesa with the family diamonds was not worth two MORLEENAS, even with the highest clerical preferment in view. So he returned to Small-Beerjester, and informed Mrs. DOWDIE of the arrangement he had made to surprise all Small-Beerjester at her first garden-party, which, "for your sake, my dear Lady," said Mr. MATTIX warmly, "I hope to see the biggest possible success."

Mr. MATTIX, I must admit, was not exactly honest in this utterance, but after all, he was placed in a difficult position, and if he had said too much about La Signora, would not my

readers have been deprived of the stirring recitation of the scene which they are already enjoying by anticipation, and which they may safely expect, for I am not one to raise false hopes and fears, and then baffle aspirations—in the next Chapter.

How grievous a thing for Miss KITTY CLOVER it is to have all her interest in a Novel suddenly destroyed by Miss PAULINA PRY, who, having peeped into the third volume and read the last chapter, is able triumphantly to inform her weeping friend that she need not shed tears over the death of the heroine in the middle of Volume Two, as she comes to life again as right as ninepence, and marries Sir Frederick Phinis, at the very end of the book. No, my sweet KITTY CLOVER, although you do bother me so, oh—oh, oh, oh! and *da capo*—oh, oh, oh!—your interest in my novel shall not be destroyed by any PAULINA PRY, I promise you, for there is no last volume to peep into, and the finishing chapter of this work shall be as deep a secret from you as were the contents of the Blue Chamber to *Madame Fatima*, until her husband gave her the key and she let the Catastrophe out of the bag. But your own favourite novelist is no Turk of a *Blue Beard*, and as he doesn't wish his dear Miss KITTY CLOVER to lose her head, he will not trust her with the key, and when he does open the Blue Chamber Chapter at the end, you may depend upon it you shall not be shocked at the revelation, and shall only see—what you shall see; that and nothing more, or what would my Lady Patronesses, my dear Spinsters of over forty, my dear Matrons and Materfamilias say to me, were I to show you inside this Blue Chamber, a row of yellow-covered foreign-looking books labelled ZOLA, DAUDET, MONTEPIN, BOISGOBERT, and one or two other names that I could mention, did I wish to be flouted out of all honest British households and be excommunicated by MUDIE & Co.?

No, no, my dear Miss PRY, no, no, my sweet Miss CLOVER, and no, no, no, excellent Mrs. GOODYTWOSHOES, you may try and make friends with the worthy publisher of this periodical, and do your best to induce him to let you into the secrets of the last chapter, but even he will be unable to gratify your curiosity, and we will go hand in hand in full and perfect confidence, author and reader, right up to the finale of this troubled story.

So, my dear Ladies, on we goes to China, or rather on we go to the Episcopal Palace of Small-Beerjester, where, as you are already numbered among our Mrs. Dowdies's intimate friends, you will be admitted—you and I together in our Sunday best—and trust me to take you into the refreshment room, to point you out what is going on at different times between La Signora and Mr. MATTIX in one corner, or La Signora La Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA and the Bishop in another, and how MORLEENA has her eye on Mr. ARABLE, who has just arrived, and how Mr. ARABLE has his eyes on Miss MORLEENA, and how the latter's sister NEVALEENA is observant of everything and everybody including the Archbeacon, who, with his father-in-law, the worthy Mr. SIMPLE, is discussing the prospects of the Mastership of Deedle's, and the chances of Sir ISAAC ALLPHEEZE having his bill of costs discharged in full within the time of the present Bishop's reign over the See of Small-Beerjester.

You see we shall have enough to do together without peeping into Volume the Third, but by merely passing Mrs. Dowdies's footmen and cutting the pages, we shall go in for the next Chapter.



ONE FOR HIM.

Sporting Uncle. "WHEN YOU GALLOP YOUR PONY LIKE THAT, CHARLIE, YOU SHOULD TAKE HIM ON THE TURF."

Charlie. "BUT, UNCLE BOB,—I HEARD PAPA SAY HE HOPES I'LL NEVER GO ON THE TURF,—LIKE YOU."

PERVERSE FACTS AND FIGURES.

MR. PUNCH,

REALLY, Sir, the conductors of newspapers should be very careful how they promote or permit the publication of figures capable of being quoted by the enemies of Progress, for their own purpose, against the Social Reformers now so earnestly endeavouring to enforce parental legislation for the curtailment of freedom of indulgence in those personal inclinations of which, being offensively opposed to their own, they desire the repression as, above all things, requisite for the general good.

In an account of the Bank Holiday at the Alexandra Palace, your principal contemporary, the other day, related certain "particulars respecting the demand on the refreshment departments;" amongst them these:—

"There were consumed 720 dozen of spirits, 470 dozen wine, 1600 dozen bottles of ale, 750 bottles of stout, 9,000 dozen lemonade, ginger-beer, soda-water, and seltzer-water, 350 barrels of draught ale, 30,000 cups of tea and coffee, and 12,600 one-shilling teas."

The enumeration then goes on to eatables; but what I protest against is the foregoing statement as to drinkables, in connection with what follows:—

"The total number of visitors, as already reported, was 107,852. It is very satisfactory to state that there was not a single instance of disorderly conduct on the part of the immense concourse."

Satisfactory, indeed! Quite the reverse, Sir. According to the quantities of intoxicating liquors above given, a very large proportion of their consumers ought to have been drunk and disorderly, whereas they were no such thing. Moreover, with an option between intoxicating and non-intoxicating liquors, the holiday people at the Alexandra Palace ought by no means to have partaken of the latter in comparison with the former at the foregoing rates, which represent Personal Option as having, in effect, all the advantage which we contend can only be derived from Local Option. This is not the way to speed the crusade against the liquor traffic, and to demonstrate the necessity for closing restaurants on Sunday.

I have the honour of boasting myself to be, Sir, your humble Servant, an uncompromising member of the United Kingdom Alliance, and a zealous out-and-out GOOD TEMPLAR.

P.S.—I trust you will impartially print the preceding protest, although your name is synonymous with a beverage I wish abolished by Act of Parliament.

PUNCH TO THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

AUSTRALIAN lads, ye're a leathering lot,
Your team has no "tail," and seems proof against "rot"!
Your batsmen a capital average tot!
Your bowlers are commonly well on the spot!
Our "cracks" seem all catching it awfully hot,
(Nine runs in two innings "the Champion" got!)
Yorkshire you "scumfished," now Gloucester you've "shot."
You have licked us all round, and the prospect is not
An encouraging one to the Briton or Scot,
And—drinking your health—*Mr. Punch* would ask, "What!
Can cricket in England be going to pot?"

[*Mr. P. sigheth, and solaceth himself with a "deep deep draught" of Iced Hatfield.*

Puzzle Advertisement.

EXTRACT from the "Marriages" in the *Times* of July 30:—

"On the 28th July, at St. Mary's, Putney, by the Hon. and Rev. ROBERT HENLEY, M.A., CATHERINE THODORA, eldest daughter of ROBERT H. DAHL, Esq., of Morden Lodge, Putney."

Query—Where was the Young Man?

PAIRING.—For birds in Spring, and Members of Parliament generally in the Autumn.

BEE-SWING.

The sixth great exhibition of the British Bee-Keepers' Association was held on Tuesday, July 27, at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, South Kensington.

EARL SPENCER has been memorialised in favour of appointing a Professor of Bee-culture, in connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington.

How doth the little busy Bee
Increase her little power,
And gather favour every day,
And almost every hour!

How pleased she hears within her cell
That Apiculture thrives!
That honeycomb is selling well,
And Bees are having "drives"!

In Exhibition hive and tent
She would be sharer too,
So swarms to Kensington are sent
Their busy work to do.

And if Earl SPENCER should reply,
"The Bees shall have a Chair,"
To Kensington again she'll fly,
And humbly settle there.

Collision and Cause.

Now that the travelling season has commenced, the chapter of accidents is open, and on its first page we read that railway collisions are very commonly owing to the fatal circumstance that some stationmaster, pointsman, signalman, engineer, guard, or other official has lost his head. This mischance will sometimes occur on the best regulated railway, but it is very commonly owing to a system of shortsighted economy, under which a railway servant gets over-worked, fatigued, and distracted to a degree which, in respect of head, is virtually equivalent to decapitation. Talk of danger from loose sleepers, what sleeper can be more dangerous than a dozing signalman?

LATEST FROM OXFORD.—The number of Colleges remains the same, but there is one HALL less.

MUD-SALAD MARKET.

MUD-SALAD Market belongs to his Grace the Duke of MUDFORD. It was once a tranquil Convent Garden, belonging first to the Abbot of WESTMINSTER, and finally to the Dukes of MUDFORD. The property having been let on building leases, it became a small square in the centre of London, bounded on one side by INIGO JONES's church,—"The handsomest barn in England,"—on another side by a theatre, and warmly supported on other sides by numerous minor taverns. The hot-houses of the old Garden have become the pot-houses of the modern Market. Mud-Salad Market, like its own vegetables, has now sprouted out in all directions. You may start from Cabbage-leaf Corner, near the site of Temple Bar, on a market-morning, and may go as far as Turnip-top Square in Bloomsbury, or Cauliflower-place at Charing Cross, and it is all Mud-Salad Market. Houses are barricaded with mountainous carts of green-stuff, cabs lose themselves in vain attempts to drive through the maze of vegetables, the costermonger makes temporary gardens on the pathway, while the roads are blocked with waggons, carts, donkey-trucks, and porters staggering under the weight of huge baskets. Carrots, turnips, vegetable-marrows, potatoes, lettuces, and onions are masters of the situation. Vegetable refuse, ankle deep, carpets the pathway in every direction, mixed with mud and rain-water, and trampled into a pulpy slimy muck by thousands of hob-nailed boots. Leases drop in, old houses are pulled down, great spaces are cleared, new houses of an approved stucco type are built, and no attempt is made to increase the legitimate limits of Mud-Salad Market.

Is any rent paid for the occupation of the public highways? Are any rates exacted by an obsequious Board of Guardians for the practical annexation of property belonging to the ratepayers? Is it not a fact that in dealing with the rateable value of Mud-Salad Market proper, and the Duke of MUDFORD's own theatres (for he owns two, including a concert-hall), Bumbledom shows every disposition to make things pleasant for the Dook? Why don't the parochial Guardians make things pleasant for his less distinguished neighbours? It is not too much to say that Mud-Salad Market is a disgrace to London, a special disgrace to his Grace of MUDFORD, and



EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Party (who had been to a Lecture on Astronomy, and a little Supper afterwards.)
"GALILEO'SH PERFLY RIGHT—TH' EARSH DOESH MOVE!"

about the greatest nuisance ever permitted in a great City of Nuisances.

Rather different this account of Mud-Salad Market from LEIGH HUNT's description of a certain Covent Garden Market in his day, when "it was the most agreeable in the metropolis," and when it had been "raised" into "a convenient and elegant state by the noble proprietor." Let his Grace of MUDFORD take a leaf from that Duke's tree, and, if he can't "raise" Mud-Salad Market, let him "raze" it, and give us a new one.

Grant, your Grace, a new broom to some one, let a clean sweep be made of Mud-Salad Market, and your petitioners will never again pray anything any more.

Chaff from the Haymarket.

WEDDING March was fun,
Bridal Tour is slow,
GILBERT wrote the one,
'Tother BOUCICAULT.
DION, if 'tis yours,
You should feel remorse;
For *The Bridal Tour's*
Not a tour de force.

From Little Maiden Lane.

THERE is some talk of reviving the Fielding Club. Wanted, a new name for the Club. "The Fielding" 's done; try "The Innings." How's that, Umpire?

A WAR DANCE.

Colonel Polka. A new dance composed by M. HERVÉ, originally intended for Private Parties.

BUYING FOR THE RISE.—Investing in an Alpen-Stock.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At Drury Lane, for the Première of the World.

THE WORLD - A STAGE

too. The following synopsis may convey some idea of what the play is like:-

Act I. Tableau 1. H. Emden. (I copy the bill. "H. EMDEN" is not the name of the Scene, but the Scenic Artist.) Cape Colony. Steamer at back, about to start. Man at the Wheel, polishing it. No one speaks to him, of course. Nursemaid (a widow) seated before him. No one speaks to her. Everybody watches them closely. Evidently there is a mystery about these two persons. What is it? Is the steersman in love with the widow? Won't the widow listen to the steersman? Does silence speak consent? This is the action at the back. In front, enter various villains under various aliases, one being a comic gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, "characteristically" (this is a safe word in criticism) played by Mr. HARRY JACKSON. There is a Mr. Owen—"a diamond seeker"—who I fancied would have turned out as thorough a villain as the worst of them if he had been allowed to survive the Second Act. This is played by Mr. ARTHUR MATHISON. Seeing this gentleman's name, and recognising in him the talented librettist, songster, and composer—all in one—everybody expected "with a song" in the bills. But everybody was—disappointed. He only had one chance in *Act II.* on board the gallant Something (whatever it was) when it was quite on the cards for him to have called out, cheerily, "Avast there, messmates! We're crossing the Equator; and when we're doing that, 'tis a way we have in the Navy to sing a song."

Everybody (on board, of course). Aye! aye! A song! a song!

And then, of course, Mr. Owen would have at once obliged the company with a ditty and chorus. After the song, up starts some other jovial person, and cries, "A dance! a dance!" But nothing of this happened. No; they passed over the Equator as if they had simply overlooked it, and— But I find I've got to the end of *Act II.* before I've done *Act I.*

Act I. (resumed). The villains tell each other what they know of one another's villainy. They all do it, and are all in it. The comic guileless Israelite sends dynamite on board the gallant Something, and induces another villain—one *Bashful* or *Bashford*—to go on board. Sir Clement Huntingford (Sir WILLIAM BIGNOLD), a stout Baronet under an alias, enters, and becomes very sentimental—all stout people are—about the elegant and comparatively thin heroine, *Mary Blithe* (Miss F. JOSPHES). Then the bell rings, and Everybody goes on board disguised as Somebodies Elses under aliases, including the Captain. The steamer—licensed to carry at least thirteen passengers, and ultimately intended to ply between Chelsea and London Bridge Piers—starts. Yet not one word has passed between the above-mentioned Man at the Wheel, and the Maid in a widow's cap! What is this mystery?

Act II.—On board; where Mr. MATHISON doesn't sing, where they don't dance, and where Pop goes the Dynamite, and down comes the Curtain. Where's Mr. PLIMSOUL? This boat, licensed to carry thirteen, is taking five times the number. Is it an expanding boat? Is it blown out before being blown up? Impossible to say. But in this Act at least sixty persons come to an untimely end, and all friends in front would have been inconsolable for so great a loss had they not subsequently recognised nearly all the passengers alive and well in the Third Act, promenading about the Aquarium in the identical dresses they had worn on that fatal day aboard that ill-starred vessel.

Act II.—Death of Owen (Mr. ARTHUR MATHISON)—*morte d'Arthur*

—without a song. A struggle for the last drop. 'Tis lost; and as a ship heaves in sight, down comes another drop—the Act Drop.

Act III.—The Royal Aquarium filled with survivors from the gallant Something, as specimens of sea-water preservation. Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS appears in evening dress, as another villain, with the elegant heroine. Comic Hebrew reappears, and with him a new villain, who is an old villain—one *Lumley*, a Solicitor (Mr. J. R. GIBSON)—the best-played part in the whole piece. There is quite a surfeit of villains in this piece. The Man at the Wheel and the Maid in widow's weeds have disappeared for ever, having been, apparently, the only victims of the dynamite explosion. Perhaps their story is to be continued in Messrs. MERRITT, PETTRIT, and HARRIS's next! What a lot of double letters in these three names!

Tableau 5.—Interior of a Great Hotel. Stout Baronet, under an alias, chloroformed by *Bashful* under another alias, who, in turn, is killed by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, the Stout Baronet's Wicked Brother in disguise. Thrilling.

Act IV.—After the Hotel a scene in an Inn—Lincoln's Inn. Two mad Doctors—both mad—join a Solicitor, the Wicked Brother, and a few others in committing stout but sentimental Baronet to a private Lunatic Asylum.

Tableau 7.—Good Scene by H. CUTHBERT.—Stout Baronet knocks down ten keepers, escapes from the Asylum, then hires a punt by the hour, and probably ends the day stickleback-fishing in his shirt-sleeves, with a jug of beer and a long pipe.

Act V.—Palace Chambers. Really palatial. I think it is in this scene that Mr. HARRIS exclaims, in a cruelly rasping voice, "It's a lie!" whereupon Miss HELEN BARRY asks him "if he doubts her voracity?" She looked as if she could have eaten him, so he thought it best not to express any further doubts as to her "voracity." Comic Hebrew and old villain taken by police; and Wicked Brother of stout sentimental Baronet, rushing after Elegant Heroine, declaring wildly, "I love yer to subtraction"—like *Captain Crosstree*—receives a "wunner" from the elegant one, which knocks him down the place where the lift ought to be. Having thus given the piece a lift where it might have fallen a little flat, as the Wicked Brother must have been after the descent of the *ascenseur*—off we go to

Tableau 9.—A Fancy Ball, where the stout sentimental Baronet comes, with the Elegant Heroine, to celebrate the event of his Wicked Brother's recent death, and to convey the melancholy intelligence to Mrs. Wicked Brother (Miss HELEN BARRY), who, but for that, would have made a night of it.

That's all. *Moral.*—Don't be a stout sentimental Baronet. Can I doubt its success? No, not for *The World*, says

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. No. 1.—At one time there was some danger of too much attention being paid to upholstery on the Stage, but Mrs. BATEMAN feels certain that she can't furnish her house better than with genuine old Chippendale.

P.S. No. 2.—"WHAT are the Danites' Performances?" Day-nights Performances? Evidently Night performances in the Day, generally known as *Matinées*. [At least Mr. TOOLE toolled us so—and he ought to know.]

A MERCANTILE TORPEDO.

ON Saturday last, a daring seaman, "Captain GRAY, of the barque *Letterewe*," of whose head, if possible, a cast should be taken, because, according to Phrenology, it ought to exhibit a hole instead of a prominence at the "organ of Caution," was convicted by the Liverpool Bench on a charge of having on board his vessel paraffin instead of vegetable oil; therewith non-safety matches; and there-withal the cargo below specified:

"The vessel was lying in the river with thirty-five tons of gunpowder on board, and the police found two paraffin lamps burning in the cabin."

The reporter of these particulars premises them with the remark that "some heavy penalties" were imposed by the Liverpool Justices on Captain GRAY, and concludes them with the statement that—

"The defendant was fined £10 and costs for the first offence, and £5 and costs for the other."

Suppose, instead of thirty-five tons of gunpowder the *Letterewe* had contained as many pounds of contraband tobacco. In that case would Captain GRAY have escaped with only £15 and costs to pay? If so, he would have been let off with penalties very light comparatively to those which contraband tobacco renders its possessor liable to, and which are usually inflicted. What a difference in heinousness, as well as in danger, between the concealment of contraband tobacco and the unlawful storage of gunpowder!

How to MAKE USE of "THE BLOCK IN THE LAW COURTS."—Try wigs on it.



A COLLISION.

Baker (with indignation). "Now, then! Who are you a-shovin' of? See what you've done to my basket!"

Sweep (with scorn). "Your basket!—Look at my bag!"

EGOES OF THE WEEK.

(From the *Hysterical London News.*)

My esteemed colleague of the *Smoky-on-Sever Observer* is entirely in error in stating that OLIVER CROMWELL ever wore spectacles, and that, from those aids to vision being tri-lateral and of an azure hue, he was known among his Presbyterian Soldiery, now as "True Blue," and now as "Goggles." Nothing whatever of the kind. I knew "Old Noll" very well; that is to say, I remember my grandmother telling me that she could remember a Punch and Judy man who had once been in possession of the skull of the illustrious Protector (whom SHENSTONE justly calls "the Greatest Prince who ever reigned in England"), and that, from the appearance of the superciliary ridge, the external and internal orbital prominences, and the nasal frontal suture, he was certain that CROMWELL never wore spectacles.

I wonder whether the bantering expression, "*Nolle prosequi*," (used when you decline to go any further with a wearisome companion) refers in any way to CROMWELL having been exceptionally active in the prosecution of CHARLES THE FIRST. And, touching etymons, it might be as well to consult JUNIUS, SKINNER, WORCESTER, WALKER, WEBSTER (O, rare BEN WEBSTER!), MÉNAGE, PHILLIPS, WEDGWOOD, and Professor SKEAT as to whether there be any foundation for the popular belief that "Old Noll" should properly be spelt "Knoll," the word having a sly reference to the "eminence" attained by the victor of Naseby.

Mem.—There are to my knowledge (I had almost said "Nol"-edge) eleven heads of Old Noll extant: one at Knole Park; another in the Hoodlum Museum, Kearney Street, San Francisco; a third at Chandernagore; a fourth belonging to the Time-Keeper of the Straits of Malacca; a fifth in the Bodleian Library (this is from the Collection of old NOLLEKENS the Sculptor); a sixth at Madame TUSSAUD'S (only the proprietors are not aware of the fact, and exhibit the skull as that of HENRI QUATRE); a seventh in the Kiatigord Museum at Moscow; an eighth in the Balearic Isles (it is that of OLIVER when he was at school); a ninth in the SULTAN'S private cabinet of *caïmés*, coupons, and crania at Constantinople; a tenth in the Trippenhuis Gallery at Amsterdam; and the eleventh in the possession of your humble servant. Not any are genuine except mine.

A fair Correspondent writes me that through the munificence of Sir JOHN TENPENNY NAYLOR, Bart., M.P., the charming little town of East Grinstead has been endowed with a Free Library, of which a special section has been apportioned to Lady readers; and, as a member of the Library Committee she asks me for a succinct list of useful and entertaining works suitable for "general reading," say of girl students, between the ages of nine and nineteen. I have the greatest pleasure in complying with her request. Here is the list:—

HIGGINS'S *Anacalypsis*; HORNE TOOKE'S *Diversions of Purley*; BOOPSIUS'S *On Tetrahedral Decadendra*; QUACKENBOSCH'S *On the Equivocal Quincunx*; Sir R. PHILLIPS'S *Essays on the Proximate Mechanical Causes of the General Phenomena of the Universe*; SPINOSA'S *On Diseases of the Spine*; ALBERTUS MAGNUS'S *Life of General Grant*; PROFESSOR OXLEY'S *Letters of Tostii*; *The Fall of Wolsey*; a *Historic Study*, by Sir COUTTS LINDSAY; *Crystallography for Kittens*, by the Hon. Mrs. GREY MALKIN; BAYLE'S *Critical Dictionary*; *What's in a Name?* a Novel, by Miss LOUISA LAWN TENNISON; JORNOVIUS'S *Theory of the Spheroid Bulb*; ELECAMPAUDIUS'S *Greek Roots*; *The Tatyy Koran*; BACON'S *Minor Essays*, comprising "Rasher Thoughts," "Up the Rind," and the "Perfect Cure"; MOULDY-MUGG'S *Thoughts on Suicide and Meditations on Homeopathy*; the *Belle's Assemblée* for the year 1813; GRINDEBEANI'S *Organic Remains*; and RUFF'S *Guide to the Turf*.

I shall be happy to reply either in this column or directly to my correspondent "OOGIPOFF," if he will favour me with some more definite address than "Bedford Level, Vale of White Horse," but I must respectfully request that neither he, nor the Gentleman from Hanwell (who bit my parlour-maid in the arm last Wednesday), nor the Lady who claims to be the Rightful Heir to "England's Thorny Throne" (see her thirty-seventh letter to me), will in future repair to my private residence at seven A.M. for the purpose of throwing mud, eggs, ginger-beer bottles, and other missiles at my dining-room windows, because I have been unable to discover whether it was GEORGE SELWYN, MACHIAVELLI, or the Arabian physician AVICENNA, who made use of the remarkable expression, "That accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut; but not for the hair outside."

I have often thought that remark anent the milk in the cocoa-nut worthy to make a sixth with the famous Five Aphorisms of HIPPOCRATES. I wonder whether I could repeat them, now, without book. I remember, more than seven-and-forty years ago, learning them (the aphorisms, not the years) at my good old Nurse MUFFIN'S knee. Let me see—

Ho Bios bracheus.

He de technē makre.

Life is short—when it is fast.

Art is long—when Mr. E. BURNE-JONES'S young maidens wind down "Golden Stairs"

Ho de hairok okus.

The occasion fleeting—when the train only stops five minutes for refreshment at Rugby Junction.

He de peira sphalere.

Experience fallacious—when for the seventh time, you have bought a painted sparrow for a canary.

He de krusis galape.

Judgment difficult—in the Long Vacation.

In the matter of Alamide Beef. "Toopsy" tells me that it is made from chamois leather, marine glue, cardamoms, and Dr. GILLYFLOWER'S Patent Food. "X. Y. Z." remarks sarcastically that the merest schoolboy ought to know that alamide is a careful preparation of couscous-sou, pilaf polpetti, ravioli, stchi, salmagundi, ollapodrida, clam-chowder, and that the peculiar flavour is imparted to it by means of the insipid juice of the manioc (*Troidololoides vulgaris*), and "cherrybungo." But what is "cherrybungo"? I have searched SCHREVELIUS, LIDDELL and SCOTT, LITTEL and WALKER continued by HOOKER (a most judicious lexicographer, who also wrote on Ecclesiastical Politeness), but can find nothing about "cherrybungo." Will Professor SKEAT oblige?

Mem.—"BRUMBRUM" says that HOGARTH was very fond of alamide, and that he can remember the period when Mr. WORTH of Paris kept an alamide-shop.

P. S.—There will not be any "Egoes" next week, as I am going to Honolulu, by the way of the Gulf of Bothnia, and the Bight of Benin. Dear old Bight of Benin!—*Vos valete et plaudite.*

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTER,
(G. A. S. superseded.)

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, August 9th (Lords).—In reply to Lord STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, who wanted to know whether the Government intended to take part in a Naval Demonstration against the Turks, Lord GRANVILLE intimated that premature fist-shaking was not at all in his line; but that without attempting a political *pas seul*, as European Policemen, the Government meant, if needful, to play its proper part in Concerted Coercion.

The Earl of DUNRAVEN thought that the best way to help Ireland was to assist Irishmen to get out of it, in the way of emigration. Lord KIMBERLEY, while admitting that there might be some local congestion of population, which could be treated by depletion, considered that the chief duty of Government was to enable Irishmen to stop at home, and be happy.

(Commons).—Lord HARTINGTON declared, that notwithstanding AYOOB KHAN, and Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT, the Government intended to withdraw all our forces from Cabul as soon as possible. Neither temporary reverses in Afghanistan nor persistent Bogey-

mongering in St. Stephen's, would turn the Government from its settled policy.

KEPT IN.

A Parliamentary Tragedy in One Act. (See Cartoon.)

SCENE—St. Stephen's School, late in the Season.

Hartington (Chief Usher). Now, boys, the holidays—

Chorus of Boys.

Hooray!!!

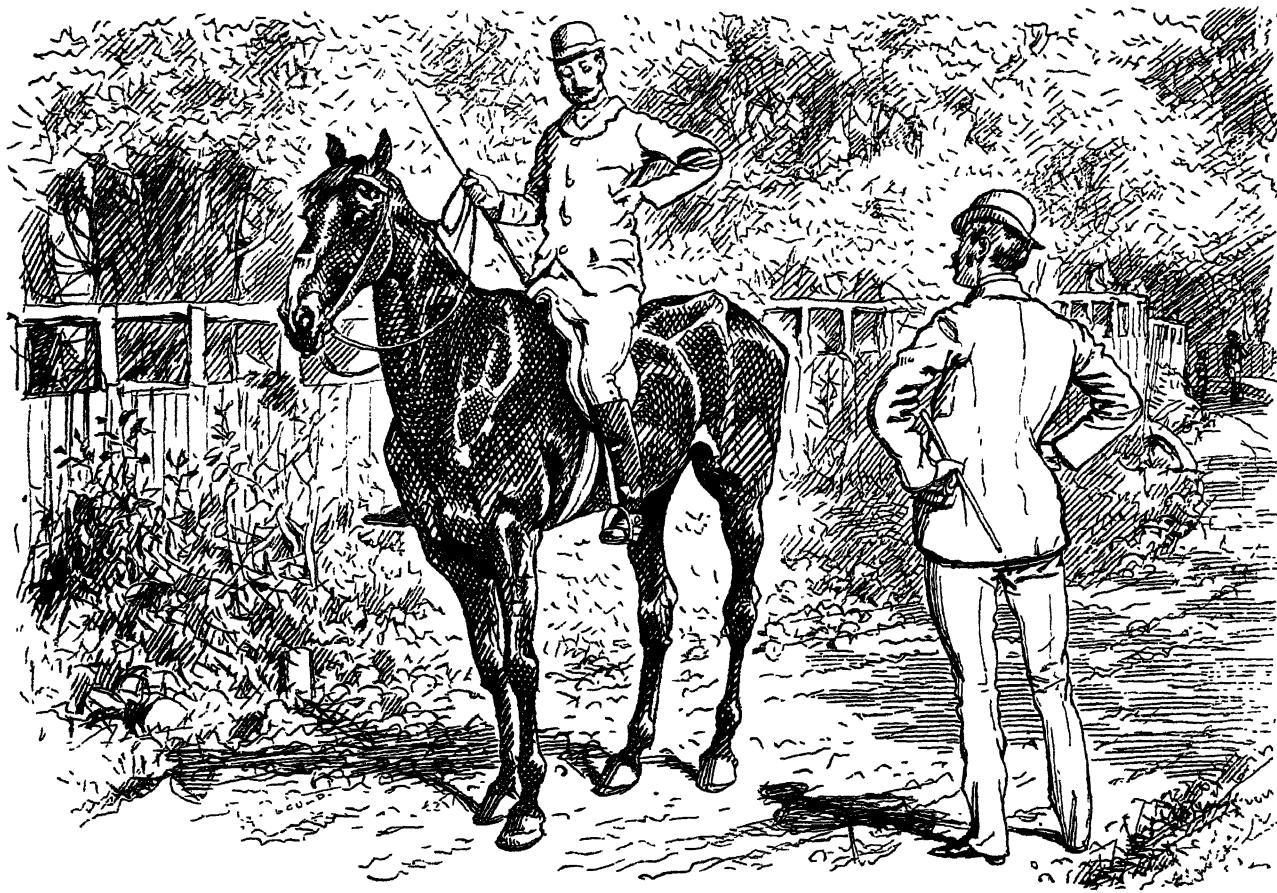
Hartington.

From press of work, must be put off.—Who groaned?

No one? That's well!—Must be put off until

You've polished off arrears—too many still.

Postponed,



EVIDENT.

"SOME VERY GOOD POINTS, EH ?"

"SOME ! SEEMS MADE OF 'EM !"

There is your Natural History (Hares and Rabbits),
Political Economy (Labour's habits),
Finance (the Indian Branch and STRACKEY's tripping),
And Navigation (Section Merchant Shipping)
And several minor subjects—

Chorus of Boys (murmuringly). Oh, Sir! Please, Sir!
Hartington. Who interrupted? NORTHCOTE?

Master Northcote. 'Twasn't me, Sir.

But when shall we break up?

Hartington (decisively). Not while this noise
Goes on.

Front Form (together). Oh please, Sir, 'tisn't us. Those boys
Behind make all the row.

Irish Boys (triumphantly). Not us, this time!

'Tis CHURCHILL, CHAPLIN, ECHO! (*Aside.*) Ain't it prime?
Can't chivvy us again; they've licked us hollow.

Hartington. A sorry lead for decent lads to follow.

Regret to keep all in for the bad few,

But there's a lot of work that you *must* do.

Stop shindying, and you may get away

About—let's see—well, anyhow, some day!

Tableau !

In Committee of Supply the House listened to Mr. STORY-MASKELYNE's stories, and the tales of (BERESFORD) HOPE, concerning the British Museum, and the Minor Apostles of Economy had each his peculiar (and unavailing) peck at various votes. Officialdom's love of economy is a fine illustration of what the Scotch girl called "love in the abstract." But when Mr. TEUFELSDRÖCH THOMPSON proposed to do away with judges' marshals and javelin-men, and iconoclastic Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS spoke of the time-honoured legal paraphernalia of wigs and gowns, &c., as "old-fashioned rubbish," it was felt that "the man who would speak disrespectfully of the Equator" had at last been surpassed.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord DORCHESTER asking inopportune questions about Brigadier-General BURROWS "brought down the House" in wrath upon his devoted head, and had to "retire up" under a pelting shower of "unfair, unjust, ungenerous," and the like little amenities.

Ah me! these phlogistical times! e'en the calm brow of wisdom wears furrows, With rows in the Commons on Rabbits, and shines in the Lords about BURROWS.

(Commons).—Sir W. PALLISER opined that the Sherpur Camp ought not to have been abandoned before the result of General ROBERTS's expedition was known. The Government did not agree with him.

Then uprose CHAPLIN in his wrath (as easily turned on at the main as the Mulberry One's tears), and assuming (as Lord HARTINGTON remarked) the Leadership of the Opposition, asked the Government what the dickens they meant by putting the House in the "peculiar" position of being hard at it in the middle of August? Lord HARTINGTON retorted that the "peculiar position" had been caused by factious motions, irrelevant questions, and the general indiscipline of what Mr. BERESFORD HOPE called "Her Majesty's Illegitimate Opposition," whether the proceedings of that party are more characterised by plaguiness or puerility *Mr. Punch* finds it hard to determine.

Then bland LABOUCHERE, in the Bill called "the Hares and the Rabbits" Would include other game which had equally horrible habits. For pheasants, put out in the park with their cooped foster-mothers, Old Gooseberry played with the barley-crops, wheat-crops, and others. The mild mangold-wurzel and innocent swede would then follow,

Cart-loads of the former they riddled and left them all hollow. Since Game's "common property"—(*Groans*)—he'd instruct the Committee To extend this small Bill's small provisions without the least pity. "Heah! heah!" P. A. TAYLOR broke in, "though the Bill is so little, I will not oppose if you don't too much pare, trim, and whittle."

Says HARCOUET, "The Bill's to save crops, 'tis not meant to spoil sport." Cries CHAPLIN, "That LABOUCHERE ought to be laughed out of Court For muddling up deer with winged game; and, serene as he looked, If he tried a day's grouse-driving he would be pretty well 'cooked.'

"It's all nasty envy," sneers ECHO. Amendment snuffed out.

Then HICKS on poached eggs, and renewal of row and of rout.

"Confiscation," cries CHAPLIN, "should be this bad Cabinet's *nomen*,"

Which brought up JOHN BRIGHT to the rescue, that dourset of foemen.

"In the name of the Prophet—eggs! eggs!" cried J. B., "'tis atrocious!"

"Go to!" cries Sir STAFFORD, "O Quaker extremely ferocious;

You'd pose as the Friend of the Farmer—that's *your little game!*"
And—so on—boy-snagging repeated—and more of the same,
Till after eleven long hours of such hullabaloo,
The House, tired and angry, adjourned at ten minutes to two.

Wednesday (Commons).—Eris again in the ascendant. Erin's champions entirely outdone by their English imitators, Lord E. CECIL, Mr. R. YOLKE, Earl PERCY, the clamorously contentious CHARLIN, and the exuberantly egotistic ECHO—that querulous quintett of lovers of the imperative mood (and of the first person singular) playing such fantastic tricks before the SPEAKER as made *Mr. Punch* heartily ashamed of them. In the brief intervals of such intermittent shower of sputtering imbecilities, some small progress was made with the Hares and Rabbits Bill, the discussion thereon being for the most part as much like "debate," in the old worthy sense, as Donnybrook to Roncesvalles. Eris, did *Mr. Punch* say? Nay, the ruling spirit of this Parliamentary *Tohu-bohu* must hail from the fish-market, not the three-forked hill.

"Popguns and boys, I sing, whom cynic fate
And Landlordism's unrelenting hate,
Gave pigmy sport upon St. Stephen's floor,
Where the clean steel of heroes clashed before,"—

should be the exordium of the new Parliamentary Epos. *Mr. Punch*, like Sir W. HARCOURT, is sorry that in their "stand-and-deliver" kind of interrogation, the Angry Boys of Westminster have found "a new instrument of Obstruction." A pity that, like contraband Catapults, and surreptitious Squirts, all the instruments of these puerile plagues of Parliament cannot be inconfidently confiscated. Meanwhile Jovian jobations from JOHN BRIGHT, and caustic repartees from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, seem to have little more effect than grape-shot on gnat-swarms upon this Revolt of the Midges.

Lord HARTINGTON's calm and resolute conduct of business under such irritating difficulties *Mr. Punch* doth much commend.

Thursday (Lords).—Three hours' discursive and dry-as-dust chat on recalcitrant Reporters, Affairs in Afghanistan, and the British Army. How distil essence from broad-blown chaff?

(Commons).—In reply to Mr. OTWAY, Sir C. DILKE intimated that the question of giving an assurance to Turkey against further carving in the future, provided she consents to the slicing recommended at present, had been mooted. The promise had not been made; but "in principle" the Government did not object to it. *Punch* opines that this "principle" may bear fruit anon.

Then something notable at last. After much debate, not, of course, novel in argument, but also not ignoble in tone, the Burials Bill (down from the Lords with amendment, which will have to be amended) was read a Second Time by a majority of 179 (258 against 79). *Mr. Punch* congratulates Mr. O. MORGAN, the House, the Country, and the Church, on what looks like the beginning of the end of an embittered contest of twenty years about—shadows. BERESFORD HOPE was comically ruefully pessimistic, JOHN BRIGHT pleadingly pathetically optimist, the latter remarking that when brought fairly face to face with the phantom Terror they had themselves conjured up, the opponents of Salutary Change generally "went to perdition" with a light heart and a cheerful countenance. *Mr. Punch* confidently predicts that in this, as in hundreds of previous "Rushes upon Ruin," the hosts of spectral fears and hobgoblin forebodings will be found to have been but the dimly dreadful unrealities of funk-ridden fancy.

Friday (Lords).—Piteous plaint from poor Lord REDESDALE:—

Late, late, so late! so little work to do,
Yet bound to wait that wrangling Commons' crew.
So late, so late! Why not employ us now!

Late, late! so late the measures come to us,
Small time is there those measures to discuss.
So late, so late! Oh, let us labour now!

Do we not know the grouse are on the moors?
Waiting for Bills is beastliest of bores.
So late, so late! Give us the straight tip now!

Lord GRANVILLE, whilst warmly commiserating, could administer but cold comfort.

(Commons).—The Employers' Liability Bill at last got through Committee. Imminent solace for plaintive personages "in another place" who can take their turn at it next week.

Some serious talk on a serious subject—the present condition of the fever-stricken districts in the west of Ireland, ended in a Resolution to the effect that the matter demanded the serious and immediate attention of Her Majesty's Government, a Resolution readily agreed to by MR. FORSTER, and earnestly emphasised by *Mr. Punch*:—

"Then, some having toiled, like the typical Nigger, whilst others obstructed and fooled, like the Turk;
So ended one more week of purposeless worry, and puerile wrangling, and—
precious hard work!"

HOPES OF THE HARVEST.

HAWFINCH sings—



ow St. Swithun
have sent the
land full
enough rain,
And haailstoans
terreeable a
pepper'n the
plaain,
Likewise thun-
der and light-
nun, sturm
hard upon
sturm,
Dooun moor or
less damidge
thereby to the
Farm.

Let un sprinkle
the apples in
due time o'
year,
Sufficient to
plim the corn
well out in
ear;

But not goo on a plyun us wi' engine and hose,
Or a water'n-pot fixed wi' a double-holed rose.

The barley and whate has in places ben laid,
And be spiled in zum potion, med be, beyond aid;
But the clover done well droo a wet zummer time,
And the turmuts, coal-rabbi, and mangold be prime.

What wi' loads o' hay vit vor stock, this time, to ate,
There wun't be no fail this next winter for mait;
And the 'tatars is charmun, good-sized, though a lot
Be attackted already, in parts, wi' the rot.

For a while we've at last sin the clouds away clear,
And beheld the Sun all in his glory appear,
Wi' his veace broad and bamish, so bright to behold,
As a shines on a signboord, all pictur'd in gold.

If he's come out vor good, he'll fast ripen the crops.
There ha ben, this here saizon, a good yield o' hops,
If the barley be saved, carried soon, safe and sound,
The relief o' the Malt-tax repeale 'ool be found.

St. Swithun, we'll hope now thee'st emptied thy pail,
And draad off the sky that there drippun-wet veil,
That the Sun med blaze out as 'tis time vor un to,
Like a big dandelion aloft in the blue.

Seasonable Suggestion.

In the *Deal Chronicle's* account of the trial of the Sandwich Election Petition the following accidental misprint occurs:—

"Messrs. LUSH and MANISTY, Mr. ex-Justice MELLOR occupied a seat upon the beach, as well as the Mayor, Dr. JOHN HILLIER, and T. L. SURRAGE, Town-Clerk of Sandwich."

"A seat upon the beach," of course at this time of year would be far preferable to "a seat on the bench;" and the compositor's idea of an open-air Court is delightful, but, unfortunately, impracticable.

In the Lobby.

Fine Old M.P. (*who never performs out of London*). Grumbling about not getting away from London! Ugh! It's the same old tune.

Sporting M.P. (with a moor). That's what I complain of. It is the old tune, and we all want some fresh air.

UNFORTUNATE FOR AUTHORS.—Only men who can't write make their mark.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



was summut like a Dook, he was. I should like to meet the likes of him about wunce a weak.

A werry hainteresting insedent oocured the other night.

I was assisting at a grand Banquet of the Washuppool Company of Gerosers, and a very nice Liberal set them Gerosers is. They almost all gives me a shilling instead of sixpence, and that's how I judges of Mankind. Well, Mr. Koop the grate Bruer had to return thanks for the Howse of Commons, and wen he begun, he looked, as it were, full to the bung, and didn't he froth away, like his own bottled Stout, agin that Mr. GLADSTUN and all his set, and didn't he estonish the Big Wigs, speshally our very big Wig, the Lord Cheif Justus, who quietly got up and went away, leaving a glassful of the fine old Madeery, which I instantly removed, for fear it might be spilt, and put away, and very fine it were, sum of the best I ever tasted. Wot could have made him go away, afore he had finished his Pyne Apel too? As BROWN said to me, praps it was the eat or praps it were the drink he didn't like, or praps he didn't like so much of Koop's bitter. Howsumdever it quite spiled the hole evening, and many on 'em went away talking so violently that they quite forgot to pay for their Hats. I hates to see a Gent much hegsited, it does make him so forgetful of the Waiter.

I cannot for the life of me make out wot's in the wind. All the grate Citty Companees, I think they calls 'em the grate Gills, seems quite out of sperrits. They eats and they drinks much as usual, praps more; but they don't have so much fun as formerly. They're allus talkin about Spoilthenation and Codfishcation. I don't at all no what they means, but BROWN says they're a goin to be axed a lot of horquid questions about wot they does with their monney. I could tell wot they does with a lot of it, and quite rite too. Wot's better than Horsepitallerty? as I heard a Rite Reverend Bishop ask only last weak, and I could hardly help sayin, here! here! As I didn't dare do that, I showed my preshiation in my own way by instantly fillin him up a bumper of the fine old Madiery, well knowin if he didn't drink it, sumbody else would.

I sumtimes sees rum things dun. For instance now, only last week I see quite a grand looking Swell slyly put 2 very fine Peeches in his coat pocket, so I took care, wen his attenshun was occupied, to give 'em such a jolly squeege, as must have rather estonished him wen he got home, and tried to take 'em out. Peech-jam can't be nice in your best coat pocket.

(Signed)

ROBERT.

Note.—You will undustand Sir as I rites all these Notes and as written em myself but the punkchewashun I leafs intierly to my youngist boy who as ad a libberal eddecashun.

Foolhardy Fellows.

THE Risca Colliery Explosion is a very serious matter, and the gravity of this consideration is in nowise lightened by that of the fact that coal-miners, by neglecting to use their safety-lamps, or by abusing them to light their pipes, or by other carelessness equally gross, continually risk a Colliery Explosion in every coal-mine.

HOW TO WIN A VICTORY (?)

(*An Incident from a Farce ending in a Tragedy.*)

SCENE—*A Room in a Government Office in India, filled with Models of Buildings, Plans of Drainage, Specimens of Cloth, &c., &c. Elderly Head of Department hard at work at desk covered with contracts, invoices, &c., &c.* Enter Chief Clerk.

Elderly Head (looking up hurriedly from his writing). Now, my dear fellow, if you have nothing of very great importance to communicate to me, I wish you would leave me alone. Since I gave up my Regiment to come here, I don't know how many years ago, I haven't been so busy!

Chief Clerk. It certainly is important, Sir, and—

Elderly Head (interrupting). Ah! to be sure! Something about the new buttons! The pattern is not yet designed, but they are going on nicely. My compliments to the Chief, and the buttons are going on nicely.

Chief Clerk. Nothing about buttons, Sir, but—

Elderly Head (again interrupting). The site of the barracks, eh? Well, we have a choice of half-a-dozen; and when the Surveyors send in their Report, I will—

Chief Clerk. Nothing about barracks, Sir, but—

Elderly Head (interrupting once more). Stop!—it's the Soup! The Chief wishes me to have a voice in the Soup! Well, tell him, with my compliments, that I think imported vegetables, in tins, should be—

Chief Clerk. Nothing about Soup, Sir, but—

Elderly Head. I have it! The Chief wants my opinion upon the proposed Gas-works!

Chief Clerk. No, Sir—nothing to do with Gas-works. The fact is, it's a purely personal matter—you are to have a new appointment—out of the Office!

Elderly Head (with emotion). Out of the Office! Now, I really call this too bad—several degrees too bad! I have been here for years, and have fairly worked my way from the bottom to the top. Too bad, too bad! (*Gloomily.*) Well—what do they want me to do?

Chief Clerk. To attack the enemy immediately at the head of the Army, Sir.

Elderly Head (surprised). Eh? What! Good gracious! (*After a pause, severely.*) Be good enough to remember, Sir, that I commanded a company when I was younger. (*With an assumption of military dignity.*) A joke at the expense of a superior is unseemly, Sir—very unseemly!

Chief Clerk (shocked). Good gracious, Sir, it's not a joke! It's a very serious matter indeed (*aside*)—for the country!

Elderly Head (smiling good-humouredly). Well, well, I confess at the first blush the notion was a little comical! Eh? A quiet old official like me wearing a cocked hat and spurs, and dancing about on a charger, in front of a cloud of smoke—quite the warrior? Ha! ha! Yes—a little comical! (*Regaining his gravity, and drawing himself up.*) But doubtless the appointment is very flattering; and although a little rusty, I will do my best—yes, do my best! Buttons, Barracks, and Gas-works were certainly more in my line; but—(*With cheerful gallantry*)—cavalry charges, hollow squares, the manual and the pontoon—I should say the platoon—exercises, and—and—in fact, that kind of thing, will be a pleasant change—yes, a pleasant change! And now, my dear fellow, I shall want you for a good hunt for the rest of the day. You must really help me to find my sword!

[Scene closes in upon a vigorous (*but unsuccessful*) search.

By a Despairing M.P.

EACH fruit in August we require
That bough and bush can bear,
But what we most of all desire,
Is what I want—a pair!

From a Well-Wisher.

SORR,

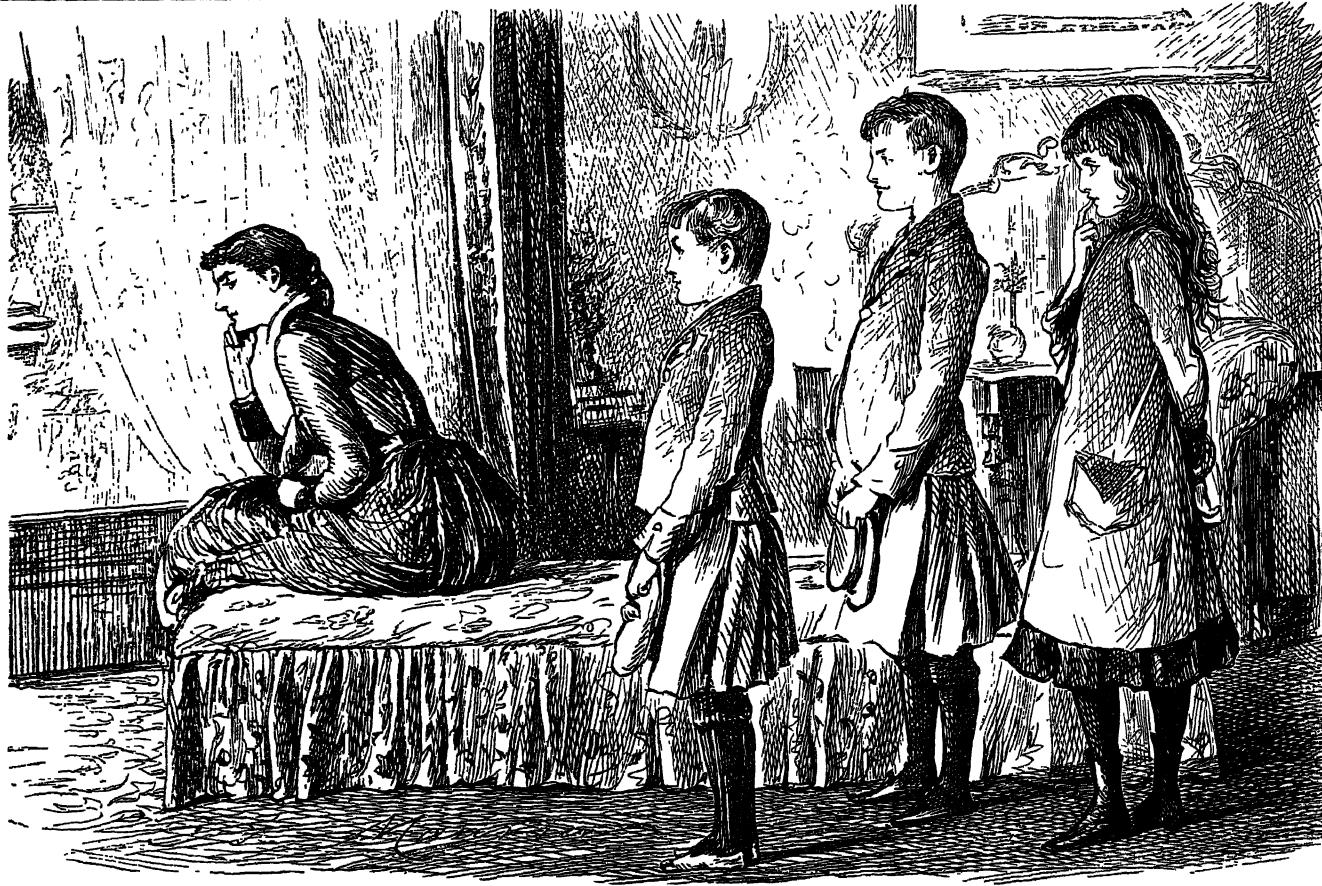
Miss GENEVIEVE WARD is going to appear in an adaptation of the Dutch play *Annie-Mie*. The talented lady will play the heroine, and, bedad, I hope she won't be her own *Annie-mie* in performin' the part.

Yours,

THE O'ASIS IN THE DESSERT.

THE MINIMUM.

ARTICLES that *Mr. Punch* declines to receive are those which are not even worth a "Mag."



"A SOFT ANSWER," &c.

Mamma. "YOU ARE VERY NAUGHTY CHILDREN, AND I AM EXTREMELY DISSATISFIED WITH YOU ALL!"
Tommy. "THAT IS A PITY, MAMMA! WE'RE ALL SO THOROUGHLY SATISFIED WITH YOU, YOU KNOW!"

SENTIMENT V. SPORT.

A MEETING of some consistent Members of the Anti-Vivisection Society was held the other day at their head-quarters, to consider about petitioning the Legislature against the Hares and Rabbits Bill, on the ground that it sanctioned the shooting of live animals, which often involved the infliction of much pain upon them.

The Chair was occupied by Sir SIMON SHEPPSHANKS, who, moving a Resolution in accordance with the object of the Meeting, declared himself a Vegetarian, and, as such, entirely opposed to the destruction of living animals, even for the table, which, he contended, the greengrocer and baker could quite adequately supply without the butcher.

Mr. BEAPHY was sorry to say he did not quite see that; though he would have all animals that were killed for the use of being eaten, slain under chloroform or nitrous oxide, at least if it was quite certain that the anaesthetic would not injure the meat. If rabbits and hares were allowed to increase and multiply *ad infinitum*, they would soon destroy all the crops; and where would the Vegetarians be then? (*Murmurs, and cries of "Oh! oh!" and "Turn him out!"*) However, he had really much pleasure in seconding the Resolution as against hare and rabbit shooting—which having been carried—

Mr. SNODGRASS said that, like the Chairman, he was a votary of Vegetarianism, therefore he objected to the slaughter of any game of any description, whether winged or ground. Accordingly, he would move a Resolution to the effect that grouse, partridges, and pheasants, also quails, snipe, and woodcock should be inserted in the Schedule of the Wild Birds Protection Act.

Mr. WAGGERS would gladly second that Motion, notwithstanding that it undeniably tended in favour of Game Preserving. For all that, he would propose to entrust it to the care of Mr. P. A. TAYLOR, who, he doubted not, would readily advocate it in Parliament any Wednesday.

The Resolutions having both of them been carried with few dissentients, the constituents of the Meeting went about their business.

AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE MESSRS. GATTI are fortunate in securing the services of Miss ORRIDGE. She is a rich and rare specimen of the young and pretty contralto. When she sang "*Meet Me by Moonlight Alone!*" there was a rush of everybody to the front of the *Ambulauditorium*. The men cheered to the echo. I don't think the Ladies were quite so enthusiastic. Miss ORRIDGE can evidently draw as well as sing. This is an Orridge-inal remark. Mr. COWEN keeps his first-rate band in excellent order. Time was made for slaves, and he makes it for them—ruling over them with a rod of iron—by which I mean his *bâton*. No wonder that they are so submissive and yet so deeply attached to him, as he is never bullying, though he is always cowin' them.

The other evening was performed Mr. WALTER AUSTIN's *Camp*. *Camp* is an Overture, so don't run the final "s" on to the initial "c" and make it "Scamp"—the Orchestra didn't do this to it by any means, but played it in first-rate style. *The Camp* was properly pitched, and on his doing his best everybody was in-tent. The Composer bowed from his private box in reply to a nod from a friend in the *Ambulauditorium*.

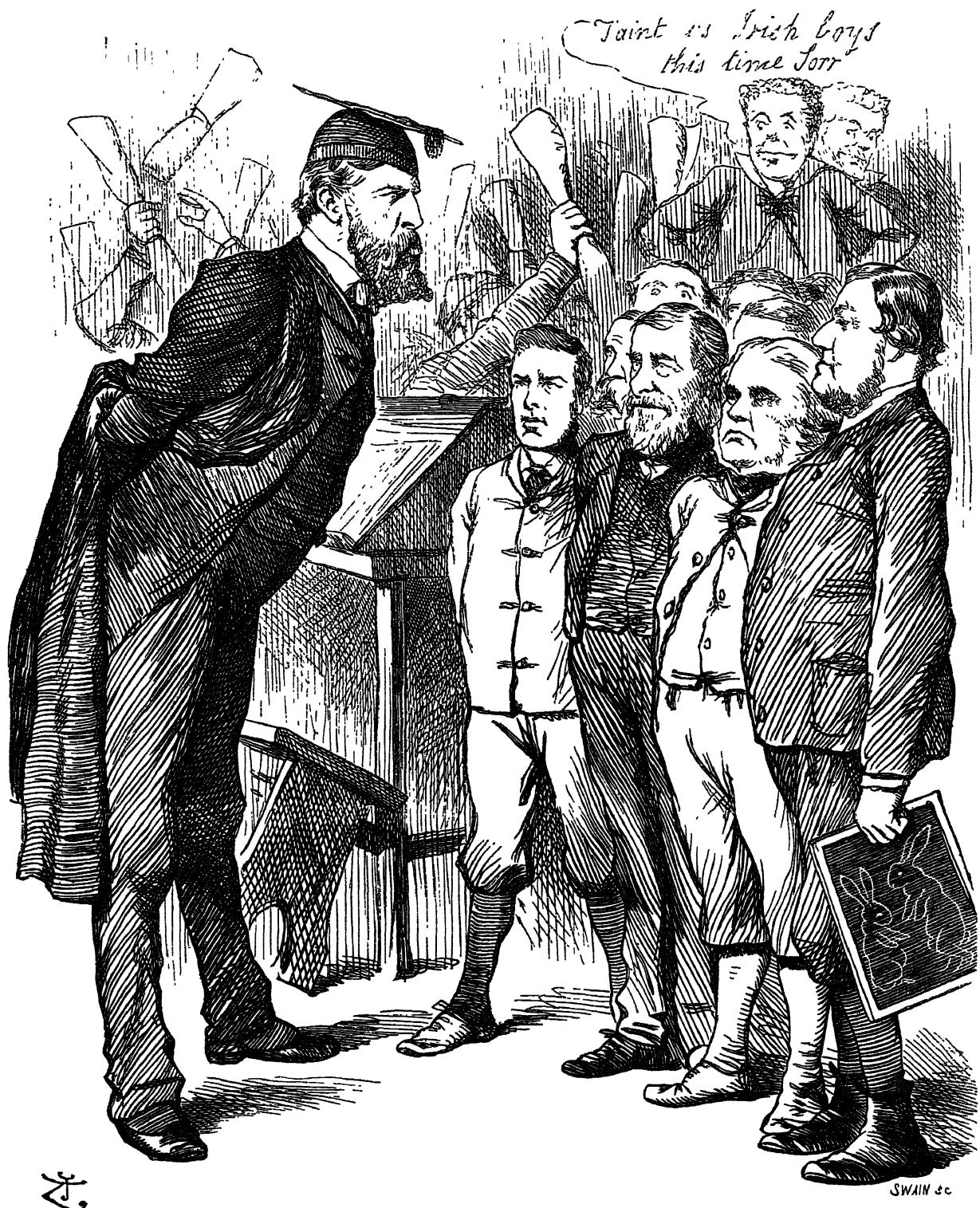
Miss BESSIE RICHARDS—a Precious BETSY—

Played in her best manner
Upon the Grand pianissimo,

and then went off to Germany. But "she will return—I know her well"—which last part of the quotation, though necessary to the song, is not in accordance with facts. If she is returning, so much the better for the Promenade Concerts, where she will be heartily received by the *Applauditorium*.

"BID ME DISCOURSE."

A Preacher's Proverb.—"Two Heads are better than one." The Congregation reverses it.



“KEPT IN.”

HARTINGTON (*Second Master*). “HOLIDAYS! YOU’LL GET NO HOLIDAYS IF THIS OBSTRUCTION CONTINUES.”
MASTER HARCOURT. “PLEASE, SIR, IT ISN’T OUR FAULT—IT’S THOSE OTHER BOYS.”

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls Before Swine; or, Who Used His Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishys Wildux," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry 'Otspur," "Mary Greasy," "Vicar of Pull-baker," "McDermott of Balladsingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. DOWDIE'S GARDEN PARTY.



who had been entrusted with the key of the wine-cellars, and knew where a bottle of the best champagne was to be found when it might be wanted for a person of real appreciation.

Mr. FISHY, the Lawyer of Small-Beerjester, and his wife, were here. Mr. FISHY had broken with JOHN BOUNCE since the latter's discomfiture, and had attached himself to the Conservative party in Small-Beerjester. There were also Messrs. SCALEY and DRAWER, the Dentists; Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER and his daughter MORLEENA; Archbeacon OVERWAYTE and Mrs. OVERWAYTE, with their friend Mr. ARABLE of Bacon College, Oxford; Miss TINFOIL and her aunt Mrs. TAWDREY; Mr. GURGOYLE, the celebrated Architect, from London; the Rev. BENJAMIN BUTTRESS and Mrs. BUTTRESS, and the Misses BUTTRESS (2); Mr. LECTERN Curate of St. Allfudge, the Highest Church in the diocese, which had lately been taken down an inch or two in consequence of some threatened danger to the fabric; and with him were the Rev. BRASSCO ROWNER, his Rector, and his sub-Curates Mr. STOLE and Mr. COPE. There was Sir EXETER HALL, the great Evangelical Banker and large Landowner near Small-Beerjester, with his son ALBERT HALL, overgrown and empty. Prebendary HASSOCK, very red and very round, was sitting on the grass at the feet of Dean BOOSEY, who, with a glass of the Bishop's best port in his hand, was giving, as a sentiment, "Here's to all canting, except de-canting!"

Mrs. HASSOCK and the three Miss HASSOCKS were stuffing themselves in the dining-room, where old Mrs. BOOSEY was taking her afternoon tea, into which the Bishop's butler had poured a little cognac by mistake, and being unable to take it out again, had left it there.

So the rooms and the gardens became full, and everyone paid his respects to my Lord, and did suit and service to Mrs. DOWDIE, who moved about with well-regulated grace, more than content with her success, serenely happy in the anticipation of a complete triumph, which Mrs. OVERWAYTE might envy, but could neither prevent nor equal.

The Bishop, who had received from Mr. MATTIX sufficient information about the Marchesa to excite his curiosity, was so pre-occupied with the idea that he could hardly keep his gaiters on, so frequently did he unbutton and button them up again all wrong in his increasing excitement.

He hadn't been to a theatre for years, and had not had an interview with a figurante or a coryphée since he had given up all notion of a career in West-

minster Hall, and had taken the first steps, which he had been taught by Mrs. DOWDIE, towards his present position. Yet he remembered the time, when Dick DOWDIE was not an entire stranger to the coulisses, and when little three-cornered pink notes used to be sent under cover of bouquets, and when a week's allowance went in a night's supper *al fresco* at the Royal Cremorna Gardens, or an uncle's aid had to be invoked to supply a little dinner at the "Star and Garter" on a fine Sunday evening in July. For one second the good Bishop, carried back in his imagination to forty years ago, suddenly spread out his apron with both hands, and, humming the inspiring Spanish dance from *Le Domino Noir*, executed a characteristic *pas*. Well for him was it that Mrs. DOWDIE was at that moment engaged in a discourse with Mrs. Prebendary WHEEZER in a distant room, or he would have received such a rebuke as would have sent signoras and ballet-dancers out of his head for some considerable time.

"I feel quite a boy again," said the Bishop to himself as he paused for breath, and looked round to see if he had been observed. Then he added, impatiently, "Why the deuce doesn't she come?"

At last, to the braying of trumpets, the clashing of cymbals, the booming of a big drum, and the crashing of an Indian gong, a superbly painted carriage, preceded by outriders, and drawn by four piebald horses ridden by postilions in glazed hats, red and blue ribands, and carrying long cracking whips, dashed up to the hall-steps. A perfect commotion took place. The Bishop was in a nervous flutter of excitement, and Mr. MATTIX, giving him, as he passed, a nudge in the ribs, whispered, "It's the Signora!" hurried into the hall to proffer his assistance. He was, however, nearly knocked down right over the big drum, and had his head almost jammed into a pulp by the cymbals as he encountered the *cortège* in the hall. SCARAMOUCHE at once put his hand on his heart, and, bowing low to the Bishop, observed, *à propos* of things generally, that "on his honour it wasn't me," and then with a broad grin he suddenly put his arms a-kimbo, straddled his legs, waggled his head, and crying "Here we are again!" picked up Mr. MATTIX by his waistband, then hit Signor PANTALEONE a backhander in the eye, which sent him into the refreshment-room, when the reappearance of the Blue Boy with La Marchesa di ZAZZEGELLA on his arm soon restored what threatened to be a chaos into the most perfect order.

"I am so proud and happy to meet you, Bishop," said the Marchesa, in a musical whisper, as she joined her hands above her head and then whirled round him in a graceful measure, while Dr. DOWDIE, inspired by old memories, threw himself on one knee, and playfully followed the steps of her twinkling feet, as he used his shovel-hat for a tambourine, first tightening the strings so as to get some sort of sound out of it.

There was no one in the hall except a few of the dignified Small-Beerjester Clergy, who, hungrily expecting preferment, felt it incumbent on them to applaud every step their Bishop took to the very echo, and they were just calling loudly for the fandango when a terrible voice, proceeding from the dining-room door, exclaimed,

"Bishop!"

It was Mrs. DOWDIE. The effect was electric. Not with contented eyes had Mrs. DOWDIE watched the arrival of this strange party, and Mr. MATTIX's enthusiastic reception of this intriguing, dancing, bedizened Italian woman, whatever she might be. Compelled to absent herself for a few moments, in order to superintend the erection of the tent for the talented troupe, Mrs. DOWDIE had not witnessed the entire performance in the hall. Had she done so, I doubt whether one strip of lace would have remained on La Marchesa's back, or if one single bracelet would have been allowed to adorn the fair foreigner's well-rounded arm.

A Joke from the McHaggis of Haggis.

I've just come fra' Paris, where my cousin, The McCOCKALEEKIE—ye ken The McCOCKALEEKIE o' that ilk maybe—and myself had a gay an' a happy time. As a wee bit mark o' respect to you, Sir, we beg to present you with our—

Motto for a Constant Beer-Drinker on the Boulevards
—“Bock agen!”



REPUDIATION.

Butcher (rushing out). "HEY—ESS THAT YOER DOAG, MUN?"

Donald. "AWEEL—HE WAUS MINE ANCE, BUT HE'S AYE DAEIN' FOR HESSEL YE NOO!!"

WHY I AM IN TOWN.

YES, of course, you are naturally surprised to see me with a seedy hat, and a frayed coat; and really now I come to look at it, my left boot has given way, walking down Tottenham Court Road in August; but the fact is, that it is all the fault of that confoundedly stupid Keeper of mine. He wrote and said that if I put off my shooting till September, the grouse would be so much better. The Duke, you know, who has got the next moor to mine, has gone up, you know; and a precious bad time he writes and says he's having. I am off to-morrow. So good bye! Good bye!

No wonder you are astonished to see me, in this shabby dress, shopping in Islington; but as the Marchioness wrote over to say that the people now at Tourville are not quite *distanty* enough, I thought I would wait a little, and then start for the Tyrol, my dear, and then Italy or Algiers; for the winter, you see. Good bye!

Me a eating whelks in the New Cut, is surprising, 'ARRY, I am bound to admit; but my pal BILL—you know him—oh, he's a real swell, a medical student, and fined at Marlborough Street reg'lar he says that Margate is a bit mixed you know, a lot of 'ARRIES and such like cads, as you might say. It ain't good enough, old fellow, to be seen about with such a low set as them. But ta! ta! old man. There's the Governor; and I've got to get back to the shop.

Ha! ha! It is certainly a most ludicrous thing for you to see me in this costume. Did you see such a Scotch cap before? and what do you think of the broad arrows on the jacket and knickerbockers? Ha! ha! it is funny. I should have been enjoying my autumn trip in America, but, between you and me, my medical man forbade me leaving England for at least eighteen months. There he is now—one of the very best prison surgeons we have. What, is the time up? Well, good-bye. Always glad to see you here. Look in whenever you are passing.

Well, wot of it? S'pose I am driving a moke down in Vitechapel,

and a selling vegetables, instead of being at the sea-side, and enjoying the briny at Barking or Gravesend. Wot then? Sea-side, look at Goodwood! What with that their *Hide Vice*, and that there *Chippendale*, I was put in a reg'lar ole. Why my account weren't ready at Tattersall's, I tell you. Sea-side, indeed! Get up! Chock! G' long!

* * * * *

Of course I am in town. You ought to know, if any one does. I ought to be in the Isle of Wight, when I had a particular invitation to go on the Prince of WALES' yacht. And if I hadn't thought you were out of town, too, you wouldn't have found me in this house at three in the morning, with a dark lantern, and a jemmy. This is what comes of stopping in London, when the swells are away, and only a lot of mean, miserly, suspicious owners of houses left. Take me away, Policeman! Bah, I am disgusted at such conduct!

By a Bicyclist.

We don't do things by halves;
With me let butchers deal;
For my one pair of calves
Make endless rounds of wheel.

Mutterings from Westminster.

"Thursday, 12th August.—Orders of the day—Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, Second Reading."

"*EXPIRING LAWS*!"—If here much longer we are forced to stay,
"*Expiring Members*" soon will be the Order of the Day.

TAR! TAR!

MR. SAMUEL PLIMSOUL appealed to the "Dicky Sams" of Liverpool. Sam found it "all Dicky."

WILL YOU NOT NAME THE DAY?

(Song by an M.P. Dedicated to Lord Hartington.)

WILL you not name the day
 When I can get away
 Far from the House,
 When to the Grouse
 I my respects can pay?
 When from the stifling town
 I can to moors go down,
 Or on the seas,
 Where sun and breeze
 Do me a lovely brown.
 Will you not name the day
 When I can get away?
 Oh, won't you name?
 Will you not name?
 The Day!

[Plays exhausted symphony, and faints.]

Fact, of Course.

WHEN Dr. TANNER returned to food, a gentleman brought him one small ripe plum to begin with.

"What on earth's this?" asked the Doctor, who was very irritable.

"Waal," replied the amiable Stranger, "I thought, as you'd just finished a Fast, you might like to try a Sloe."

The Doctor was irritable, and the Stranger left abruptly.

The Sting of it.

(According to the muddled Owner.)

CONFFOUND all these new-fangled habits!—

As if land didn't bring enough cares,

Without making us give up our rabbits,

To fellows who give themselves hares!

Answer to a Correspondent.

"LEARNED THEBAN." Your article on NOAH'S Ark-
 tecture is simply admirable, but unsuited to our Yorick
 Columns. Try the *Builder*. (No. 2.)—You say you are
 blindly convinced of the existence of such a firm as
Shutters and Window, No. Say "CHATTO AND WINDUS,"
 and you'll be about right.

THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.—The *Albert Victor*.

THE DUKE OF MUDFORD IN GLOOMSBURY.

THE Duke of MUDFORD's grip upon London extends far beyond Mud-Salad Market. As Lord CUL-DE-SAC and the Earl of NO THOROUGHFARE, he claims and exercises a right of blockade in Gloomsbury. London is a very peculiar city. It is said to be sixteen miles long and eight miles broad, and is supposed to contain a population of four millions. Its parochial rulers for the last ten years have devoted all their energy to the improvement of the great avenues of communication from East to West, but the cross avenues are in much the same condition as they were in the days of Dr. JOHNSON. The Strand and Fleet Street have been improved, Oxford Street, Holborn, Newgate Street, &c., have been widened, a noble Embankment has been made, and a great serpentine roadway, extending from Waterloo Bridge to Whitechapel, is in course of formation. While this is done, or being done, there is not a thoroughfare worthy of the name from South to North, from Park Lane to Chancery Lane. Berkeley Street, Bond Street, St. Martin's Lane, and other cross streets have to get rid of their northern traffic by dodging round corners. The most central and most important thoroughfare from South to North, is composed of Waterloo Bridge (a bridge from which the halfpenny tax on suicide has just been removed), Wellington Street (which stands on a hill, and is adorned by the Thalia and Melompene Theatres), Bow Street (which might be called Bow-legged Street, where criminals are tried), Endell Street (where they grow the criminals who are tried at Bow Street), and Gower Street, which belongs to the Duke of MUDFORD.

At the north end of Gower Street the traffic is stopped by a ducal barrier, and turned round several narrow streets, to find its way to the Euston Road as best it can. Three of the largest railway termini



TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Clara (from the Country). "WHAT A SHAME! IT USED TO BE SUCH FUN, YOU KNOW!"

Caroline (from Town). "YES, POOR LITTLE THINGS! WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BUILD THEIR NESTS IN THE GARDENS?"

—the North-Western, the Midland, and the Great Northern—lie in this direction; but the Duke of MUDFORD, LORD CUL-DE-SAC, and Earl of NO THOROUGHFARE claims his right to stand between these railways and their floods of traffic. The line must be drawn somewhere, and it is drawn at Gower Street. It was Mrs. PARTINGTON's mission to try to mop back the Atlantic: it is the Duke of MUDFORD's mission to push back four millions of people.

By the way, Mud-Salad Market was at its dirtiest and filthiest last Thursday. Such a standing nuisance in London ought to be as impossible as it is impassable.

Potation and Quotation.

TOWARDS the finish of a civic dinner, a Deputy, while engaged in a serious discussion with a Common Councilman on the vice of gluttony, became as mixed as his liquors had been. He insisted that Drives must have been an Alderman, because he was given to "turtle and fine linen, and fared sumptuously." "Sumpshously" was a difficult word for the Deputy, but the Common Councilman admitted the correctness of the quotation, and was convinced.

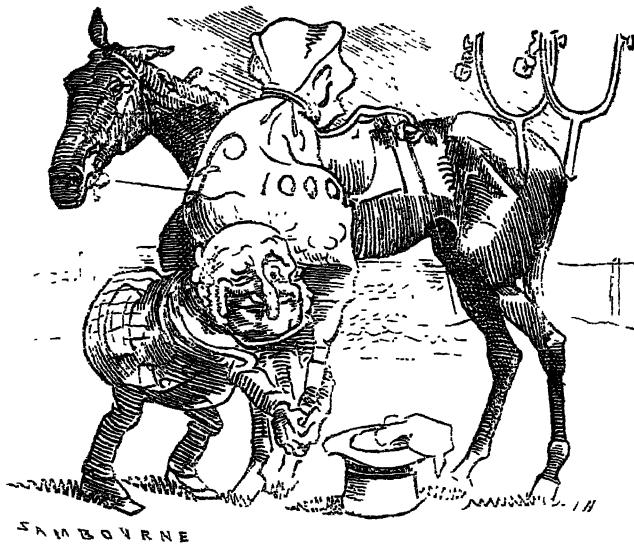
"ERIN GO BRAGH!"

An unusual number of earthquakes have lately been occurring in various parts of the world. But there isn't one of them to compare with the Irish Land Agitation.

"BRAY-VO 'ICKS!"—Though a sitting Member for Cambridge, you must henceforth be a standing joke as "The Eggs-M.P."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(The Colonel on Kempton Park Characteristics.)



and was told that Kempton Park was close to either Kensington, Surbiton, or Enfield. He added that he was not quite sure which, but he "knew it was somewhere there."

Finding, consequently, that the place was within easy reach of town, I luckily remembered that another friend of mine (at present travelling in Africa in search of lions) had offered me, just at the break-up of a jovial Greenwich dinner, the mount of a couple of the best of his hunters whenever I liked to use them. Accordingly, after securing for a moderate sum a good roomy omnibus, and ordering my friend's groom to put the animals into it, I found myself possessed of a truly *recherché* equipage. My only regret was the impossibility of communicating with the owner in Africa as to the advisability of driving his hunters in double harness. The groom said that the spirited animals were quite unaccustomed to this sort of work, and would be sure to be "skittish." Hearing this, I filled the omnibus, inside and out, with passengers, at a few shillings a head, as a sort of human ballast. This plan was perfectly successful, as the horses by the end of the day were broken in completely. When my friend returns from Africa (where I sincerely hope that both he and the lions are enjoying themselves thoroughly), I am sure he will be pleased with the new accomplishment acquired by his intelligent quadrupeds under my careful tuition.

Probably influenced by the diabolical appearance of the medallion on the Race-Card, I had pictured the meeting as a weird revel of the wildest character. I had expected to see Roughs maddened with drink, perambulating Ethiopian Serenaders almost speechless with the fierce excitement of the "Outer Ring," and—in fact—the rest of it. Nothing could have been more different. I know it is but a foolish fancy, but I cannot help thinking that Kempton Park, in pre-Reformation times, must have been tenanted by some strict monastic order of the most ascetic character, allowing themselves but one recreation—a little steeple-chasing. The lovely spot has evidently retained most of its pristine serenity. When I arrived, I found that the combined influence of gate-money and a certain solemn calm had affected every person present. There was an air of sweet resignation amongst the mournful occupants of the Members' Stand, and the space reserved as the Tattersall's Enclosure was filled with bookmakers of a decidedly "serious" type of countenance. Certainly before every race there were cries of "Four to one bar one!" but these cries seemed only to lack the stately accompaniment of the deep low tones of a cathedral organ. I have heard of "Horse-Chaunters." Were these specimens? Echo, latest edition, answers "I don't know."

The space in front of the Grand Stand was tenanted by commissioners of a comparatively gayer character, but even these reminded one strongly of vergers on furlough, teetotallers thinking about backsiding, and undertakers' men out for a holiday. The gorgeous costumes of Brighton and elsewhere were conspicuous by their absence. I searched in vain for the bright green opera-hat, ornamented with red stars, I knew so well; the white cloth coat, adorned with blue braid and pink buttons, I had so often admired; the thousand and one sartorial combinations—pleasing and unconventional—that had so frequently filled my heart with joy. No, everything was staid and solemn. To ward off my tears, I lunched, and, after lunching, as necessary consequence I plunged.

I record this plunging with a feeling of bitter sorrow not unmixed with shame. The numbers for the Richmond Welter Handicap Plate had scarcely appeared upon the board before I was "on" *Brilliancy* for a sum beyond—far beyond—my means. I turned away my head as the solemn cadence of the race-bell told me that the horses had started. Then came a murmur—a soft, regretful murmur—from the sad-eyed ring-men, and the news had gone forth to the four quarters of the earth that *Guitar* was the winner! Not satisfied with my defeat, once more I plunged—this time on *Sabletail* for "the Shepperton All-Aged Selling Stakes of Five Sovs each, with 100 Sovs added." Again the modulated moans of bereaved book-makers told me that the rich prize had been carried off by another. I must have looked sad, for even the gentle-voiced "Member of Tattersall's and Newmarket Rooms," who (so his ticket informed me) "to prevent paying on two would entertain no objection on any consideration after the winner had passed the scales," sighed audibly as he politely refused to admit my assertion that I had *really* won because I had meant to back *Queen Frederica*.

Galled to the very quick at this fresh failure, I hurried to the paddock, where the authoress of my undoing was to be sold by public auction.

In the centre of a melancholy ring stood the mare. The Auctioneer—an individual of highly respectable, nay, truly ecclesiastical appearance—was busily engaged in recording the bids. By his side lounged a sportsman in a pith hat of peculiar construction. This sportsman, who was bidding vigorously, was described, in the glowing language of the hammer, as "a Real Conservative English Gentleman." I asked who the "R. C. E. G." was, and heard, to my horror, that (from his name) he was apparently connected with a well-known Circus! The "R. C. E. G." appeared determined to buy the mare, evidently believing (as an excellent judge of horse-flesh) that *Queen Frederica* might one day be trained to dance a kind of polka with the Clown, or at least to take a glass of wine with counterfeited satisfaction with the Ring-Master. But the owner came to the rescue; and "the Heroine of the Shepperton All-Aged Selling Stakes of 5 Sovs. each, with 100 Sovs. added," originally valued at a "century," being bought in for £609 sterling, was saved from a "trial of endurance" in a hippodrome!

My *Sabletail* disaster did not end my misfortunes. I returned to the Ring, and selecting a bookmaker on account of his personal resemblance to Lord SHAFESBURY, plunged once again.

Do you know what it is to "put money on a horse"? If you don't,—see the initial illustration to this article.

I backed *Montrose* for the Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, *Sarsaparilla* for the Kempton Park August Handicap, *Playaway* for the Halliford Welter, and *Van Tromp* for the Middlesex Maiden. None of them won! I was a ruined man. At this crisis there was but one thing to do, and I did it. I turned Commissioner myself. The Biter ceased to be the Bit!

Only the last race remained, but I had heard something about it that made me believe that taking the odds against everything would be what they call in the City "a thoroughly sound commercial transaction." Accordingly, with unbounded generosity, I took One Hundred, nay, One Thousand to One, against the Field and the Favourite coupled. Unused to this disinterested dealing, the Public rallied round me with cheerful alacrity. A quarter of an hour before the time advertised for the running of the race I inspected my book, with the following highly satisfactory result. I found that I stood either to *lose* rather more than Half a Million of Money, or to *win* no less a sum than £3 10s. 4*d*.! Having this pleasing amount in my pocket, I now secretly withdrew, as it was really useless to remain any longer. But my Honour (without which life is quite valueless) was preserved. My absence had just become noticeable when the last race (as I knew it would be *from the first*) was declared void!

Need I add, as a man of the widest sympathies, that it was most comforting to me to consider (when I was well on my way home) that the Public I had left behind me so full of hope, so full of confidence, at Kempton Park, were just the sort of people to bear the discovery of their unexpected loss—after a slight display of excusable irritability—with very edifying equanimity? The answer will be in the negative, my dear young Friend, if you *really* know

THE COLONEL.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



thorns of Lord STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL's Turcophil talkee-talkee? *Punch* passes on.

(Commons).—GORST, our Sir Molester Deadlock, still interrogative: "Will the Government undertake not to advise HER MAJESTY to prorogue Parliament until the result of General ROBERTS's march is ascertained?" Hardly necessary, replies Lord HARTINGTON, with grim humour, since the Hon. Gentleman can secure that result himself if he be so minded. Obstruction asks Sir Dead-lock to enter into an engagement not to move on!

Then five hours' talk over six votes in Committee on Civil Service Estimates. Class II. (Law and Justice) Salaries of Prison Commissioners and functions of Visiting Justices canvassed closely and contentiously. Mr. Alderman FOWLER having weakly suggested that if they could not trust the Government in "trifles," there would never be an end to public business (the innocent Alderman!), Lord R. CHURCHILL "rounded on him" (school-boy slang seems so appropriate to the proceedings of Lord RANDOLPH) as "an old Tory" whom he, for one, didn't mean to follow. Has Toryism then, in the persons of the three Members of the fourth party, indeed taken a new departure?

To heckle with questions and bother with Bogeys
Appear the Fourth Party's preposterous rules,
The Young Tories think the Old Tories are fogies,
The Old Tories know the Young Tories are—fules!

"Fules" in a parliamentary sense, of course.

Tuesday (Lords).—

Earl DE LA WARE inquires what Railway Companies appear awake
To the advisability of using the Continuous Brake.
Lord REDDSDALE plaintively repeats his query, "What will Peers baffle
In this strange Session, which would seem continuous with no break at all?"

(Commons).—Mr. FORSTER, in reply to Sir W. BARTTELOT, administered a well-deserved double-thonging to Mr. DILLON, the sedition-spouting, outrage-provoking Member for Tipperary. Beware, Mr. DILLON, of *Mr. Punch's bâton* or *Toby's teeth*!

Then Lord HARTINGTON, on Indian Finance, at present synonymous with Indian Pickle. Some consolation is to be found in the apparent fact that but for the Afghan War there would have been fair surpluses during the last three years. As it is, there is a deficit of Nine Millions or so—quite a little "surprise packet" not discovered until a few weeks before the late Government left office. The military expenditure had, in fact, been pleasantly underestimated to the tune of Nine Millions, owing to the peculiarly humorous system of keeping military accounts in India. Military expenditure not being included in making up the books, the Indian Government had to "guess at it," and as Lord HARTINGTON said, "had framed these Estimates upon any basis without making any inquiry into the amount actually expended." Government will have to "guess again," as they can't "give it up." Thus—but the affair naturally lends itself to dramatic treatment:—

VERY ODD FIGURES!

OR THE OPTIMIST VICEROY AND THE OBLIVIOUS SECRETARY.

A FINANCIAL FARCE.

SCENE I.—*India*. VICEROY and FINANCIAL SECRETARY confidentially chatting over the Prosperity Budget.

Viceroy. Ah! highly satisfactory! Surplus small,
But still a Surplus. Good! And is that all?
Secretary (airily). Oh yes!—that is—well, 'tis the merest trifle,
That little Afghan business! [Pauses and puffs cigar.]

Viceroy (after an interval). Pheugh! I stifle.
An Indian heat! (Drinks deeply of iced potables). Where were we? Oh, dear me,
The Afghan business?

Secretary (suddenly reminiscent). Well—in fact
—you see, Accounts not audited—hum—can't quite tell—

To a few millions—but, if all goes well,
'Twill soon be over. Ah! how close the place is!

I've estimated on the usual basis!

Viceroy. Quite right! Quite right! Quidnuncs at home seem queasy,
But, after all, the whole affair's so easy.
Hah! GLADSTONE and his lot will have to trudge it

When we make public our Prosperity Budget.
[Left enjoying themselves.]

SCENE II.—*England*. JOHN BULL and VICEROY having it out.

John Bull. Nine Millions out, and on the wrong side? Clearly My Indian books must have been kept most queerly.

Viceroy. Ah well, you see, that "usual basis" bogged us,
And those "conjectural estimates" quite fogged us.

John Bull. "Usual?" "Conjectural?" Finance by guess,
You might have known, would land you in a mess,

A system worthy *Herbert Pocket*.
Viceroy (with interest). Ah!
Great Expectations as a fiction—

John Bull (impatiently). Bah!
Shifting the scene to India 'tis your story.
This is the price I pay for pinchbeck glory—
Out by Two Hundred (very near) per cent!!!
I hope that you and STRACHEY are content.
Of course I don't suspect financial riggers,
But these are—what you cut—Very Odd Figures!

Mr. Punch thinks so too; and, while desiring to imitate Lord HARTINGTON's generous and gentlemanly forbearance, does not wonder that Mr. FAWCETT was "generally cheered" when he said that "some radical change must be introduced into the system of Government in India." "Radical" means Liberal, of course. The preposterous system, yet more than the peccant individuals, is the thing that demands pitching into.

Wednesday (Commons).—Employers' Liability Bill pushed on to Third Reading in spite of "assistance" from the Young Tory Trio. In Committee on the Savings Bank Bill, Mr. MAGNIAC hotly complained of the manner in which it was being "rushed through." Legislation by "ugly rushes" is indeed a thing to be strenuously deprecated; but isn't it rather lunatical, or Magniacal, for those who deliberately wrangle to complain loudly of being hurried? As reasonably shall the wayfarer who idly whittles his staff to chips, grumble at having nothing to walk with.

Thursday (Lords).—The Employers' Liability Bill read a First Time, without discussion. All will not be such plain sailing presently perchance.

The disconcerting story of Isandlana, as told by Lord CHELMSFORD, interested, if it did not wholly satisfy, a scanty House. Lord STRATHNAIRN, who had somewhat modified his original plan of attack upon the conduct of affairs in Zululand, made nevertheless a lively onslaught on the Short Service System, Civil War Ministers, "Hybrid Amateurs," Military Education (founded on the study of antique depravity and modern fiction), and incidentally upon the conduct of the Campaign in South Africa.

Lord CHELMSFORD, in a clear speech, defended the Short Service System, and



SIC TRANSIT!

ALAS, FOR THE PRETTY JERSEY COSTUME! 'ANDSOME 'ARRIET, THE 'OUSEMAID, HAS GOT IT AT LAST, AND IT FITS HER JUST AS WELL AS HER MISSUS.

himself attributing the disaster at Isandlana to disobedience of orders on the part of dead Colonel DURNFORD.

Lord DENMAN thought that the narrative "must be satisfactory to every thinking man in the three kingdoms." A charming and comforting *consensus*! Perhaps we may hear anon who the "thinking men" really are, and what they think of it.

(Commons).—Hares and Rabbits Bill again the *pièce de résistance*. The Champions of "Sport" valorously stuck to their guns, CHAPLIN indignantly minatory, BRAND bitterly monitorial. Sundry Amendments aimed more or less directly at the "vital principle" of the Bill, ruthlessly negatived by the "Mechanical Majority." Meanwhile, the "Little Victims" (see Cartoon), by no means "regardless of their doom," prick alarmed ears at the coming shadow, which, whether it be that of the Lord, who would preserve them for Sport, or of the Farmer, who would pot them for crop-preservation, can bode but small good to Puss and Bunny.

Friday.—Both in the Upper and the Lower House a considerable portion of the Sitting was occupied by heated discussion on the conduct of Public Business. In wrangling over waste of time our legislators wasted more. Mr. Punch, however, does sincerely pity the poor Peers, "kept in" with nothing particular to do. The Commons at least are hard at it.

Mr. BALFOUR moved—"That it is inexpedient in the interest of public business that important measures should be brought under the consideration of the House at a period of the Session when it is impossible that they should receive adequate discussion." Everybody agreed with him in principle, but the blame for the actual condition of affairs was tossed from side to side of the House like the ball in a well maintained rally at Lawn Tennis.

Lord HARTINGTON was humorously arithmetical, calculating that six Members of the House (Mr. GOSB, Sir HENRY WOLFF, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Mr. BIGGAR, Mr. O'CONNOR, and Mr. FINIGAN), all Ishmaelites or Irishmen, had, between them, made 407 speeches, and that, if all Members babbled in the same proportion, the

Notices for Mudford Estate Office.

Thursday (Midday), August 19.—Heaps of Refuse all down Mudford Street and other tributaries of Mud-Salad Market. No Collection at the doors.

Instructions in the Great Block System will be given by qualified Professors, on application at the Mudford Estate Office, Glosmbury.

Probable Change of Name.—On account of the delicious flavouring communicated by Mud-Salad Market to Garrick Street, it is proposed to alter its name to Garlick Street.

Lectures.

(Subjects suggested for the "British Goat Society.")

On the force of a "But" in argument.
On Fair Play and very little "Kid" about it.
On Historical Nannygoats of Eminent Persons.

This Society, whose object is to induce every Cottager to keep a Goat, which, in return, will keep him, hopes to adopt for its motto—"Chacun a son goat."

Archæology at Home.

SPEAKING to the Archæological Association the other day at Devizes Town-Hall, Earl NELSON observed that meetings like theirs gave people "a zest to become antiquaries, to gather together little bits of their family history, and of the history of their respective parishes." Cultivated in this spirit, Archæological researches instead of resulting in mere dry bones, may be expected to reward investigators with the discovery of skeletons in the cupboard.

'Arry on Litterytoor.

"Eros." Four tales by the Misses BUTTS, TYTLER, and the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD.

'ARRY only read the title. "Why, they can't write their own language," he said, utterly disgusted. "Whoever 'eard of spellin' 'os' with one 'a'?"

"O' course," replied 'ARRY junior; "and, as it's taken four on 'em to do it, it ain't 'Er'oss, it's Their 'oss."

So neither of 'em bought the book.

MAXIMUM OF THE MAJORITY.—Late hours are damaging the Parliamentary Constitution.

average length of a Session would be eight years or so, "a result which," as is frequently observed by EUCLID in similar circumstances, "is absurd."

Of course Lord R. CHURCHILL was virtuously indignant, and Mr. CHAPLIN savagely recriminatory. Well, the Government has made mistakes, and the present position of affairs is sufficiently exacerbating, but complaint certainly does not lie in the mouths of the little minority of Obstructives, who cannot be acquitted of having wantonly wasted time with a view to impede legislation which they dislike, and discredit a Government which they detest.

Tongue v. Time. Tongue had rare sport.
Tongue wagged long till Time ran short.
Tongue complained. "You're out of Court,
For waste makes want," was Time's retort.

What little time could be spared from reprimand, was (in the Commons) devoted to further discussion of the Hares and Rabbits Bill.

Sporting M.P. loquitur—

"Game? Game? Bah! I loathe the name.
(Popping and spouting not being the same).
The moors invite,—'tis a thundering shame,—
Yes, a beastly swindle, whoever's to blame,
To keep a man here when the grouse should claim
His sole attention! A Bill to frame
Which at every turn must one's temper inflame
With verbal allusions to game! game! game!
Is the game of fiends. Ah! the moors! I fear
Non-M.P.'s have the luck, who midst jovial cheer
Bring the game down there. 'We must keep it up here!'

[Left voting viciously.]

UNPUBLISHED TELEGRAM TO MR. FORSTER LAST WEEK.—"Come back to Erin!"—and he went.



ARTFUL.

Tramp (to the Rector). "YOUR SERMON WAS VERY MUCH THOUGHT TO LAST NIGHT, SIR—"

Rector (flattered). "INDEED, MY MAN! I'M VERY GLAD IF ANY EFFORTS OF MINE—"

Tramp. "YES, SIR, I HEARN A GREAT MANY A-TALKIN' OF IT IN THE PORTCH, AND I WAS A-WALKIN' OVER TO RAMSGATE YESTERDAY, AND MY 'AT BLEW OFF INTO THE SEA, AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT A OLD 'AT YOU COULD GIVE—"

[*Usual result.*]

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

Author of "The Chronicles of Barsellshire," "Beerjester Brewers," "The Half-way House at Aleinton," "Thorley Farm for Cattle," "Family Parsonage," "The Prying Minister," "Pearls before Swine; or, Who Used his Diamonds?" "Rub the Hair," "The Way We Dye Now," "Fishy Fin," "Fishyas Wilduz," "Dr. Thorne and David James," "Star and Garter, Richmond," "Rachel Hooray!" "The Jellies of Jelly," "The Bertrams and Roberts," "Lady Pye-Anna," "Tails of All Creatures," "Arry 'Otpur," "Mary Greasly," "Vicar of Fullbaker" "McDermott of Balladssingerun," "Can't You Forget Her?" "He Knew He Could Write," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII. (CONTINUED).

We know what was the wrath of Juno when Jupiter demeaned himself to play at "Follow my Leda," and wasn't her husband a greater Divine than Jupiter? and, if so, wasn't his conduct worse? And could it be any comfort to her to think that if he hadn't metamorphosed himself into a swan, he had at least made an old goose of himself, and that history so repeats itself as to show how birds of a feather flock together?

Whether this all passed through Mrs. DOWDIE's mind I cannot say, for my acquaintance with this estimable woman does not warrant me in the conclusion that she was acquainted with anything more than a very vague outline of the classics, and had probably never heard either of LEMPRIERE

or of OVIDIUS NASO. Be this as it may, she gave La Marchesa such a look, as, if looks were lightning, would have blasted her on the spot, and then taking the Bishop by the arm, pushed him in front of her, two steps at a time, up the staircase to his dressing-room, where, locking the door, she wouldn't let him leave the apartment until she had so combed his hair, that had become seriously disarranged during his recent unwonted exercise, as to enable him to reappear among his guests, sleek, tidy, cool, and comfortable, as if nothing extraordinary had happened.

Once, and once only, was he able to slip away from his wife, and whisper in his Chaplain's ear,

"I'm immensely taken with La Marchesa."

The quick-witted Italian, who was eating a Neapolitan ice specially provided for her by Mr. MATTIX, looked up with an arch glance, and replied, softly,

"Come to the photographer's, and we'll be taken together."

"You will if I catch you!" exclaimed the now thoroughly roused Mrs. DOWDIE, who had returned, unperceived, to the refreshment-room. "And," she added, turning to the Bishop, "you'll be well shaken before taken, I can tell you. As to you, Madame, there's a reckoning—"

"Indeed!" interrupted La Marchesa. "I thought I was indebted to your hospitality for the ice; but as there's a reckoning, GIOVANNI" (this to the Blue Boy), "you have a shilling in my purse—give sixpence for the ice, twopence for the cakes, and the rest of the change she can keep for herself."

"Insolent!" hissed Mrs. DOWDIE, whom rage had now almost completely mastered. And to what act of violence she would have proceeded it is impossible to say, had not Archbeacon OVERWAYTE, who had been present during the greater part of this scene, whispered in her ear, "The professional person has sprained her ankle in dancing. She must leave the house at once. I'll see to it."

She pressed the Archbeacon's hand in silent gratitude, and for the second time led the Bishop away from this dangerous proximity. Dr. DOWDIE retired, looking back over his shoulder, and intimating, by signs, his undying admiration for his too lovely and too fascinating guest, and his great sympathy for her in her misfortunes.

It was not likely, however, that the Archbeacon would be allowed to succeed on such dangerous ground; and just as he was about to offer his arm to La Marchesa, he was suddenly recalled to a sense of conjugal duty by a sharp tap on the back of his head from his wife's fan, which was welcomed with a ringing laugh from the light-hearted Italian.

"I was going to help her, my dear," explained the Archbeacon, "because she's sprained her ankle, and is lame."

"Never you mind about her ankle, Archnoddie; you just let her ankles alone!" was that excellent lady's retort.

"But she's a lame woman!" pleaded the Archbeacon, warding off another rap of the fan.

"If she's a lame woman," replied Mrs. OVERWAYTE, "let a lame man help her. And you're not a *lame-man*, are you, Archbeacon? No; so you just come along, and insist on ARABLE's proposing to MORLEENA while Mr. MATTIX gets himself entangled in this quarter." And the far-seeing Lady walked her husband off at a critical moment.

And where was Mr. MATTIX all this while?

Seeing that he could do no good where he was, by the side of La Marchesa, and feeling that any interference between the Bishop and Mrs. DOWDIE would not be opportune, he determined to fortify himself with a few glasses of the liqueur of Ancient Thomas, and then, while the whole party was occupied with the doings of the Italian troupe in the tent, he would strike the blow, and propose to MORLEENA. She could but refuse him; and if she did, was there not La Marchesa in reserve? He would not begin by proposing to the Italian; her style of life was too uncertain for his fixed ideas of clerical preferment; and then to put himself at her feet would be to throw himself into the arms of what was now a thoroughly anti-Mrs.-DOWDIE party, and, yet awhile at least, he could not afford to break with the Bishop's wife. If MORLEENA accepted him, he might still indulge his artistic tastes in an occasional flirtation with the

Marchesa should she choose to reside in Small-Beerjester, and make friends with Mrs. DOWDIE. Big with these resolutions, Mr. MATTIX drained the contents of a quart of Ancient Thomas, and then murmured to himself something about "coming at once to the pint."

At that moment MORLEENA was strolling forth into a secluded part of the garden, in expectation—I must admit it, though it does seem sly in a heroine—of MR. ARABLE happening to come out, before the Show was half over, to walk in that direction. After all, dear Ladies over forty, is it not what some of you would do yourselves? And if so, why not allow that it was not such great slyness in even so average a heroine as my MORLEENA? Mind, I don't set her up for a pattern to follow. If she had been an example to be followed, MR. ARABLE would have known that, and he would have been there by now. No; she does not pretend to be a pattern; and I do not intend to make an example of her.

MY YOT.

(*A Confidential Carol, by a Cockney Owner, who inwardly feels that he is not exactly "in it," after all.*)



HAT makes me deem I'm
of Viking blood
(Though a wee bit
queer when the pace
grows hot),
A briny slip of the
British brood?

My Yot!

What makes me rig me
in curious guise,
Like a kind of a sort
of—I don't know
what,
And talk sea-slang, to
the world's surprise?

My Yot!

What makes me settle
my innermost soul
On winning a pur-
poseless silver pot,
And walk with a (very
much) nautical roll?

My Yot!

What makes me learned
in cutters and yawls,
And time-allowance
—which others must
tot—
And awfully nervous
in sudden squalls?

My Yot!

What makes me sprawl on the deck all day,
And at night play "Nap" till I lose a lot,
And grub in a catch-who-can sort of a way?
My Yot!

What makes me qualmish, timorous, pale,
(Though rather than own it I'd just be shot)
When the Fuy in the wave-crests dips her sail?
My Yot!

What makes me "patter" to skipper and crew
In a kibosh style that a child might spot,
And tug hard ropes till my knuckles go blue?
My Yot!

What makes me snooze in a narrow, close bunk,
Till the cramp my limbs doth twist and knot,
And brave discomfort, and face blue-funk?
My Yot!

What makes me gammon my chummiest friends
To "try the fun"—which I know's all rot—
And earn the dead-cut in which all this ends?
My Yot!

What makes me, in short, an egregious ass,
A bore, a butt, who, not caring a jot
For the sea, as a sea-king am seeking to pass?
My Yot!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(*The Colonel "assists" at the Brussels Meeting.*)



ARE sport, Sir. The World's mine Oyster, and here in Brussels is one of our "Opening days." Uprouse ye, then, my merry, merry men, &c., &c. But I may tell you, confidentially, that for the last month or so the brave Belgians have been celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of their Independence. The Brussels streets have been during this time in a chronic state of banners and illuminations. The heroes of the hour seem to be "The Combatants of 1830"—complimentary allusions to them on bunting and in coloured lamps appearing at every corner of almost every road. Before leaving, I saw one of these aged quarrellers staggering under the weight of an enormous tricoloured flag. He was supported on either side by friends who urged him frequently to "hold up," and formed an amusing "feature" in a vague procession consisting, apparently, of all the restaurant waiters of Brussels, in dirty evening dress, His Majesty the King in a State carriage, a few loungers in red dressing-gowns, the entire Belgian Army, and other little odds and ends of an equally effective character. That there might be no doubt about the identity of the veteran brawler, he was labelled "a combatant," and appeared to be suffering from the combined infirmities of extreme old age and long-seated intoxication. Why he had selected 1830 for a display of his pugnacity, and after making this quaint selection, what he had done, and why he had done it, seemed to be secrets known only to himself and perhaps the keeper of the archives of some local police-station. These mysteries, however, appeared to be quite in keeping with the spirit of the moment. The Belgians have celebrated with the utmost heartiness the jubilee of their freedom, when no one (except, possibly, two or three professional historians) seems to have ever heard of their slavery. I, for instance, should have entirely missed the Liberation Fêtes had not my instincts as a veritable "gentleman-s-jocké-ors-ridere-sport-is-man" (as they called me in Brussels) carried me over to "assist" at the courses of Boitsfort.

My journey to Belgium was not quite uneventful. On the way to Dover I met two frank young English lads, who told me that they were going to Paris (at the instance of a strong-minded maiden aunt) to pick up a knowledge of the world, and to acquire accomplishments. Learning this, I thought it a duty I owed to their aged and sensible protectress to point out to them that an opportunity now offered for the commencement of what might be termed the finishing touches to their education. I suggested that they could not do better than entrust me with a sum (small or great—for preference the latter), to be expended by me on their behalf at the Brussels Races. Sad and strange to say, although so young, they seemed to distrust me, and even appeared to harbour a suspicion that in making my proposal I had some selfish object of my own in view! Need I say that, inexplicably shocked, and hurt to the very quick, I indignantly repudiated the unworthy insinuation, and for the moment had no more to say to them. However, I am naturally of a forgiving nature, and when we got to Mid-Channel my heart softened towards them. I happen to be an excellent sailor myself, and it pained me deeply to see how greatly the poor young lads were suffering. To cheer them up, I again broached the subject of the Brussels investment. At first they evidently misunderstood me, for they with extreme difficulty (so great was their lassitude) produced their tickets. Gently explaining that I was not the Steward, but only a staunch and true friend, they seemed to recognise me. With tears in their eyes, they offered me all they had in the world to say no more about it. As a token of my hearty forgiveness, I helped myself to a considerable sum, and noticing that they were really quite unequal to the fatigue of any further conversation, left them. On arriving at Calais, I immediately took the Brussels train. When I reached Lille, it suddenly occurred to me that I had forgotten to ask for their address, and had, moreover, neglected to furnish them with my own! Nothing could have been more unlucky, as mutual recognition had now become almost impossible! Having the worst memory in the world for faces, I felt sure I should never know them if I met them. They, on the other hand, would have considerable difficulty in identifying me, as (by my doctor's advice) I always travel in a false nose, a closely-fitting wig, and a pair of blue spectacles. I have a large assortment of these useful articles at home, from which I make a careful choice invariably before starting on a fresh journey. However, it is some satisfaction to me to consider that the money entrusted to me was expended in Brussels in the way proposed, to the very letter.

I cannot help thinking that "le Sport" must have been introduced originally into Belgium by a Mr. ASTLEY or a Mr. SANGER. When I arrived at Boitsfort, I found that the old traditions of the Circus

had been closely followed. There were the customary reserved places, the well-remembered band in uniform, the never-to-be-forgotten obstacles to be brought to the fore just before the last act—the ever-exciting race between barking dogs with nervous inattentive monkey jockeys. There was only one omission—there were no Clowns. However, the lighter part of the entertainment was chiefly supplied by "the Military." Between the races a number of lads, in hussar costumes, practised the seemingly-not-difficult art of tumbling off their horses, to the great delight of an applauding crowd of spectators. The King, too, who, as usual, arrived in State (the chief mission in life of His Majesty seems to be to appear at the fag-end of a procession when everybody is going away), had a "comic scene" all to himself. The monarch had ordered the whole of his Staff to assume winter garments, while reserving to himself the right of wearing white nankeen pantaloons. The contrast between the lightly-clad Sovereign and his heavily-bullioned Court was most mirth provoking, and caused endless amusement (as it was evidently intended to do) amongst the loyal bystanders. This regal joke and the half-witted manœuvres of the "cavalry" prevented the "Réunion de l'Eté" from lacking a vein of humour.

The Betting Division consisted of a wicked-looking omnibus labelled "L'Office du Sport, Paris Mutual," and some half-dozen Ring-men of the ordinary type so dear to Appy 'Ampton. The omnibus seemed much neglected, in spite of an elaborate apparatus for the rapid issuing of tickets, but the Commissioners were doing excellent business. "Key var lar Shervari? Key var Marglau? Jug-you-lare A-gal-ity?" shouted a gentleman who looked as if he had been warned of Newmarket Heath so effectually that he had not stopped running until reaching Brussels. On inquiry I found that the gentleman was inviting the public to "back the mare" or "Magloire," or to lay "evens on Jugulaire." As he spoke, the Band in the eccentric military costumes began to play a gallop, and the horses cantered round the course in the good old-fashioned circus form. I looked at my "seul programme officiel," and was not surprised to learn that the first race on the list was the "Prix de l'Hippodrome"—quite as it should have been. I also became aware that the "Society for the Encouragement," the Belgian Government, and the town of Brussels between them had contrived to "offer" about £500—to be expended upon prizes for five races. Encouraged by this liberality, some half-dozen skinny animals (that appeared to be very much missing the four-wheelers in which seemingly they had passed their youth and middle age) made a pretence of racing. They were ridden by English jockeys (speaking their own language with an idiomatic force quite unknown to the Conventional Dialogue Books), who treated the authorities with supreme contempt. The horses started when and how they pleased. The most interesting race of the day was the "Prix du Fort Jaco (Steeple-chase Handicap)," of which a "plan of the course" was given in the official programme. The idea of fixing such an event to come off in the middle of August shows how thoroughly the Belgians have mastered "Les Mystères du Sport Britannique." The road was full of "obstacles." There was a brick wall about the height of a lady's fan, a hurdle, a "hurdle English," a "river" (quite six feet broad), and some clay. The clay was evidently a great feature, as it was printed in capitals. How the enfranchised cab-horses surmounted these difficulties, I know not, as I left before the race was run, as you shall hear.

In the kindness of my heart, my dear young Friend, I thought I would give the brave Belgians a little lesson in English. Selecting a secluded spot, I opened my umbrella, and commenced shouting, "Don Giovanni Egalité! Qui va le cheval? Qui va Don Giovanni? Qui va le cheval!" Perfectly charmed with the purity of my Parisian accent, an enthusiastic crowd surrounded me, and overwhelmed me with gifts of a pecuniary character. When my pockets were quite full, I thought it time to commence my lesson. I therefore quietly closed my umbrella, and began to move away. Upon this, my kind friends asked me a number of questions in French. Taking off my hat, I returned, "Me English, me not understand French—nong comprenny!" and then began, for the sake of the exercise, to run towards the Station. Then there was a scene of indescribable emotion. The mob rushed at me, and made the most frantic attempts to offer an explanation. It was of no use. I would be only satisfied with English, and English, alas! they could not offer me. By this time I had left the course, and soon afterwards (with the assistance of the Police and Military, who showed the utmost gallantry), returned to Brussels. At the polite invitation of the authorities, I left the same night for England.

Brave, dear Belgians! Good-hearted people, so proud of your independence, so free from guile, so happy in your jubilee! In spite of your present joy, I am sure that some of you have not quite forgotten Your sincere well-wisher, THE COLONEL.

ENGLAND'S PUZZLE AND PAT'S CHARADE.—"You rouse my first by asking rent for my second, and my whole is my Country!"—Ire-land.

THE GREAT LORD MAYOR AT BOURNEMOUTH.

(From a Local Correspondent.)



THERE, now I can goo to bed comfortable, and lie my head on my piller in pace, fur now I be content; I've had my wish, and han't a got nuthun moor, in the way o' sights, to set my heart upon and long for in this here blessed wordle.

'Cause why, now at last I've a sin the LARD MAYOR. Now I've set eyes upon the LARD MAYOR o' London.

I went to Bournemouth o' Wednesday o' purpus to zee un. 'A come down vrom London to open the new Pier in state. I zee un do't. I zee un in his gownd and goold chaaing. I zee un in his grandjer. I zee un in his gloree. I zee Sur FRANSUS TRUSCUTT, Lard Mayor.

The Mace-Bearer wi' the Mace went afoor un; the Sheriffs toller'd aater un: Mr. Sheruff BAXLEY and Mr. Sheruff WOOLTON. I thinks to myself how nigh Sheriffs sounds to Seruffs. But the farmer han't got no wings, and they doant want fur bodies.

Aaater they, come others I heer'd called Civic Uffishles, Auficers o' the London Corporaishun; preshus fine, I believe ye.

Wi' the LARD MAYOR was the LADY MAYORESS. She got a kay and took and unlocked the maain entrance to the new Pier. I zee her.

The band o' the Grannydear Gards, playun, marched up the Pier wi' DAN GODFREY at the head on 'um, as fur as the t'other end.

There the LARD MAYOR had a sort o' peepaper, or a writun on vellum o' sum kind, persented to un, and he wished Success to Bourne-mouth.

Aaater that, zum on em gie'd the LADY MAYORESS a goolden kay to the maain entrance, fur to let her in there anywhen she'd a mind to.

Then the LARD MAYOR farmerly declared the new Pier to be fully opened.

In the aasternoon there was a public lunchun in the Winter Gaarden, and five hundred zat down to teable. Amung um 'sides the LARD MAYOR and the LADY MAYORESS was the new Vicar o' Bournemouth, Bishop RYAN, Bishop o' somewhere else, an'a zed grease; as't med well take a Bishop of anywhere to zay afoor the LARD MAYOR o' London.

In the aevenun, a grand show o' fireworks was let off on the Pier, to the LARD MAYOR's honour.

Who is there amungst all the grandees of all the vorren naashuns on the veace o' the arth like the LARD MAYOR o' London City? What's the Emperor o' Roosher or Proosher to un? What's Prince BISMARCK? What's his High-and-Mightiness the Sultan o' TURKEY? What's his Holiness the Pwoop? Not vit to hold a candle to un, nare a one on'em. Hooray fur the LARD MAYOR! The LARD MAYOR for ever! Gloree to the gurt LARD MAYOR!

FAMILIAR QUOTATION ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT SESSION.

HARK to the Commons' cry of blank despair,
"Ware of Obstruction!" *ECHO* answers "Where?"

CHANGE OF NAME.

SIR W. VERNON HARCOURT to Sir W. RABID HARECAUGHT.
Motto—"Varium et mutabile Temper."

VIRGILIAN FORECAST OF THE SESSION OF 1880.

"—Sedet, aeternumque sedebit,
Infelix —."

OUR GARDENER'S CHRONICLE.

DON'T place a sensitive plant near a laughing-stock, or there'll be a difficulty.



THE DECIMAL SYSTEM.

Brown (entering Pork-butcher's Shop in France, and seizing a large Sausage done up in silver paper). "KESKERSAYKERSAH?"

Fair Charcutière. "C'EST DU SAUCISSON DE LYONS, MONSIEUR."

Brown (who always confuses measures of weight with measures of distance). "ALORS VOULEZ-VOUS ME DONNAY OON KILOMAYTER DE SOSISSONG DE LYONG!"

Fair Charcutière (who is never surprised at English eccentricity). "UN KILOMÈTRE, MONSIEUR? CERTAINEMENT; MAIS IL FAUDRA NOUS DONNEE UN PEU DE TEMPS!"

THE MUD-SALAD MARKET HOTEL-GUIDE.

MUD-SALAD MARKET is renowned for its hotels. They are not palaces, but caravanserais—real comfortable old-fashioned taverns. Being in the centre of London, these taverns are always full of visitors. The "Mudford" takes in families; the "Gravystock" is devoted to bachelors. To know how to get comfortably to and from these taverns, is part of the science of London life—thanks to the Duke of MUDFORD and the management of Mud-Salad Market. There are three days of the week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—which it is desirable to avoid, both for incoming and outgoing. If business or pleasure will not allow the intending visitor to avoid these days, the following directions may be useful:—

If you arrive by a morning mail, leave your cab about half a mile from Mud-Salad Market in any direction, and engage a porter to carry your luggage on his head. This will conciliate the market-people, and probably decrease the amount of "chaff" which is freely bestowed upon any person who tries to make the passage of the market without belonging to the fruit and cabbage trade. The passenger will pick his way carefully through the vegetable refuse, and, if his nose is at all sensitive, he will use a camphorated hand-kerchief. If his clothes have any appearance of respectability, he must not mind being called a "toff," and told that he "has got 'em on." When he arrives at the hotel, he will find it useless to go to bed, even at the most remote back corner of the building, as the purchase and sale of vegetables involves almost as much noise as a French Revolution. If he goes out on business, he will do well to keep away till late in the afternoon or evening, by which time the Duke of MUDFORD's scavengers have made things superficially decent. If he wishes to leave his hotel, to catch an early train on Tuesday, Thursday, or Saturday, he will do well to engage a market porter for his luggage, and walk out of Mud-Salad Market as he walked into it. He should turn a deaf ear to any offer to fetch one

of the phantom vehicles known as "night cabs." They may start from a remote stand, but no amount of bad language will ever get them to their destination. The Mud-Salad Jungle is too much for them. The off days—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, not to mention Sundays—are less noisy and mud-salady, but more aromatic. On Thursday you may get a sight of bright flowers or a whiff of fresh mint; on Friday you get nothing but a stale smell of vegetable matter—

"They may sweep and may polish the place as they will,
But the scent of the cabbage will cling to it still."

Six of One.

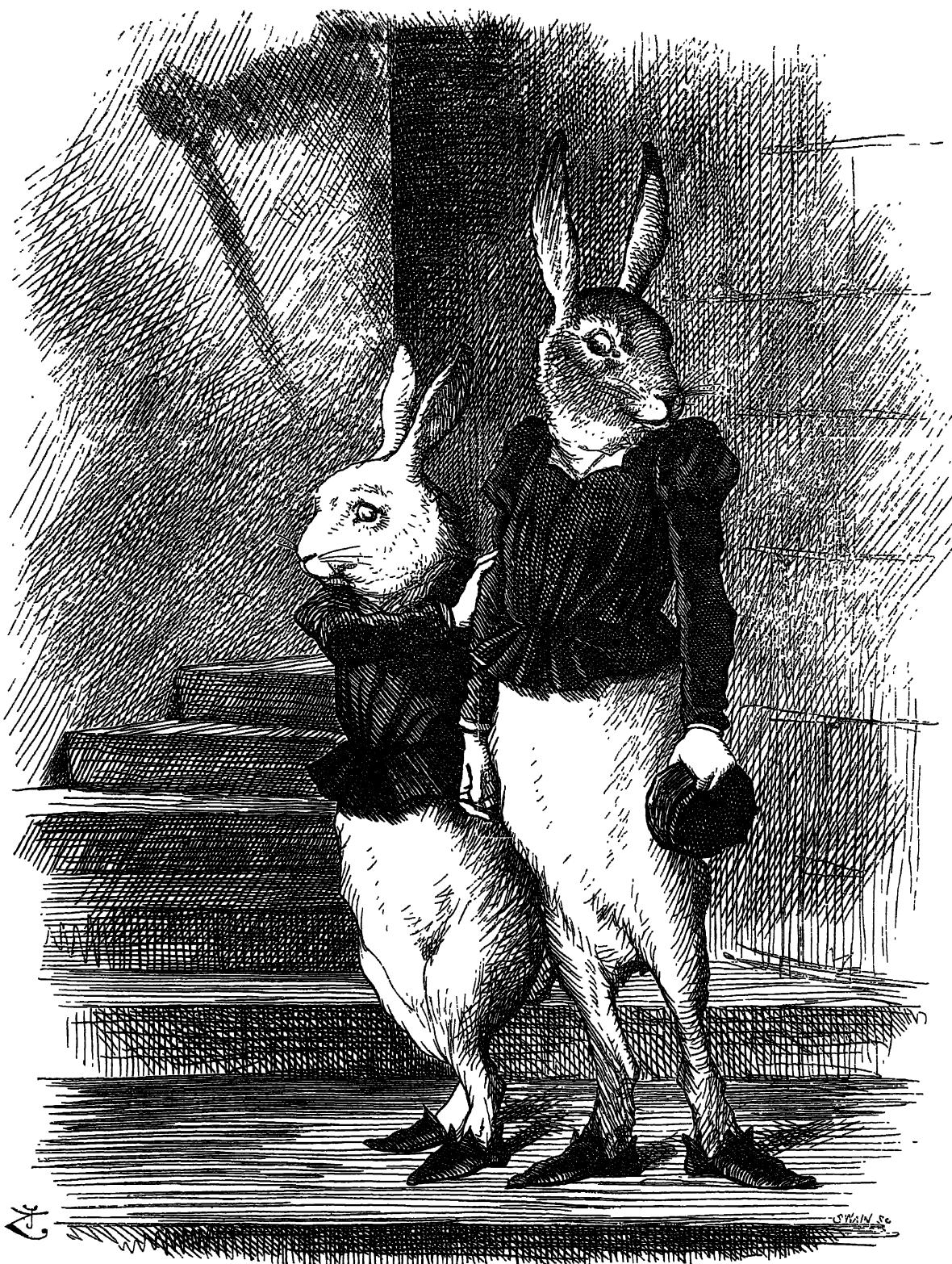
"EARL GREY, being unable to attend the House of Lords again this Session, has addressed an earnest protest to the Earl of REDDSDALE against legislation forced upon the country in the absence of the Peers."—*Daily Papers.*

CRIES GREY, "In their travelling togs,
They care not two straws for the House,
They're going, I fear, to the dogs,
Just as I'm setting off for the grouse!"

Nuptials, and Neighbours.

"MARRY in haste," as the proverb says, "and repent at leisure." With proverbial wisdom the French Law opposes legal obstacles to the contraction of hasty marriages. This legislation is conceived in a true artistic spirit, being intended to supply French Dramatists and Novelists with ample materials.

HOPEFUL PROSPECT FOR IRISH LANDLORDS.—A Rent—in the clouds.



LITTLE VICTIMS.

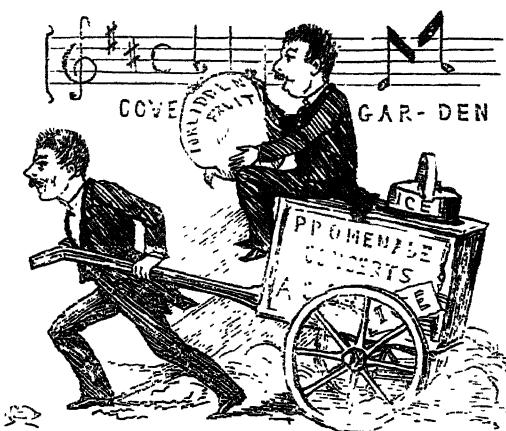
HARE (*terrified*). "WHAT'S THAT?—THE LORDS?"

(*With Mr. Punch's apologies to "The Princes in the Tower," by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.*)

RABBIT (*shuddering*). "P'RAPS IT'S THE FARMERS!!"

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

(After Visiting Messrs. Gatti's Two Theatres.)



Tory-ly if you like it, wrong about these entertainments. There is either too much bar or too much music. And the majority of the audience pay more attention to the bar at the back of the stage than to those which are delivered in front. If you were to do away with the music, it might be alleged that the entertainments would not be concerts in the strictest sense of the word. And if you were to do away with the bar, nobody would come and promenade. As it is, one has to hear a song under the following circumstances:—

Vocalist. "On mossy banks reclining,"

Deaf Bucolic. What does he say was shining?

Vocalist. "We sat, my love and I,"

Bibulous Individual. Oh, 'ARRY, ain't I dry!

Vocalist. "As daylight was declining,"

Justly Indignant Musician. This audience wants refining.

Vocalist. "And stars 'gan to peep from the sky."

Vociferous Turfite. Bend Or—that's all my eye!

Vocalist. "I heard not the curfew ringing"

A Lover of Music. I 'ate this wretched singing!

Vocalist. "Its warning loud and clear;"

'Arry. Not whiskey. I 'll have beer!

Vocalist. "I heard but the nightingale singing"—

Draper's Assistant. I have been shooting—the partridges winging.

Vocalist. "I heard but Love's whisper near."

Professional Pickpocket. Of the Peeler let's keep clear.

Vocalist. "We sat till Cynthia smiling"

Adipose Personage. Oh, isn't this pushing riling?

Vocalist. "Shone forth with silver ray."

'Arry. Twelfth drink I have had to-day.

Vocalist. "For the hours in sweet beguiling"

The Marchioness of Camberwell. 'Ot! why I'm almost biling!

Vocalist. "Like moments flew swiftly away."

Appreciative, Courteous, and Musical Audience. 'Ooray! it's all over! Ooray!

At the Adelphi *Forbidden Fruit* is drawing good houses, and that despite the heat of the weather, when the sensible man hates pleasure even worse than he does business. *Forbidden Fruit* has been a very hard bit of work for the Adelphi—both Actors and Audience. They once played the *Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's, and a very nice, pleasant, chatty, gentlemanly play they made of it; but the exertions of H.R.H.'s servants to reduce *Shylock* to the drawing-room, were as nothing to the labour of the Adelphi villains to get down to light comedy. When you have been in the habit of cutting people's heads off, firing at landlords from behind hedges, throwing inconvenient witnesses down wells and over precipices, and generally displaying as much contempt for human life as if you were a Home-Rule Member of Parliament addressing an Irish mob, it is a struggle to do nothing wickeder than to use a little playful equivocation to the wife of your bosom, nothing more desperate than to imbibe rather freely in public gardens. And when, as an audience, you have been in the habit of having your feelings harrowed, and have nightly witnessed the triumph of Virtue over Vice, it is almost an insult to you to be told to laugh at the very people you have hitherto paid to make you cry. J. G. TAYLOR is first-rate as *Sergeant Buster*, and the humorous situations bring out the hitherto latent drollery of Mr. PATEMAN. When Melodramatic Miss BELLA PATEMAN—*pulchra*, not "*horrida Bella*"—descends to "stoo to folly," what can a wondering public do, but admire? Miss JACKS, as the virtuously indignant Spiers-and-Pond Barmaid,

is very good, and Miss MARION WEST comes out just strong enough as the rather objectionable Zulu. Messrs. LLOYD'S and PARBY'S scenes are ingenious and effective, and the entire piece is as well "mounted" as usual by the Messrs. GATTI.

But—"a Comic Drama, by DION BOUCICAULT." Arrah, be aisy wid ye, DION! It's all part of the fun to say that Mr. BOUCICAULT wrote *Forbidden Fruit*. He write it—not he! This was how the comic drama was written:

ACT I.

SCENE—A Bedroom. Clothes distributed with artistic confusion about the room: a Waistcoat in the fire-place, a Shirt in the bath, a Watch in the fender, and a Latch-key and some change in the boots. Person of Convivial Habits in bed. He wakes.

Person of C. H. Oh! ah! What a headache I have got! And how thirsty I am! (Drinks his bath.) Where was I last night? Let me see. To begin with, I dined at LIMMER'S. Three of us, yes, the Captain and ARMSTRONG the Gentleman Jockey. Two, three, four—yes, we had four champagne-cups, and then, why we did have port. So we did drink port on the top of champagne. No, we did not, because I remember having several glasses of green Chartreuse. Ah! but that was afterwards at the Captain's Club. We must have had bad port. And then we went to the theatre—which was it? I remember we had to go down-stairs. Then of course it was the Criterion, for I remember now that ARMSTRONG said the American bar was so handy between the Acts, and during them, too, from the amount of gin-slings we had. It was a very good piece we saw, rattling good, and made me laugh, though I have forgotten what it was about. Let me see. There was a husband running away from his wife, and Cremorne Gardens, and men sending false telegrams to their wives. Very funny, very funny indeed!

ACTS II., III., AND IV.

The same as Act I., varying the locality of the dinner, and the quality (not quantity) of the libations.

ACT V.

Person of C. H. "I must really eschew sack, and live cleanly." I want money. I will become an Author. I will write a comic play. Let me see. What was that about husbands running away from their wives, and going to Cremorne Gardens, which they are always playing at the Criterion? I remember now. I will combine my recollections of what I have seen very much after dinner for some years at the Criterion, and adapt them for the Adelphi, and call them *Forbidden Fruit*.

Arrah, now, Mr. BOUCICAULT, is not that the truth intirely, larlant?

No more on theatres or things theatrical this week. A wealthy aunt from the country insists upon accompanying me to Her Majesty's this evening, where she has not been since she heard GRIS, LABLAFFE, and somebody whom she calls TROMBONI, but who is not known to fame. She is desirous to see whether Operas are given in the same way as they used to be, and whether the ballet still keeps up its character. She is grieved at there being no restriction as to evening dress, as she fears that it will do away with the "coopdial" of the house, and prevent the Court Ladies attending in their diamonds. Good soul, what should she know of the season, or of that celebrated Italian Opera, the Mastodon Minstrels, or of that far-famed sensuous Italian singer and passionate Italian actor, Signor BILLY RICI?

Sporting and Colonial.

Latest Betting on the Cape Two Thousand.

3 to 1 against Lord KIMBERLEY'S Quiet Humour. (Offered.)
100 to 1 against Sir BARTLE FRERE'S Lucid Explanation. (Nothing done.)

5 to 4 on JOHN BULL'S Sound Judgment. (Taken.)

A POINT FOR MR. DILLON'S NEXT SPEECH.

(On the Appointment of the New Commander-in-Chief of the Troops in Ireland.)

"THE Saxon rules us with a rod of iron. And, boys, not content with that, what does he do now? Shure he's going to try STEELE."

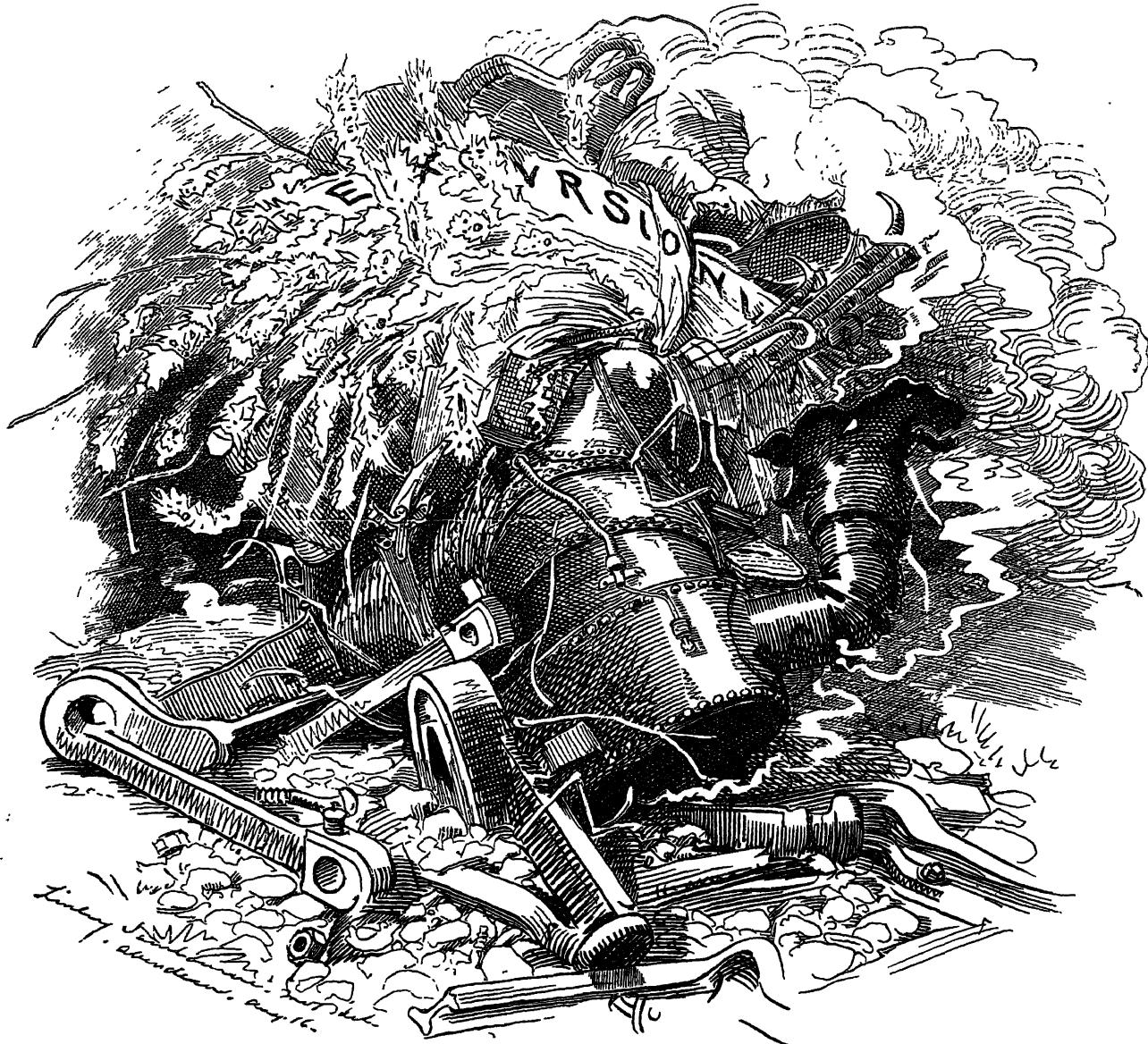
HAYGRARIAN HOUTRAGE.

First Rustic. 'Ow be grass crop?

Second Rustic. Hay 1.

[Hexent hommes.]

FIRST FIDDLE AT THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The Duke of EDINBURGH—Leeds. (Does he?—ask Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.)



"OVERLOADED;"

OR, THE STRAWS WHICH BREAK THE CHEAP-EXCURSION-CAMEL'S THERE-AND-BACK.

EGOES OF THE WEEK.

I DID not go to Honolulu any more than BISMARCK went to Canossa. "We will not"—the Reichskanzler, Otto Fürst von BISMARCK SCHÖN SOMETHING, I forget what, should have said—"We can not go to Canossa." I should have quoted the historic declaration in its historical "*plat Deutsch*" (best German "plats," or plates, are made at Dresden); only my memory is beginning to play me sad tricks; and not having RAUSCHINKEN and KARTOFFELSKOPF's Great English-German Lexicon at hand, I could not, for the life of me, remember whether "go" is rendered in the Teutonic-Sol-Fa speech of the music-loving Fatherland as "gehen" or "gangen." In Romaic Greek to go is παθηνειν, and to go away is to τακεονεσοκειν. But I am sure that BISMARCK said that he would not go to Honolulu—I mean Canossa.

Mem. I know Canossa (a small town near Reggio, in the ex-Grand-Duchy of Modena) very well, and have spent many happy days there at the good old Albergo of the Can del Pomo di Terra, kept by jolly old CANDIZUCCHERO. I bought an indisputably genuine CANALETTO from candid old CANDIZUCCHERO for an almost nominal sum, inclusive of butter, pepper, and salt, (what odd media the great Venetian master used! Mr. HOLMAN HUNT, and the members of the Painters' Guild, should look to the list of CANALETTO's vehicles,

which were not always gondolas) and sold it, the picture, at rather a high figure, to my poor dear friend MIRZA TATEB KHAN: ("Who says he can't?" the estimable ALLBUT ALLHOT, used jestingly to ask) who was Secretary of Legation in the days when CANTACUZME ANYMAN KHAN was Persian Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Ah! the delightful Nevskoi Prospect. "Neva," shall I see thee more! And there are as many naves at the Great Kasan Church, as there are knaves among the waiters at DOMINIQUE's Restaurant.

But how was it, you may ask, that I didn't go to Honolulu. Well, in the first place, I remembered that Sandwich—(do you remember GEORGE THE THIRD's story about "JEMMY TWITCHEE"? this was not the Lord SANDWICH, whose Lady was a friend of NINON DE L'ENCLOS, and fought a duel with the Earl of STAIR, who, for all his much vaunted politeness, was in the habit of "stairing" very rudely at people, and remarking, when remonstrated with, "stare super antiquas vias," to which the Earl of SANDWICH retorted, "Per Stare meglio state qui," and so knocked him down on the staircase, and the pork-pie that had a diamond ring in it?)—I say that I remember (I hate parentheses, and warn all young journalists against using those "figures of speech" unnecessarily)—that Sandwich in Kent was nearer the Reading-Room of the British Museum than Hawaii.

Mem. Touching the porcine pasty alluded to above (the modern Greek for one is πλακούριον του κοίρου), I am in a position to state

that the Right Hon. WILLIAM Pitt did not exclaim, in his last moments, "Oh, Britain! Oh, my country!" What he really said was, "I think that I should like one of Bellamy's pork-pies." Lord ELDON (not the nobleman whose mansion was lately burglarised—*pardonnez moi le mot*—but the famous Chancellor, whom, from the fact of his living at Doubting Castle the Chancery suitors used to call Giant Despair), together with Mr. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, and Old GEORGE ROSE (who invented whitebait, and "Mrs. Brown at the Play," but who was prematurely cut off, thus leading CHATEAUBRIAND pathetically to exclaim, "*Il a vécu ce que vivent les Roses—l'espace d'un matin,*" and left all his property to his nephew ARTHUR, on condition that he should assume the name of SKETCHLEY), started off at once on horseback for London. On Wimbledon Common they were pursued by a gang of juvenile highwaymen, crying, "Throw out your mouldy coppers!" but ELDON, having succeeded in stunning one of these young desperadoes, by cleverly hitting him over the head with the Great Seal (which never left him, but which, for safety's sake, was placed in a Gladstone travelling-bag), the illustrious trio reached the refreshment-room of the House of Commons in safety.

They returned to Putney (by way of Melton Mowbray), with no less than seven pork-pies. But it was too late. With a sad smile, and in a faint voice, the expiring Prime Minister—the "pilot who stormed at the weather" as the "Aunt of the Jacobins" called him—murmured, "Roll them up in the map of Europe, and send them, with my compliments, to Mr. WATLING. They will not be wanted until the next Police Orphanage Fête at the Alexandra Palace."

Mem. BELLAMY (whom SHERIDAN used to call "Dinnerbellamy," and who always vehemently denied the imputation of having written the "Letters of JUNIUS"), was at first very loth to part with his pork-pies, which, as he wittily remarked, never performed out of London. "Well, you may take them," he said at last, "as they are for Mr. Pitt; but there will be no MOORE of them for the BURGESSSES of Putney." A rare wag BELLAMY! When SAMPSON WOODFALL, the Printer, was in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms (your health, Captain GOSSETT, and all your wives' and families', and may they live long, and prosper!), the prisoner's table was supplied from the Commons refreshment-room (whence the popular saying, "Short Commons, and Long Parliamentary Returns"; and BELLAMY, when the captive, on being enlarged, paid his bill, jocosely observed, "WOODFALL, do they call you? By cock and pork-pie, Sir, you have been a Windfall for me!"

Instead, then (as I have endeavoured briefly to explain), of going to Honolulu, I went to Hammersmith, mainly, I admit, for the purpose of clearing up the mystery which has long puzzled me as to why Foote (or was it Serjeant BALLANTINE?) should have acquired such a reputation for wit by saying that peas ought to be sent to Turnham Green because that was the way to Hammersmith. Surely it would have been more humorous to say that epicures in August should go to Kensington, seeing that the old "Court Suburb" (I remember my great-grandmother telling me that she went to school at Birrington House—or was it at Bridlington Quay? but my memory is getting very treacherous—an old red-brick mansion on the site either of the



"AFTER THE FAIR."

Country Cousin comes up in August to see the Exhibition of Pictures at the Royal Academy!

Porter. "BLESS YER 'ART, WE'RE CLOSED!"

Country Cousin. "CLOSED! WHAT! DIDN'T IT PAY??!"

Albert Hall, or of Baron GRANT's palace, or of the New Kensington Vestry Hall), because it is the way to Ham-and-Peas-Smith.

I found Hammersmith slightly dull. All the smithies were closed, and there were no Nasmyth's steam-hammers for sale at the ham and beef shops. Everything on the bridge was in a state of Suspension: in fact things in general reminded me of the play of *Hamlet* with the part of Hammersmith (STANFORD's map of the Environs of London is the best: the veracity of LYSON, who was also the topographer of the Afghan War, is not above suspicion) omitted.

There will be no "Egos" next week, as I am going to have my hair cut. I am much pained that the psychological and archaeological research necessary to explain exhaustively why I went to Hammersmith in lieu of Honolulu should have precluded me from replying to eight hundred and seventy correspondents, who ask me whether HANNAH MORE ever wrote or sang any comic songs besides "The Hackney Coachman." The fact is—but I must have my hair cut.—*Addio!*

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTER,
(G. A. S. superseded.)



A FRENCH CIRCE.

Landlady (to Jones, who is bargaining for apartment). "NON, MONSIEUR! C'EST MON DERNIER PRIX, À PRENDRE OU À LAISSER—ET ENCORE SI JE VOUS LE CÈDE À CE PRIX-LÀ, C'EST PARCEQUE LA PHYSIONOMIE OUVERTE DE MONSIEUR M'EST SI SYMPATHIQUE QUE JE VOUDRAIS AVOIR MONSIEUR POUR LOCATAIRE!"

[We will not insult our readers by translating.]

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

I.—THE LUCKLESS M.P.'S.



I read and I marvel, 'neath wide-spreading trees,
And pity the sorrows of grouseless M.P.'s.

I swing in a hammock and smoke cigarettes,
And list to the lawn-tennisian pets;
Who make themselves hot: they should take my advice,
To sit and sip calmly some something-and-ice.
I swing and I slumber, blow ring after ring,
I dream and I wonder, I ponder and sing:
When lulled off to sleep by the humming of bees,
I dream of the droning of dismal M.P.'s.

I've nothing to think about, nothing to do—
I drift down the stream in my nutshell canoe:
With pipe in my mouth; and with paddle in hand,
I would not change places with one in the land!
Who'd broil at St. Stephen's at this time of year,
Who might be so happy by Hambledon Weir?
As white sails are filled by the light summer breeze,
Sincerely I pity those luckless M.P.'s.

All day is my own, I can just throw a fly—
Not dream of the SPEAKER, nor "catching his eye"—
Can lounge in a punt, go to bed when I please;
I'm heedless of all Parli'ment'ry decrees!
'Tis lucky sometimes, when you can't reach the goal.
Most fortunate I—at the foot of the poll.
Had I but got in at Saint Shuckleton Lees,
I now should be groaning with Luckless M.P.'s.

Infant Prodigy.

"On the 17th instant, at 3 and 4, St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill, the wife of GEORGE GABE, of a son."—*Times (Birth Column)*, Aug. 19.

AT 3 and 4! This boy will be in two places at once. Here's a prodigy son!

NEW NOVEL.

THE *Athenaeum* announces *St. Martin's Summer*, by SHIRLEY SMITH, Author of *His Last Stake*. With this reputation, the new work ought to be *First Chop*.

AGGRAVATING.

To be cheerily accosted three times in the same weary, sultry day, by jubilant friends, who are just off to Scotland, Norway, and Switzerland, and to be asked by each of them when you are leaving Town, and where you are going this year—your "goings" being likely to be bounded by the Charing Cross radius.

To receive letters full of tantalising accounts of lovely weather, beautiful scenery, delightful party, and the finest possible shooting, at your old friend DEBDALE'S place in the North, to which you have a pressing invitation, but are prevented from accepting it by business connected with the slow progress through Parliament of the Parochial Beadles' Compensation Bill.

As you are returning from a visit to your doctor, by whom you have been cautioned to take the greatest possible care of yourself, to go to bed early, and to be particularly abstemious in what you eat and drink, to be met by FRANZ JOLLOND, who never had a day's illness in his life, and to be told by him how well you are looking, and that you are the very man he was on his way to ask to join a lively party at dinner, that evening, at the Star and Garter.

To be kept waiting three days in rainy weather, at Lowater, for the third volume of *Breakers Ahead*, by the Author of *Clouds in the Horizon, Mutterings of the Storm*, &c.

To receive a telegram from your old College chum, LAWRENCE ENSLEIGH, begging you to join him in a cruise to the Hebrides, in his new screw yacht *Dentifrice*, and to be obliged to answer that you cannot get off an engagement to accompany your Aunt JUSTINA in her annual visit to that quiet little hydropathic establishment, Lambley Nook.

To be told in confidence by one of the executors, the day before you are leaving Town for your holidays, that if you had shown a little more attention to your maiden cousin, EVERILDA MAYFIELD, you would most probably have been her residuary legatee, instead of the recipient of nineteen guineas. The will was proved under sixty thousand pounds, and the whole of the property, with the exception of your own and one or two other similar legacies, was distributed between the Hospital for Diseases of the Imagination and Fancy, the Pedestrians' Shelter Society, and the Home for Lost Canaries.

A BOW STREET VAUGHAN-ING TO MANAGERS.

WHAT they mustn't object to in their Theatres—a Hiss-trionic performance.

MR. P.'S REPRESENTATIVE.

'On a few new features, and some older ones, at the Alhambra—Farewell to Favart.'



La Fille du Tambour Major is still running at the Alhambra, and doing sufficiently good business to warrant the Management in calling her The *Fill* of the Alhambra. Miss EDITH BLANE is the dashing *Virandière*, Mr. MERVIN the *Tambour Major*, Mr. LESLIE the amusing *Duc della Volta*—an exaggerated type of the *Beau in School*—while Miss LOSEBY has been replaced by Mlle. PETRELLI as *Stella*, and Miss FANNY LESLIE's part of the Little Drummer is both well sung and played by Miss ST. QUINTEN, who has been the round of all the Comic Operas in town, and having played in *Madame Favart* and *Les Cloches* for I don't know how many hundred

nights—which sounds like years in the life of a young Actress—seems at last to have found herself quite at home at the Alhambra. It was no easy matter to come after Miss FANNY LESLIE as the Little Drummer, but Miss ST. QUINTEN in succeeding has succeeded.

Two new features—not that there are any old ones here—"nobody is old or ugly in Ba-ath," as *Mr. Pickwick's* M.C. said—have been introduced among all the pretty features for which this house is celebrated. The *Gavotte* in Act II., and the *Grand Ballet d'Action*, which description, though suggestive of a Ballet of Barristers—(what a beautiful thing would be a *Ballet d'Action-at-Law!*!—why, Messrs. GILBERT and STILLIVAN'S *Trial by Jury* would be nowhere beside it—but it might be played first)—is explained away by the title, *The Alpine Brigands*. The music has been "composed expressly" by M. G. JACOBI. Why "expressly"? Why put on all the steam? Why make it "hurried music"? However, there it is, and excellent it is from first to last, and throughout characteristically dramatic. Can I describe the plot? I will try.

The scene is "A Wooded Ravine near Milan." Festivity of happy Peasants, who are gluttons at dancing, and should be described in this respect as Ravine-ous. They don't converse,—only dance and "keep the tambourine a rollin'." Count *Lelio* (that most admirable of pantomimic *artistes*, Mlle. TH. DE GILLIER) arrives suddenly and tells a thrilling story, in which the happy Peasants appear more or less interested, though perhaps a trifle annoyed at the interruption.

Angry Brigand *Petruccio* (Miss MATTHEWS) follows the Count, apparently demanding his legal fare,—dispute,—and there is just going to be a serious difficulty, when in bounds an elegant Lady, who seems to belong to some *corps de ballet*, probably performing at the Milan Theatre, with whom the naughty Count *Lelio* has eloped in a hurry, without giving her time to change her dress. She is really *Zanetta*, the sister of the Brigand Chief, and is played by Mlle. PEITOLDI. With great presence of mind she settles the difficulty as to the cab-fare with her father—an extra sixpence does it, added to the prospect of a dance with *Pipeta* (Mlle. Rosa), the Innkeeper's daughter—and then everybody bursts into dance, until the Count, with unaffected affability, joins the Brigand Chief's sister in a *pas de deux*, and finally dropping the Count entirely, and going in to make a day of it and popularise the aristocracy with the ravine-ous peasants, he indulges in such a dance as even interests the *blase* peasantry, and is loudly encored by the audience.

Then Mlle. Rosa and the Chief of the Brigands have a turn, much to the delight of the latter, into whose arms she skips in the most wonderful manner, bringing down the house—and a bouquet.

Very telling music, M. JACOBI's; quite story-telling music, as it ought to be; and that's a catching tune, polka time, to which Rosa and the Chief execute their *pas*. The Innkeeper's daughter's Pa doesn't dance; he belongs to the Opera, and doesn't appear till the *ballet d'action* is over, when we go from pleasure to business, all the better for the relaxation. The *Gavotte* comes on about half-past nine, and the *Ballet* at ten. So much for the new features.

Madame Favart appeared for the last time on Saturday. It has been a genuine, but to me an inexplicable success. The management might avail itself of the three weeks' recess to make those Little-ease upper private boxes capable of holding more than one person com-

fortably. The arrangements, too, for entrance and exit—off the stage I mean—are about the most inconvenient—to say the least of it—in London. Uncommon report—for common report cannot be trusted—speaks highly of *Olivette*, the new Offenbachian Opera, which is to appear shortly—at least not shortly, but in Three Acts—quite long enough for any Comic Opera, however sparkling, says

MR. P.'S REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—During the hot weather, when so many London Theatres are closed, it is not astonishing to read of the great success of



"DRINK" IN THE PROVINCES.

THE TOP OF THE GAY-MARKET.

ABOUT half a mile westward of Mud-Salad Market, as the crowd flies, is an unlicensed, ill-regulated, open-air, kerb-stone, midnight kind of cattle-market, called the Gay-Market. We say "as the crow flies" advisedly, for no crow of respectable habits would probably fly in that direction. The Gay-Market, as it now exists, is mainly the creation of Lord MIDNIGHT BRUCE, the Police, and the Middlesex Magistrates. The Police may possibly derive some profit from this market, and Lord MIDNIGHT BRUCE and the Middlesex Magistrates may be under the fond impression that by turning a certain order of Vice into the open highway under the glare of the gas-lamps, they are forwarding the cause of Virtue.

Does it occur to these theoretical moralists that instead of regulating the few who are hopelessly bad, they may probably be corrupting the multitude whose tendency is good?

No city in Europe presents such a disgraceful picture as the top of the Gay-Market between midnight and one or two in the morning. Here is a Metropolis which has worked for years and spent countless millions of money to carry off its sewage unobserved, apparently revelling in a public exhibition of its worst moral impurities. Here the sort of foreign produce which the powerful pencil of JOHN LEECH, years ago, showed that JOHN BULL would willingly dispense with—enters into unholy competition with *Moll Flanders*, who sometimes finds a coronet in the mud, but more often goes to the workhouse. Bullies, betting-men, shop-boys, swells—riff-raff of all kinds—mix with the overdressed females, and block up the pathway with a crowd whose object is unmistakable. The roadway is half filled with lingering broughams and cabs driven by knowing cabmen, while the police look on, like spectators at a show, in speechless admiration, or hopeless bewilderment.

Which is the best system?—A licensing body of some six hundred more or less ignorant and prejudiced gentlemen—chiefly amateurs—who leave London, with its four millions of people, without a Casino or a Music-garden, and thrust our necessary evils under our noses in the most public of our public highways, or a public licenser who knows his business, and provides a few places, under responsible management, where even the most degraded have no excuse for flaunting rowdyism?

The Tunis Question.

THE Italian snubs the Frank and doth impugn his Right to stretch eastward. This a piteous lune is, They with each other tumble out of tune, Because each wants the other out of Tunis.

The Mudford Metropolitan Disgrace.

THE Aesthetic Poet of the Period would find a congenial subject in Mud-Salad Market, where he will be thoroughly able to realise the Beauty of Decay. The place is disgustingly delightful to any one who can revel in refuse and be rapturous over rotteness.

AN ELASTIC BAND.—The Mastodon Minstrels.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, August 23 (Commons).—Dillon v. Forster. No case, but seven hours of wordy abuse, which, to summarise, were as useful and entertaining as to make a précis of the annals of Donnybrook or Billingsgate. Mr. DILLON, the Irish Guy Fawkes *mangé* gets his deserts elsewhere. Enough! Limp, listless, unlistening Mr. Punch lounged on his seat and mused. “Ton of ice used daily to cool atmosphere of House of Commons! How much would it take to cool Members’ tempers?” Dreamily working out this sum, Mr. Punch slept and found himself and the House transferred to the fabled region where men’s words freeze to silence as they fall from their lips. Hurroo! mentally vociferated Mr. P., as SULLIVAN inaudibly shouted nonsense to a welkin that wouldn’t ring, and blatant BIGGAR’s ineffectual facial spasms writhing forth inaudible vocables to an air void of acoustic properties, reminded him grotesquely of a mute Medusa in speechless tantrums. Hurroo! Here at last is a cure for Obstruction. MUNCHAUSEN, I thank thee! At the moment, the melting moment, refrigeration’s salutary rule ceased, a thunderous *tohu-bohu* of ten-pugnacious-Paddies-contemporaneously-operating power burst upon Mr. Punch’s appalled ear, and he awoke—and fled.

Tuesday (Lords).—Lord REDESDALE may take comfort. No longer have he and his companions occasion mournfully to pipe:—

We are poor Peers, poor pumped-out Peers,
And we’ve got no work to do—o—o!

The Employers’ Liability Bill comes up. Second Reading moved by the LORD CHANCELLOR. Lords CRANBROOK, BRABOURNE, and CARNARVON, with SOMERSET’s sub-acid Duke, whilst effectually “dissembling” their love, refrain from “kicking it down-stairs,” but each intimates that he is Miching Mallecho, and means mischief—in Committee.

(Commons).—“Come Back to Erin!” sing the Irish Members in chorus, but hardly in unison. Mr. Punch declines the invitation. He has pictorially expressed his view of the position (see Cartoon), and PAT had better take his friendly advice than give heed to counsels of confusion from Cork, or traitorous tips from Tipperary. Mr. Punch, for his part, takes a placid pipe on the terrace, whilst PADDY plays the lion’s part (all roaring) in purposeless debate within.

Wednesday (Commons).

SCENE—*The Peers’ Gallery.* Lord BEACONSFIELD, Sir S. NORTHCOTE, Sir W. HARcourt, and Mr. PUNCH discovered conversing.

Mr. Punch. Ah, back to the old haunt, my Lord? Right glad To see you look so taut and trim.

Lord B. (*quite the buck*). I’ve had

Recuperative rest. Trust W. G.,

In the *Grantully Castle*, out at sea,

May find a like relief from wear and worry,

Under the care of CLARK and DONALD CURRIE.

Seems dull without him here. How imperturbable

HARTINGTON looks!

Sir W. Harcourt. Ah yes, he's not disturbable
By gnats, like our dear Premier.
Lord Beaconsfield (caressing his hyacinthine forelock.) Hump! I fear—I—sometimes—
Sir W. Harcourt. Scorpions are not midges!
Sir S. Northcote. Hear!
Sir W. Harcourt (tartly). Pity you cannot keep
your midges—
Lord Beaconsfield (deprecatingly). Hush!
We're here on neutral ground. You've quite
a rush
Of business on to-day.
Sir W. Harcourt. Oh! Wednesday now,
As less devote to verbiage and row,
Is our best work-day. Why, this afternoon
We've really marched to quite a quick-step
tune.
The Ground-Game Bill knocked off; then
Savings Banks.
Now the Grain Cargoes! Order in the ranks
Is all we want.
Sir S. Northcote (aside, meditatively gazing below
the gangway). I wonder if the sight
Of BEN will cow my cockerels? Vastly slight
Is my control.
Mr. Punch (to Lord B., sotto voce). My Lord, we
miss you much—
Your steely hand-grip and your silken touch.
NORTHCOTE means well, but in his handling
moves
Much like a spinster mild, in cotton gloves,
Fumbling on the piano.
Lord Beaconsfield. Ah, poor STAFF
Can't understand the art of cutting chaff.
Not the sole fumbler, though! (Gazing intently
at Sir W. H.) You see, too much
Of dash undisciplined may mar the touch
More than too little.
Mr. Punch (significantly). Habet!
Sir S. Northcote (jubilantly). Ha! ha! ha!
Lord Beaconsfield. Well, this grows tame. I
think I'll say Ta-ta! [Exeunt.

Thursday (Lords). — In debate on the Employers' Liability Bill, Lord BEACONSFIELD moved an Amendment that "The Act shall continue in force till the 31st December, 1882, and no longer unless Parliament shall determine." And thereby hangs a tale. A boy, whom the Earl's Secretary had commissioned to take the Earl's Amendment to the printers, had put it in his pocket, and forgotten all about it!!! Behemoth and Small Beer, but this is soul-shaking, suggestive, indeed, of a moving Melodrama, to be entitled *A (Printer's) Devil of a Mess; or, the Earl's Amendment and the Oblivious Urchin's Doom.*

Oh! it was the Adolescent who the Earl's Amendment had
To carry to the printers, but, forgetful little lad,
He put it in his pocket, like a surreptitious top,
Or a sily stolen apple, and—allowed it there to stop!
Off with his head? Oh, not at all! the times have altered much,
The urchin was a traitor, and deserved his death as such;
But instead of Tower Hill and Axe the lucky little churl
Got mentioned in the *Times*, and complimented by an Earl.

But although Lord GRANVILLE considered that he was a very intelligent boy who had endeavoured to dispose of the proposal in the best possible manner, the Earl's Amendment was carried, with others, and the Bill passed through Committee.

(Commons.) — Lord R. CHURCHILL's super-sensitive soul having been the prey of a perfect gamut of disquieting emotions—astonishment, indignation, alarm, regret, &c.—since hearing the "new Irish Policy," supposed to be disclosed in Mr. FORSTER's last speech, felt himself impelled to relieve his surcharged spirit by calling the CHIEF SECRETARY a wicked incendiary. Hence waste of some hours which would have been better devoted by the House to Supply,



"AND THIS IS FAME!"

House of Commons Official (to Stranger who is returning to his seat in the Gallery). "NAME, SIR?"

Stranger (Editor of the "Mudborough Gazette," and Author of many justly celebrated Works). "NAME? AHEM! BRAGGOT—J. B. BRAGGOT!"

Jaded Official. "TUT-TUT-TUT! NOT THE SLIGHTEST USE MENTIONING YOUR OWN NAME, SIR. I WANT THE NAME OF THE MEMBER WHO INTRODUCED YOU!"

J. B. B. (disgusted). "OH!—TOMKINS!"

[Returns wrathfully to his seat, and determines to write a scathing Article in next Number on "Understrappers."]

and by Lord RANDOLPH to the further manipulation of that refractory moustache of his. Can it be that chronic patriotic passion affects that hirsute adornment, as wrath is said to do the bristling beard of the Grand Turk?

Then followed (in Committee on Supply) "linked bitterness long drawn out" (Hibernian tap) anent the Constabulary Vote, relieved only by a crystal-clear, earnest, calm-tempered, and kindly-hearted ovation from JOHN BRIGHT; elocutionary pearls thrown before perverse and wrong-headed Irish porkers.

Obstruction once again "made a night of it," Thursday's sitting being prolonged until

mid-day on Friday, a continuous cantankerous scrimmage of twenty-one hours, relieved only by LABOUCHERE's cynical drollery, and SULLIVAN's "palpable supper" of plum-buns. A *reductio ad absurdum* of "Nights and Suppers with the Gods"! The combatants, after compromising the credit of the House, and their own reputation for common sense, compromised also the matter at issue (which nobody seemed very clearly to understand), and the House adjourned at ten minutes to one, to re-assemble at two. Then, passing from Buns to Bunnies, it read the Ground-Game Bill a Third Time, amidst quite a little shower of classical quotations, and despite the fervent denunciations of Jeremiah-NEWDEGATE, the dread vaticinations of Cassandra-CHAPLIN, and the tart taunts of Thersites-ELCHO. The latter terrified the House by swearing, with truly tragic intensity, that "he would rather have his tongue cut out than"—as other Members are—even as that renegade HARCOURT! The thought of a tongueless ELCHO staggers the alertest fancy, and causes the keenest intellect to lose its hold of the Categorical Imperative. ELCHO without his tongue! As easy to imagine Echo herself, having lost her voice from cold, engaged, like the fair *Juliana* of poetic fame, in sucking Ipecacuanha lozenges!

Then, wearied by wrangle and long dead-lock
(The fashion, alas! in this long-winded latter day)
The House adjourned about five o'clock,
To meet again on Saturday!!!

[*And Punch is left lamenting!*

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XIII.

A RUM SHRUBBERY.



His mathematical mind was occupied with a position which within the next half-hour he was determined to make to MORLEENA. He tried to screw himself up to consort pitch; but on leaving the room to follow MORLEENA, his head came in sudden contact with the sharp floor, when it struck him that the screwing operation had not been completely successful, and that there was still a screw loose somewhere—the somewhere being apparently in the region of the knees. "Screwed!" he murmured to himself as he rose from the ground. "Screwed, but not sufficiently tight." And he stammered over the five-syllable word as if his tongue were in a knot.

But MORLEENA was in view, and, with the influence of the Ancient Thomas still on him, he assumed a cordial manner as, guiding himself by the hedge, he followed her into the shrubbery, and approached her cautiously.

"Tchuk!" he said, playfully.

MORLEENA was startled. She was not aware of having been pursued.

"I beg you will leave me alone," said she, in a freezing tone. "But a gentleman in whose veins the fire of the Ancient Thomas still burns, is not so easily frozen."

"I want to have—li'l'e"—(he meant "little," but emotion probably choked his utterance)—"li'l'e con'sash'n with you," murmured Mr. MATTIX, tenderly.

"As little as possible," answered MORLEENA, seeing no way of escape, as the man blocked up the narrow path, and extended his arms so as to clutch both sides of the shrubbery.

The time for letting out his great secret had arrived. How should he let it out to the best advantage? It was not like a fly, or a newspaper, to be let out by the hour. No. It must be done now, or never; and, on the whole, he preferred now. To fall was, he saw, inevitable; and to go on his knees would be at once easier, safer, and more effective. He knew he was already saying unutterable things with his eyes, winking and leering, while his face was wreathed in smiles.

"Do not arshk mer to leave yer, MORLEENA," he whispered, with the impassioned look of a half-converted satyr—"Listen, my onion—I mean my own one!" But the latter was a stronger expression than the other, and MORLEENA drew back. She saw how he was now, and she could not dissemble an expression of the deepest disgust.

There are some moments in life when both men and women feel themselves imperatively called on to make a face; in which not to do so is a struggle against a very natural revulsion, or is calculated to excite a disagreeable suspicion. There are people of both sexes who never make faces even after the most nauseous and blackest of black draughts; but such are generally dull, close, unimpassioned spirits, evil-doers, bad livers.

He wished to give her his arm, but MORLEENA refused it, observing that she had a very good one of her own.

"So you have," replied MATTIX, leering at her more rapturously than ever—"so you have: it's a boo'ful arm. You've got wingsh, too—I mean two wingsh-like angel—an' mush speak t'yer."

"I don't know what you can have to say to me," she replied, steadyng her eyeballs previous to knocking him down with one of them like a nine-pin.

"Don'tsh yer?" he asked, kneeling on one knee, and steadyng himself with his hands on the other. "Don'tsh yer? Lish, lish, O lish!"

"I must go," exclaimed MORLEENA, interrupting him.

"No—don't go, shweetshht!" he continued, stretching out his hands towards her. "Don't go! Don't be unchristian an' unkind!" Then, as unable to pass him as though he were a bad shilling, she turned on her heel, and walked away.

He followed her for some distance on his knees, and then suddenly plunging forward, he grasped her hand, exclaiming,

"O boo'ful creeshur! Boo'ful creeshur! I love yer to subshtrach-shun!" And with considerable cleverness he suddenly contrived to pass his arm round her waist.

But MORLEENA was too quick for him.

"Waist not, want not!" she cried, and dealt him such a terrible smack with that little hand of hers, which had had some previous practice on the devoted head of JOHN BOUNCE, and, as my readers know, had sent that eminent reformer flying.

"You're an abominable, horrid, hypocritical man!" she screamed in her just wrath; "and it would serve you right if I told your bishop of you, it would! You're a fulsome, fawning, canting, abominable, odious, nasty, spirituous man! But I've a brother-in-law to protect me; and—ah!—would you?" she suddenly broke off, as the undaunted MATTIX, whose passions the box on the ear had only still further inflamed, tried to imprint a burning kiss on her glowing cheek, and, without more ado, she gave him one on the left, another on the right, followed closely by two more sounding thuds on the side of his head, that sent him through the bushes and down the slope into the deep muddy ditch below, and there leaving him, she walked away triumphantly, only anxious to wash her hands of the contagion as soon as possible.

Mr. MATTIX, for whom I confess I have no more love than has MORLEENA, and not a whit more pity, overcome by the excitement and the unwanted exercise, and weakened by the fast evaporating fumes of the Ancient Thomas, lay unconscious until he fell into a deep, sweet, refreshing sleep. And so for the present we will leave him in the ditch, out of which he was for a long time most unwilling to come; but when he did come out, it is almost needless to add that he came out uncommonly strong.

And now it is to be feared that every well-bred reader of these pages will lay down the book in disgust. What! This a heroine worthy of sympathy? She is a hoyden, not a lady; a romp, a coquette, a muscular unchristian woman, a young virago, a bold bad thing, a minx, a hussy, a tartar, a HELEN MACGREGOR, a CATHERINE of Russia, a Queen BESS, a LUCREZIA BORGIA, a rum 'un, a Tom-boy, a tigress, a lioness, a gymnast, an Amazon—in fact, a bad lot.

Well, perhaps she cannot be altogether defended; and though I am responsible to a certain extent, yet I must candidly own that her

conduct has surprised even me. I did not think, I admit, that her little hands were made to scratch eyes and bang heads; or if little hands are to be made for this purpose, the less they are made the better. But you, dear Ladies of all ages, will understand her. You will have seen, long ago, that Mr. MATTIX deserved all he got on his ugly face, and deserved it handsomely. You, my dear Ladies, will not be hard on my MORLEENA—for, after all, she is my MORLEENA ; and remember that no one knows anything of this scene of violence in the shrubbery except you and myself, who are everywhere where we shouldn't be, and so have witnessed the foregoing episode. Let us be charitable; let us be discreet; and let us first follow MORLEENA into the house while Mr. MATTIX is sleeping, and when he has recovered consciousness we will be on his track.

"A SERVANTS' LIABILITIES BILL."

(In Nubibus.)

BRITONS AND WORKING MEN,

THE abominable selfishness inseparably combined with Capital, has naturally suggested to Employers of Labour that the Employers' Liability Bill, rendering masters responsible, in heavy damages, for accidents occasioned by the acts or omissions of their men, over whom, in many cases, they can have no control, ought, in reason and justice, to be balanced by a corresponding measure, with a view to the Liabilities of the Employed. The apparent equity of such an arrangement may even have rendered the possibility of its proposal an object of some apprehension amongst a few of the more thinking portion of yourselves.



On consideration, however, you will see that you may safely dismiss any such fear from your too sensitive and scrupulous minds.

The circumstances of your position exempt you from any possible liability to any serious fine. Blood, you know, is not to be got out of a post; and you would be bled to little purpose by stoppage of your wages in case you did anything which made you liable to receive the "sack" at your hard Employers' hands.

That, for instance, JOHN THOMAS, is the extent of your liability in case you leave the coal-scuttle on the staircase, and thereby cause one of your fellow-servants, or any one else, to tumble over it and break his leg. We shall see, perhaps, whether in such a possible event, your master, under the Employers' Liability Bill, if enacted, will be subject to pay for your breakage. If that is to be his liability for your carelessness, vexation will probably excite him to demand that you should be liable to imprisonment and hard labour.

That is a liability, friends, which Employers, no doubt, would like to see added, by way of make-weight, to the Liabilities of the Employed for expensive accidents arising from their want of care; but you have no real ground for alarm on that score.

There is no present prospect of the introduction of a Bill providing for the penal liability of the Employed for acts endangering their fellow-labourers engaged in common employment. Do not therefore distress yourselves with thoughts that might deter you, coal-miners, from neglecting to carry safety-lamps, or, if you have chanced to comply with your Employers' regulation in that particular, might prevent you from sucking flame through the gauze of your lamp to light your pipe. Factory hands, you need not let any anticipation of increased liability make you unduly anxious to take any superfluous pains for the safe sheathing of machinery in motion, or mind overmuch what you are about with lucifer-matches.

Pointsmen, Signalmen, and the rest of you workmen employed on Railways, you may safely depend on being laden with no aggravated liability whatever for getting drunk, or going to sleep, or chaffing one another when you ought to be on the look-out. Rest content with your existing liability for the consequences of your acts—a liability when they prove fatal, perhaps to multitudes at a time, practically limited, at the worst, to a doubtful chance of an occasional conviction for manslaughter.



Diner (sniffing). "WAITER—I REALLY THINK—THIS FISH IS NOT FRESH!"

Waiter.—"YESSIR—CAN'T ANSWER FOR THAT, SIR!—I'VE HONLY BEEN 'ERE A WEEK, SIR!!"

A SIGH FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE First of September, remember,
We've not had a crack at the grouse;
'Twere hard that the partridge no cartridge
Should feel, since we're kept in the House.
Oh, men in the City, pray pity
The folks who work harder than you;
Experience teaches that speeches
Will lengthen, whatever we do.
There's Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will search ill
In measures as mild as can be;
Eternally BIGGAR will figure,
And CHAPLIN's the worst of the three,
There's GOREST, who will chatter, no matter
How late—he's his eye on a place:
Each monstrum horrendum, who'll send 'em
A little of modesty's grace?
Who'll stop their diurnal nocturnal
Loquacity?—nothing but words!—
To get our work over for clover,
And stubble, and bonny brown birds?

Getting on with his Barrow.

"CANON GREENWELL," the *Athenaeum* told us about ten days ago, "is at present investigating the contents of some Irish Barrows, and is staying at Portrush." The Canon could have done it better in the Seven Dials. The journey to Portrush gives more change, leaves less afterwards, and the proceeding is less costerly.

SHAKSPEARIAN NOTE.

A HEROINE who did not much care about the holiday capital of the world.—*Juliet*. Why? Because she was not wedded to Paris, but preferred Rome!

LATEST EDITION.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. A back street about 8 P.M. (Police !)



THE LAST THING OUT.

SENSATION CREATED EVERY MORNING AT CREVETTEVILLE-SUR-MER BY COLONEL F.—(OF THE GUARDS) AND THE LOVELY LADY MAGNOLIA D.—

[They generally return to Shore in the Afternoon, as fresh as they started.]

THE IRISH GUY FAWKES.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

I SING the Tragi-Comedy of DILLON, worst of sinisters,
Who terrified the House of Lords, the QUEEN, and all her Ministers,
That is, he would have frightened 'em, aye, scared 'em into fits, Sir,
But that they knew the speeches of this man of wandering wits, Sir,

Were all bow-wow-wow!

Hibernian highfalutin', bosh, and bow-wow-wow!

He went to Tipperary, did this slyest of intriguers,
And got three hundred thousand men to join the new Land
Leaguers;
That is, he would have got them, just to carry out his plan, Sir,
But the thousands wouldn't muster, so his scheme it failed to
answer

To his bow-wow-wow! &c.

He up and freed poor Paddies all, to their extreme content, Sir,
From owning any landlord rule, or paying any rent, Sir;
That is, he would have freed them, were it done by simply saying it,
But Law, of course, enforced the rent, and PADDY went on paying it.
'Twas all bow-wow-wow! &c.

Then, having caught him stirring up sedition in the nation,
FORSTER to him administered a stinging flagellation;
And every honest man rejoiced to see him lay the lash on.
And though the biting of the whip put DILLON in a passion,
'Twas all bow-wow-wow! &c.

So let us sing long live the QUEEN! and long live Ireland also,
May PAT find truer patriots than some he's pleased to call so;
And ne'er may England from her rule of right and justice vary,
Notwithstanding Bogus traitors like the one from Tipperary,
With his bow-wow-wow!
His wicked, wild, wrongheaded, curriish bow-wow-wow!

SPIRITED CONDUCT.

LAST week Dr. FORBES WINSLOW gave an account, in a letter to the *Standard*, of a visit he paid to a séance given by Mr. BASTIAN, a "Medium." On entering the house, Dr. WINSLOW says, he was shown into an upper room with folding doors dividing the bed-room from the sitting-room. Says Dr. WINSLOW:—

"All lights were now turned out, with the exception of one small jet, and before long a supposed spirit, clad in dress clothes, made its appearance at the door behind the curtains. One of the audience, Mr. CUMBERLAND, apparently pretended to recognise this as the spirit of his departed brother; but on its third appearance smothered it with cochineal by means of a squirt with which he had provided himself, and, jumping forward at the same time, he seized the spirit, and after having a severe struggle to drag what proved to be some human being into the room, withdrew, his fingers being nearly dislocated in the contest. . . . Ultimately, accompanied by Dr. KOLMERS and Mr. CUMBERLAND, I insisted on going into the bed-room, but the Medium was stated to be very ill in a trance. He had, however, time to take off his disguise, but not to efface all the cochineal from his face. . . . Declaring my identity, I pronounced the whole thing an imposture from beginning to end."

Bravo, Dr. WINSLOW and Mr. CUMBERLAND. Permit me to offer you a cochineal couplet:—

Spirits are slippery as eels to feel;
So, would you catch a Spirit?—*Catch an eel!*

Question about Mud-Salad Market.

THE muck heaps of vegetable refuse lie at many persons' doors around Mud-Salad Market, but at whose door lies the neglect of a grave public responsibility? At the Duke of MUDFORD's? *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and if proper instructions are not given to the *Alium*, whose fault is that? Call at the Mudford Estate Office, or at the Mud-Salad Market Inspector's Office—there really is such a person, incredible as it may appear—and inquire within.



FRIEND AND FOE.

MR. PUNCH. "PAT, MY BOY, REAP THE HARVEST YOU'VE GOT, NOT WHAT HE'S SOWING. AND IF ANYONE'S TO BE EVICTED, YOU EVICT HIM!"

A GROAN FROM A GILLIE.



LASSES shouldna' gang to shoot,
Na, na!
Gillies canna' help but hoot,
Ha, ha!
Yon douce bodies arena' fittin'
Wi' the gudeman's to be pittin'.
Bide at hame and mind yere knittin'!
Hoot, awa'!

"Wimmen's Rechts" is vara weel,
Ooh, aye!
For hizzies wha' ve nae hearts to feel;
Forbye
Wimmen's Rechts is aiblins Wrang
When nat'r'l weak maun ape the strang,
An' chaney cups wi' caudrons gang,
Auch, fie!

Hennies shouldna' try to craw
Sae fast—
Their westlin' thrapples canna' blair
Sic a blast.
Leave to men-folk bogs and ferns,
An' pairtricks, muireocks, braes, and cairns;
And lasses! ye may mind the bairns—
That's best!

TONALT (X) his mark.

COMPARING NOTES.

NOTES.

(From the St. Jim's Gazette.)

THERE will scarcely be a more convincing illustration of the judicial blindness, the crass incapacity, and, we may almost say, the criminal ineptitude of the Administration with which the country (and ourselves personally) are afflicted than the substitution of buck-shot for rifle-bullets as ammunition for the Royal Irish Constabulary, who are not half numerous enough to begin with, and should be armed, in addition to rifles and bayonets, with hand-grenades, revolvers, dog-whips, and snickasnees. Buck-shot is, when sought to be used for the purposes of riving tenants, about as serviceable as lollipops would be. Buck-shot, forsooth! Buckrabbits

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

(From the Two P.M. Gazette.)

THE Government authorities in Ireland have acted with their usual sound discrimination, generous humanity, and excellent judgment in directing that buck-shot, instead of rifle cartridges, should be supplied to the Royal Irish Constabulary, whose principal duties, when they are not occupied with playing "The Shan Van Voght," and the "Wearing of the Green" on the accordion, in their barrack-rooms, appear to be the shooting of evicted tenants, and the tearing down of placards, affixed to the walls by the local WILLINGS. The Irish Police are a standing monument of mis-government in Ireland; but the determination of the existing Administration to "buckle to"

and hare triggers would suit Mr. GLADSTONE's weak-kneed Janissaries better. *Quousque tandem Catilina abutere patientia nostrā?* If these things are done with impunity in the Greenwood, what shall be done in the Dry? We are both.

in the matter of cartridges, cannot be too highly commended. Government by buck-shot, although at the first blush it would seem to indicate a predilection for a sluggish policy, will be recorded with applause in the continued "History of Civilisation," by some future BUCKLE.

GEORGE CHUMP, a hardened little villain seven years of age, described as "of no occupation," was lately charged before the East Grimgrubber Bench of Magistrates, Rev. EBBAN FLOW, Sir ALBERT BISCUIT, Bart., and Lt.-Col. TROUNCEM, with stealing a marigold, value half-a-farthing, from the garden of the Rev. ALMOND ROCK. The charge was fully brought home to the abandoned prisoner by the evidence of Mr. INSPECTOR BLABBERDYNE. The Rev. Chairman told this young hopeful (who, it was further stated, was a Radical of the deepest dye), that he was an incorrigible little miscreant, who deserved to be sent to penal servitude for life. As it was he sentenced him to three months imprisonment and a whipping with the birch. The birch is only for budding criminals. The heinous crime of stealing marigolds has increased to monstrous proportions since the coming into office of a Cabinet of plundering, blundering, dundering, treaty-sundering Incapables.

The usual sensational stuff has appeared about the "ovation" bestowed on Mr. GLADSTONE, on his leaving Charing Cross Station for Gravesend, with Mrs. GLADSTONE and family, and on his embarking at the "Tea and Shrimps, Ninepence" hot watering place on board the *Grantully Castle*. Of course we wept salt tears when the Right Honourable Gentleman was prostrated by illness; but we are weeping salter, more passionate, and more indignant tears now, when we think of the unhappy Mahomedans in European Turkey plundered, of their pilaff, their shintyans, their djabadaulis, their yashmaks, their yataghans, and even their hattisheris (their only protection from the inclemency of the weather), by the pitiless Bulgarians. In fact, we can do little else but weep now, when we think of a WOLFFE crying in the wilderness and no man regarding him, and a House of Commons yawning at the eloquence of an ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, bore he never so bravely. Evidently the Deluge has come; and we (who have fortunately secured passages in the Ark) can do nothing but moan and wring our hands.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTICE.

ALL reports "requiring confirmation" should be directed to the Bishop of the Diocese.

TOMKINS'S FIRST SESSION.



April 29.

Delighted at being able to write M.P. after his name, the new Member for Grassborough speaks of the House as

"THE JOELIEST CLUB IN LONDON."

August 27.

Unable to get a pair, and rather "mixed," after twenty-one hours' continuous sitting, he says,

"CALL THIS THE PRESENT PARLIAMENT ! IT'S THE LATE PARLIAMENT ! O MY HEAD !"

WIMBLEDON "SUB JUDICE."

PRELIMINARY INSTRUCTIONS.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—We want something about the Wimbledon Marking Scandal. Of course you know all about it. But as the decision of the Court is not yet published, pray be careful.

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—Am I to understand that I am to exercise perfect freedom of opinion?

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—Of course. But treat the matter seriously, and make it general.

THE ARTICLE.

The First NAPOLEON (that greatest of modern Generals) has called the English a nation of shopkeepers. It was an empty reproach that met with a sufficiently suggestive commentary on the blood-stained field of Waterloo. But had not the answer reached the Emperor from the mouths of the cannon unlimbered before the little Belgian farmhouse, a negative would as surely have arrived from Wimbledon—the home, nay, the very birthplace of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain. That excellent Institution was founded exactly one-and-twenty years ago. Then (as now) the Duke of CAMBRIDGE appears as President. In 1860 the Council decided to—

INCIDENTAL.

*Editor to Military Contributor.—A most admirable opening! But may I suggest that we scarcely want history of the N.R.A. A little descriptive writing is always effective. A word-photograph of the spot would be capital. I need scarcely repeat that as the matter is *sub judice*, we must be careful.*

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—Hum! I have the honour to enclose the continuation of my article.

THE ARTICLE (continued).

Who does not know Wimbledon?—wind-driven Wimbledon! Who does not know the Railway Station at Putney, with its two platforms, its double set of lines, its newspaper-stall? Who does not know the white tents resting on the fragrant heather like a nest of poached eggs shining in a dish of verdant spinach? Who does not know the Cottage—a tiny toy decked with many-coloured flowers? Who does not know the Refreshment Marquee?—

INCIDENTAL.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—Capital! Really capital! But perhaps we had better go straight to the subject. I know that you hold a Hythe certificate. Your technical knowledge of the matter will be simply invaluable.

THE NEW OURANG.

As described by Mr. Frank Buckland.

'TWIXT four and five feet high he is,
If not a little bigger;
It seems he has a baby "phiz,"
Although a massive figger.
His hair is what you may call red—
'Twill larger be a year hence—
He gains, by baldness on his head,
"Professional appearance."
He puts his arm forth from the cage,
In fashion most unruly,
And screams and yells when in a rage—
A pleasing creature truly!

Cobbling and Cookery.

ACCORDING to MR. RICHARD JEFFERIES, the "Amateur Poacher," Author of *Round About a Great Estate*, and other delightful and instructive works on the ways of wild animals, and the manners and customs of typical rustics, the cobbler of "Okebourne village" has actually been known to sole and heel shoes of his customers with highly dried and hardened bacon. This cobbler would hardly have held that "there is nothing like leather." In his time, and in a season of famine, the natives of Okebourne might really have contrived to subsist, in a measure, on a species of fried soles, and fried heels also to boot—hob-nailed boot.

NO SECRET AT ALL.

A Cruel Secret. A new novel by a new Author. This Secret is "let out" by MUDIE, and kept, only for a short time, by subscribers.

THE ARTICLE (continued).

And yet it is difficult to suppose that there could have been any doubt about the proper mode in which the Register should have been kept. The merest tyro in musketry knows that it must be signed by the Marker, countersigned by the Captain or Officer of the section, after which the column's "duplicate total points" corresponding with the practices executed are initialed by the Officer in charge, to verify their agreement with the column's "total points," and then torn off and handed to—

INCIDENTAL.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—The most interesting narrative I have ever read! Terse, epigrammatic, admirable! Still, do you not think it would be as well to popularise the idea for the general reader?

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—The General reader? Why, a Sub-Lieutenant would clearly understand it, Sir!

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—I mean the non-professional reader.

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—As you wish, Sir.

THE ARTICLE (continued).

Here it is necessary to say, for the benefit of the Public (who are wholly and entirely ignorant of all military matters), that the Marksman is the person who fires off the rifle. The rifle is a weapon consisting of a certain amount of wood and steel. This weapon is loaded (that is filled) with an explosive composition called gunpowder, and a missile made of lead, except a bullet. The gunpowder is put into a tube (called a barrel) first, then the bullet. When ignited, the powder propels the bullet through the air, and—

INCIDENTAL.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—Brilliant! Quite brilliant! But, excuse me, have you ever been a Polytechnic lecturer?

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—Sir,—I cannot betray confidence. It is the duty of a soldier to obey his superior. I have the honour to enclose a continuation of my article.

THE ARTICLE (continued).

That grave abuses exist, must be manifest to the most casual observer. It is time that the guilty ones should be withered with scorn, crushed to the very earth with a weight of bitter ignominy! We have no hesitation in stating in the clearest possible manner that those we are about to mention have outraged humanity. They have made a display of wicked and vulgar ignorance. They have been convicted in the minds of all true Englishmen of the most

hideous frauds, the most degrading of felonies. Not a hundred years ago they would have been hanged for their transgressions, and it is a mistake and a misfortune that the law now shows them clemency. The names of these infamous villains are—

INCIDENTAL.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—For both our sakes I must cut you short! What you are writing is rank libel!

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—You have no right to interfere with a professional man writing on a professional subject! Sir, I am absolutely shaking with indignation!

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—Shake, but hear!

Colonel Contributor to Editor.—I am at your orders, Sir. Pistols for two, and coffee for one.

Editor to Colonel Contributor.—No; permit me, coffee and cigars for two. I trust to your kindness of heart, sound sense, and moderation, and I am sure the conclusion of your admirable paper will be simply excellent.

THE ARTICLE (concluded).

The Scandal at Wimbledon can be only dealt with by military men. What right have a pack of incompetent civilians to talk about it? But there is a lower depth. The Editor of this paper has dared to lecture the writer of this article upon his facts, his literary style, and his convictions! The writer of this article is an old Soldier, and has been out in his day a score of times, and is ready to go out again. He is a dead shot with a pistol, and taught ANGELO fencing. He tells the Editor of this paper that—

[Remainder of the Article editorially suppressed.]

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

II.—THE SONG OF THE SANDBOX.



O HOLIDAY-MAKERS can rarely be still,
But take super-human exertions
And make themselves hot and exhausted and ill
To organise horrid "excursions"!
Let those who enjoy it ride out in a "shay"—
Exploring each dell and each dingle—
But let me throw stones in the water all day
And roll on the sand and the shingle!

They think it delightful to walk on the pier,
And try to create a sensation;
When passengers land, looking pallid and queer,
A cause is for great jubilation:
Let lunatics listen to bands when they play,
And nod to their noise and their jingle—
But let me throw stones in the water all day
And roll on the sand and the shingle!

Anemone-hunters roam over the rocks,
All hoping to fish up a tank-full;
They hopelessly ruin their shoes and their socks—
O why can't they rest and be thankful?
They rave o'er a winkle, a wrass, or a wray,
And sea-weeds that with them commingle—
But let me throw stones in the water all day
And roll on the sand and the shingle!

They think it is pleasant to go for a sail
With wind in a dubious quarter;
When waves "chop about," and they get very pale
And up to their knees in the water.
Let maritime maniacs, wetted with spray,
Discourse on a cleat or a cringle—
But let me throw stones in the water all day
And roll on the sand and the shingle!

I'd much rather take a good pull at ozone
Without all this bustle and riot;
If well-meaning friends would but leave me alone,
To bask in the sunshine and quiet.
Such labour as theirs fills my heart with dismay—
The thought of it makes my blood tingle—
So I will throw stones in the water all day
And roll on the sand and the shingle!

[Left rolling.



A FREE TRANSLATION.

(With Punch's Apologies to the Shade of Uhland.)

Our Seasick Poet—

"TAKE, OH STEWARD, THREICE THY FEE;
I'VE BEEN AS ILL AS ANY THREE!"

THE MUDFOG PAPERS.

MESSRS. BENTLEY AND SON have republished CHARLES DICKENS'S *Mudfog Papers*, which first appeared in their *Miscellany*. Those who remember ALBERT SMITH'S brochures, such as *The Gent*, *The Ballet Girl*, &c., may easily see in what school he had studied, by reading *The Pantomime of Life*. But the other evening, while assisting at a representation of *The World*, by Messrs. MERRITT, PETTITT, and HARRIS, we were tickled into a sudden guffaw by this line placed in the mouth of Mr. JACKSON as the Comic Villain—"Vell, 'ere we are again, as the QUEEN says ven she opens Parliment!" The absurd association of ideas struck us as a decidedly original turn of humour. Oddly enough, on reading the *Mudfog Papers*, we hit on the following passage in *The Pantomime of Life*:—"We take it that the commencement of the Session of Parliament is neither more nor less than the drawing up of the Curtain for a Grand Comic Pantomime, and that His Majesty's most gracious Speech on the opening thereof may be not inaptly compared to the *Clown's* opening speech of "Here we are!" (DICKENS, by the way, omits the "again.")" "My Lords and Gentlemen, here we are!" appears, to our mind at least, to be a very good abstract of the point and meaning of the propitiatory address of the Ministry. The authors of *The World* had probably never seen or heard of the *Mudfog Papers*; but, even after this distance of time, *les grands esprits se touchent*. The *Mudfog Papers* are most interesting as a specimen of DICKENS'S budding humour. Perhaps the best in the collection is *The Pantomime of Life*. The description of the *Pantaloons* and the *Harlequin* is inimitable.

A Swell's Review.

A Tramp Abroad is equal to any book by two authors. Of course it is. It's by MARK TWAIN. Second Notice, by our Lardy-Dardy Swell: "Aw! vewy amusin—vewy—aw! He's not at all a slow Twain, though he stops at such a lot of places. Yaas. Wead it. Yaas. You can get it at SHUTTERS AND WINDOWS. I mean CHATTERS AND WONDERS—I mean CHATTO AND WINDUS. Adoo."

TOUCHING CEREMONY IN THE IRISH HILLS.—"Waking" the Echoes.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



ow off en I've thort that on the hole, praps, the Sheriffs is about the mostwunderfullest chape as I knows on. Your Lord Mayor and your Aldermuns gets a good Pren-ticeship as Common Counsel, and so gets hardened to 'igh livin'. But a sheriff comes suddenly into it, without any prupperation, and the natural consequence enshews, one or other on em is layd up about wunce a fortnite for the fust few munths, and no wonder, wen one thinks wot they has to go through.

Wot becums on em all? BROWN says they takes their Carridges with em, and goes to Africa and becomes African Princes. But in course that's only his nonsince. Tho' I was told by a frend of mine, who's a second hand Coachman in Long Aker, that his master wunce had a order to paint up a old Sheriff's Coach with lots of red and blue and gold and silver, and sprawlin liuns and things, and to make two woodin hosses as large as life, runnin on fore wheels, and painted quite natterel, and they was all sent to Africa as a present to one of the Chiefs, who used to have ten niggers tied to the hosses to pull the Coach along, and he used to sit on the Box and flog 'em all the way! I shoudn't have liked to have had to wate on His Royal Hiness.

To my mind the hight of human dignity is a full-blown Master Free Mason with his apron on, and all the ensines of his of'ce!

Many and many a Rite Honnreble Gent have I had the honner of assisting down-stairs wen leaving the hospitible Board; and once a Royal Pussonidge, who was speechless with emoshun, grasped my hand, and shook it! I made all my family go thro' the same seremony before I washed that onerd hand.

I don't think as how we perfeshunal Gents is treeted with propper respek. I heerd a young Swell say, only last week, that he hated wearing white Chokers, they made a man look so much like a Waiter! Well, I want to no wot he'd like to look like? Why, only a short time ago, a very young Nobbleman, evidently quite unused to City life, came to a great City Gill bankit, and wen I went up to him to take his Hat, I made my ushal bow, which I copies as neer as I can from Royalty, the young Gentleman axshally shook hands with me and adrest me as Woshupfool Marster! I never was so taken a back in all my life. I axshally blusht to that extent that I must have looked like a meer vulgar Country Squire!

I am sorry to see that a lot of Forren Mersenaries has cum over from France and Germany to take the bread out of the mouths of the fine old English Waiter, tho' preshus little of that common Stuff they'd find in mine. I wunder where this here Free Trade is a goin to take us to? Who ever thought of Free Trade in Waiters? The thing's ridiklus. And a fine set of fellers they are, to be sure! They rush about here, there, and everywhere, making theirselves as they calls' it ginerally usefool, & atending to anybody as wants anythink, the ijots! No quiet dignity, no orty demeuner, no stickin in one place, whether you're wanted or not, and, above all, no conveeneent Defness! Ah! if this sort of thing goes on, it will cause a nice sort of change, this will! Why at least half on us won't be wanted at all, and the rest will have to intirely halter their old system. All worry well for boys; but how about us as has grown gray in the serviss? My Wiskers, which is wot is called Mutton Chop pattun, has begun to change colour, and wen I asked BROWN how it was that my wiskers changed before my head, he said, with a laugh, it was becos my jaws had more work than my brains. I wonder what he ment, sum of his charf, I suppose.

(Signed) ROBERT.

WHY THERE ARE NO "EGOES" THIS WEEK.

LAST week our esteemed Contributor gave the reason for his conspicuous absence. He told us that he was going to have his hair cut. Naturally enough, we were most anxious to know where this operation was to be performed. There seemed to be some reluctance on his part to inform us. But in the interests of the public we pressed the question. The answer was most completely satisfactory. He had determined on undergoing the operation; and when Our Own Egoist has determined on anything, he does it, or has it done for him. Yet he is such a wonderful man, that we thought it highly probable he would disdain all assistance, and insist on cutting his own hair as, years ago, when quite a child, he had cut his own teeth. And at that time how irritable he was!

On inquiry at his house, we ascertained that he had abandoned all idea of cutting his own hair, and had made an arrangement with a distinguished professional operator, who cuts hair "By Appointment."

Being nervous as to the after-effects of the operation on a naturally delicate constitution, we arranged to be present on an occasion which might be fraught with fatal consequences if skilful hands were not employed. All that money could do, up to one shilling, was done. With our Artist we were on the spot during the cutting, of which we subjoin a Cut.



We are glad to say that our excellent Contributor is in perfect health and spirits, but, owing to the fact of his being compelled to have his hat removed in order to submit to the operation, he did not recover himself quite so soon as we had expected. Previous to placing himself in the operator's chair, our excellent Contributor shook hands with the hairdresser, and said that he forgave him. It was a touching scene.

The patient was under the influence of Gas for more than twenty-five minutes, and on waking he was understood to exclaim "Shampoo!" whereupon a young assistant, with more zeal than discretion, at once wheeled him to the basin, and put his head under the tap. This quickly restored him to more than his ordinary self, and, starting up, he explained that he had asked for "Champagne," and not "Shampoo." The mistake was easily rectified with a draught on Pommery & Co. *très sec et bien frappé*.

Latest Bulletin.—Progressing favourably. Hair growing again.

QUOTATION ADAPTED TO INDIFFERENT SERVICE AT AN OVERCROWDED SUPPER.

WAITER! Waiter! everywhere,
And not a drop to drink!

Ancient Mariner (very dry).

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

III.—A VIEW ON THE FRENCH COAST.



He hath a figure grand—
Note, as he takes his stand,
Poised upon either hand,
Merry young mer-pets :

Drop them! You strong papa,
Swim back to Etretat!
Here comes their dear Mamma,
Seeking for her pets!

A SEASONABLE SURPRISE.

(We visit the Alexandra Palace—by the merest chance. Our Report.)

HELPLESS we lay, like the ship "in the Bay o' Biscay, O," in the bay-window of the Eclecticon. All our blooming companions were jaded and gone. We were jaded, but couldn't go. We thought of our chains, and sighed for the Brighton Pier. "Too late—alas! too late!" Oh, for a dinner out of town at some new place, and an *al fresco* lounge! In Paris, in Brussels, in any Continental city, we should have known what to do; but here—nothing. The Play was not the thing at all. Richmond? No; if there were any amount of Richmonds in the field, we are tired of the place, *quid dining*. Purfleet, Greenwich, Gravesend! With Titanie whitebait, and muddy river? No. Like Sir Charles Coldstream, we were used up. Nothing in any one of 'em.

Suddenly, little TOBY MORY jumps up cheerily—he and ourselves are the only two left in the Eclecticon, as fogies don't count. "I've never been there!" he cries. "Where?" we ask. "The Alexandra!" is his answer. "Bah!" is our retort uncourteous. "After Richmond, Purfleet, &c., a needless Alexandra ends the song. Besides, Palaces are horrid places." We speak boldly in the Eclecticon—but the fogies are asleep. "Let's try it," urges TOBY. And he opens the A.B.C. "How do we get there?" we inquire, yieldingly. Then we object that it is too late. "Not a bit," cries TOBY MORY. "Waiter! Hansom!"

We place ourselves in TOBY's hands. It may be the blind leading the blind, neither of us being acquainted with the place; but TOBY and ourselves know our way about blindfolded.

From King's Cross we went to Wood Green, where we descended just as the "gloaming" had set in, about 7.30, and seeing before us a very undignified sort of half-illuminated entrance, which proved to be "The Palace Gates," we presented ourselves to two Check-takers, who eyed us suspiciously, carefully inspected our railway-tickets, and finally passed us in.

The air was appetising, the hour late, and so we engaged a pony-trap to make the ascent to the Palace. The Postilion, evidently aware that he was carrying CÆSAR and his fortunes, took us at a solemn pace up the hill. Fearing to stagger the officials by the impressive grandeur of our arrival in state, we pulled up well in the shade, gave the Postilion *largesse*, bade him to keep his own counsel (or to retain him when necessary), and smiling to nobody right and left, we entered the building. TOBY was for going to see all the entertainments. "No," we said, resolutely; "there is but one entertainment for us, and that is dinner."

Instinct, and a friendly man who was waiting for some one to come in and see Mr. HOWARD PAUL's Entertainment, led us to the *salle à manger*. We selected our table, by an open window, with a view of nothing in particular (lit up) in the distance, and there sat

ALK about lazy time!—
Come to this sunny clime—
Life is a flowing rhyme—
Pleasant its cadence!
Zephyrs are blowing free
Over the summer sea,
Sprinkling deliciously
Merry Mermaidens!

Despite the torrid heat,
Toilettes are quite complete;
White are the little feet,
Fair are the tresses:
Maidens here swim or sink,
Clad in blue serge—I think
Some are in mauve or pink—
Gay are the dresses!

If you know Etretat,
You will know *M'sieu lâ*—
Oh, such a strong papa!—
Ever out boating.
You'll know his babies too,
Toto and LOLALOU,
All the long morning through
Diving and floating.

Oh what a merry crew!
Fresh from the water blue,
Rosy and laughing too—
Daring and dripping!
Look at each merry mite,
Held up a dizzy height,
Laughing from sheer delight—
Fearless of slipping!

down. The table was laid for eight; so with ourselves in the chair at the head, and TOBY MORY on my left, it looked as though we had invited guests, who had thrown us over at the last moment.

Undepressed by this, we summoned the waiter. He flew—in an opposite direction. Again, "Wai—!" "Yessir!" and he presented us with a bill of fare, with which to amuse ourselves while he was busy, and vanished out of the window like an uncaged bird. "Wai—!" "Yessir!" He was back again—and away. Could we put salt on his tail? How to catch that waiter. "Wai—!" "Yessir!" and this time he handed us the wine carte—and once more flew out of the window. A marvellous waiter! Was he a spirit?

But these wonders did not allay the pangs of hunger—though sweet music from a mysterious piano arose and calmed the savage breasts for a while. At last—unable to shoot the waiter as, like Folly, he flew, we walked up to the Master of the Feast, and gravely informed him that we had studied the *menu* twice carefully, that we had heard two tunes on the piano, and were thoroughly pleased with everything so far—but *might we dine*? Would he command the tricksy sprite of a waiter, by some mighty spell, to serve us with—in fact—our dinner? MR. PROSPERO, the Master—civilly did this—most civilly, and a capital dinner was served. Grouse excellent. Champagne first-rate. Everything good.

And then—we strolled forth. Once more the distant lights intrigued us. Beautiful and extensive grounds, and oh, the loveliest night!

People coming up the steps told us that something was going on—as we understood them at first—"on three legs." This turned out to be their way of pronouncing, "*On the Three Lakes*." So thither we wended our way. Time 9.30. Sounds of music and revelry. Thousands of twinkling coloured lights. Marvellously beautiful effects of light and shade, while the electric light was thrown on one of the three lakes, around which was a crowd—reminding us of the Gathering of the Clans—listening to the band and to a singer in the Pavilion on the water's edge.

Our surprise at this scene was only equalled by our intense gratification. Here we were: Where? Surely at Baden-Baden, or assisting at some *réveil* on the Continent! A really fairy-like scene, and within the easiest distance. A great boon to the tired Londoner, who has no Vauxhall, no Cromorne, to go to. And, to our thinking, far surpassing the—but comparisons are odious, and the allusion is clear as crystal.

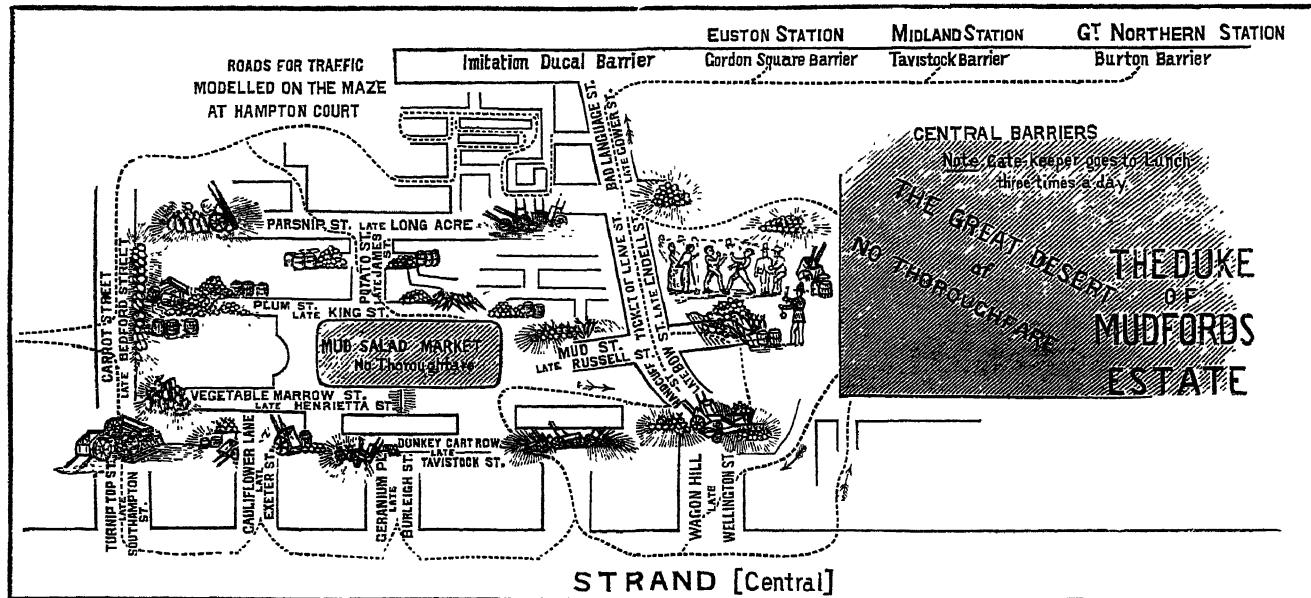
This is emphatically no puff, but tardy justice done to a place of which we have hitherto steered clear—no puff, we repeat, except as a return for a breath of air on a very hot night, and one of the most strikingly picturesque *al fresco* scenes we've come across for years.

At ten we began to return. Being uncertain as to trains and stations, we inquired of an official. "Oh," was his answer, "the trains go anyhow now."

Fancy a Bradshaw compiled on this plan! However, we found the trains going quite regularly, not by any means "anyhow," and so we returned rejoicing. To all who are compelled to remain in the Little Village, we recommend our experience of a night's outing at the Alexandra Palace.

NEW TRANSLATION (*Vide LORD BEACONSFIELD'S speech on the Ground Game Bill*).—"Experio Cræde"—Trust the Poacher.

THE MUDFORD MUDDLE AND ITS IMITATORS.



ONE Saturday morning last May, a Cabman, not too well versed in the ways of London, determined to drive his empty cab from the centre of the Strand, to meet his grandmother at the King's Cross Station. He tried Bedford Street, and found it blocked with carrots; he tried Southampton Street, and found it blocked with turnip-tops; he tried Exeter Street, and found it blocked with cauliflowers; and he tried Burleigh Street, and found it blocked with geraniums. Looking up Wellington Street, he thought he saw an opening through a forest of cabbage- and basket-waggons. Tilting against one of the latter, he brought an avalanche of strawberry-baskets on his head, and nearly lost a wheel. Recovering from this, he tried to get through Bow Street, but found an impassable crowd round the prison-van of a popular murderer, as well as a barriade of costermongers' barrows. With great patience and perseverance he passed at last safely through these obstacles. In Endell Street he was delayed by a little prize-fight; and when he reached Gower Street he found the roadway a little difficult. A gas-pipe had exploded, a water-pipe had burst, and the Vestry were repairing part of the highway. He turned down Woburn (or Gee-Woburn) Place, to enter Gordon (or Trap-Cab Square), but the gate-keeper had gone to one of his three daily lunches. On the gate-keeper's return, the cabman was refused admission. His cab was empty. Two trucks, a pig, a dray, a wagon, two calves, a donkey, and a tradesman's cart were also sent back, not coming within the Duke of MUDFORD's patronising regulations.

The Cabman was ingenious. He gave a small boy twopence to get inside the cab, and then applied again with this important passenger. He was admitted. Before he got half through Gordon (or Cab-Trap) Square, the boy jumped out of the cab, and ran away. The Cabman was helpless, and looked for a passenger. There was not one to be seen. He drove to the Gordon Street Ducal barrier, and was repulsed; he drove to the Tavistock Street Ducal barrier with the same result; and so on to the Endsleigh Street and Upper Woburn Place Ducal barriers. He got off the Mudford Estate on to the Flint-Skinners' Estate, and was refused a passage on any terms at Burton Crescent. He became bewildered, wandered in his route, and tried, for no particular reason, to get into Mecklenburg Square by way of Heathcote Street. He was not going to any particular house, and was kept outside like the Peri. A few sheep, pigs, horned cattle, carts, and drays were playing the parts of other Peris, and were referred to 50 Geo. 3, cap. 170. He got on to the Doughty or Tichborne Estate, but as he was not going to the house of a subscriber to the gate-keeper's salary, he was thrust back. He wandered again, and found himself face to face with the London University barrier at the end of Gower Street, maintained to provide artificial quiet for a tenth-rate hospital. Turning, bewildered, from this imitation Ducal barrier, he got, somehow, into the Tottenham Court Road. He had lost his grandmother, and tired his horse. He plunged desperately into a refreshment-house. It was not a Coffee-palace.

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER LOVE SCENE.

"WHAT an afternoon!" said MORLEENA to herself as she entered her sister's *boudoir*. She was staying with the Archbeacon and his wife, who had not yet returned from Mrs. DOWDIE's party.

She looked out of window at the sun setting, and she wondered whether, if she had a partner to set to, she would blush as deeply as the sun. And who was to be her partner, after all? Not JOHN BOUNCE—he was dismissed; not Mr. MATTEX, that was clear. Had not Mrs. Archbeacon whispered in her ear that Mr. ARABLE was most eligible? Did not Mr. ARABLE hold the Precentorship and Per centorship which her father, in consequence of the agitation set on foot by the *Penny Prometheus* and JOHN BOUNCE, had been compelled to resign? Was not this an inducement? Well; and if MORLEENA chose to take this view of the situation, who can blame her? Not I, for one, most assuredly.

She was aroused from her reverie by a step on the hearth-rug.

"Don't let me disturb you," said Mr. ARABLE.

"Not in the least," she replied, vaguely, for she was conscious at that minute that he was disturbing her.

Then it seemed as if they had nothing further to say; and so he stood twiddling his fingers on the hearth-rug, while she continued looking out of window at the sunset.

Presently he asked her,

"Have you ever seen a ghost?"

"Never—to my knowledge," was her answer.

Then he nervously made one with his pocket-handkerchief, and moved cautiously up towards her, working the puppet with his fingers, and causing it to perform various exaggerated actions.

"Do you know what it is doing now?" he asked, bashfully.

"No. What?"

"He is making love."

She did not dare ask to whom, so he only told her, as he came from behind the fire-screen where he had been hidden, that it was a very old-fashioned amusement.

"Do you mean making love is old-fashioned?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered Mr. ARABLE, gently laughing; "and the pocket-handkerchief puppet, too."

"Ah!" returned MORLEENA, gently; "I like everything old-fashioned."

"So do I," returned Mr. ARABLE. And then he begged her pardon for stepping on her dress, and she replied that it was of no consequence. Then he walked up and down the room irresolutely; and as she gazed out on the sun, she felt tear after tear slowly coursing down her face.

Mr. ARABLE was restless. He executed a few steps of a hornpipe on the hearth-rug, and then performed the first half of the *menuet de*



Saxon Sportsman. "WHAT ARE THOSE CONSTABLES DOING THERE, TIM?"

Irish Gamekeeper. "SURE THEY'RE A WATCHIN' PAT NORTON, SORR!"

Saxon Sportsman. "WHAT FOR? WHAT'S HE BEEN DOING?"

Tim. "OCH! BEGORE' HE'S PAID HIS RINT, SORR!!"

la cour. At last he stopped in front of her, and unable to bear the silence any longer, he asked,

"Where are you going on Sunday?"

"To church," she answered, simply.

"Will your mother know you are out?" he continued, in an agitated tone.

"I have no mother, Mr. ARABLE," she said, turning her head away as another and a bigger tear trickled slowly into her mouth.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. ARABLE; "but if you go to church, with whom will you go?"

MORLEENA looked up. She felt that things were looking up just now, and she sympathised with them and looked up too, meeting his calm, eager, melancholy gaze.

Wouldn't he speak plainer? Would he not make some sign? And if he did, was she a Freemason to understand him and return it?

"I go with my father—when he accompanies me."

"Accompanies you! Is he the Organist?"

"Sometimes. But he is still the Beadle."

"Ah! But if he is not with you—"

"I shall be alone—alone—in the wide world!" And again another and a far bigger than any of the others trickled down her cheek.

"That's a whopper!" exclaimed Mr. ARABLE.

"Mr. ARABLE!" she cried, and rose from her seat; "you dare accuse me of an untruth?"

"No, no," he hastened to explain. "When I said 'whopper,' I alluded to the tear, not to any statement of yours. It is like the best place at the Opera—it is a *Grand tier!*"

"Oh, Mr. ARABLE, how can you joke?" she murmured softly.

"I don't know how I can," he replied in the same tone, "but I do. Perhaps I was wrong. I own I was unwarranted in asking you the questions I did. I would not have hurt your feelings for the world; but I am glad now that, besides the inquiry as to your mother's knowledge of your being in or out, I did not inquire whether she had ever taken in washing, and had parted with her mangle."

"Oh, Mr. ARABLE!"—It was all she could say, she was so completely taken by surprise.

He went on:

"Yes, such a question would have been indelicate—very unmanly. I ask your pardon."

"I grant your grace," she answered softly, withdrawing from him to some distance.

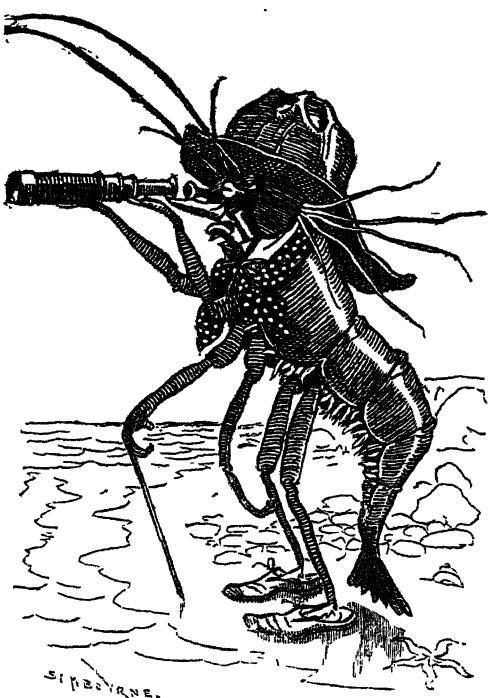
"You do!" he cried, deeply agitated, and taking several steps backward. "You grant my grace! I, a middle-aged bachelor, who really never learnt dancing, and only know a few steps of the hornpipe and minuet! You grant my grace! Ah! MORLEENA—" And there he stopped.

"Go on!" she murmured, looking piteously up in his face from the other end of the room.

"MORLEENA! 'Go on!' I am going on! I feel I am going on—anyhow!" And in another moment, regardless of his white tie, he had clasped her closely to his clerical waistcoat. How it was done, whether he had drawn her to him, or whether they had bounded up against one another from each end of the room, they could not tell. Nor can I declare. Such things are; nay, such things are of daily occurrence. There was a sympathy between them which thrilled through them like an electric shock; for the moment they had lost their heads and their hearts; she had his, he had hers; he was she, and she was he; she was the Prebendary and Precentor, and he was MORLEENA: each was either, t'other was both; neither knew who was who! And she was the witch that had charmed his life and drawn from his lips the first kiss he had ever given to woman, and that made him feel that now for the first time in his bachelor life he began to realise above all relatives and beyond all antecedents the simple theory of what was what.

"Oh, let me go!" said she—"let me go now!" And she bounded like a soft roe to her own room, as the Archbeacon and Mrs. OVERWAYTE appeared on the threshold of the boudoir.

THE SONG OF THE SHRIMP.



O, I am a cunning, crafty Shrimp!
I love to swim all the livelong day;
I'm lithe and lissom, I'm gay and jimp,
But never am seen in Pegwell Bay!

O, I am a lively laughing Shrimp!
I love to flash through the water gay;
I'm quick and careless, I'm light and limp,
But never am caught in Pegwell Bay!

I hear that they broke my Uncle's back,
And cracked his skin, with a fiendish shout;
Off countless cousins they "took a snack,"
And loudly clamoured for pots of stout!
They wrung the neck of poor Grandpapa;
They gaily curried my dear Aunt JANE,
And as for superb old Grandmamma,
I never shall see her like again!
O, I'm the cutest of curly Shrimps;
I love to venture sometimes in play;
Although, perhaps, I may take a glimpse,
I never swim into Pegwell Bay!

"What's Sport to You," &c.

THIS is from *The Freeman's Journal*, Aug. 28.—

GUNS; Central-Fire Walking-Stick Shot Guns, with steel barrels of the newest and most approved construction; capital Guns for roadside amusement. — & Co., Dublin.

"Roadside amusement!"—potting a middle-man from behind a hedge, or making game of a landlord, might, in some Irish districts, come under this description.

Hymn to the Knight.

"It has pleased HER MAJESTY graciously to confer on Mr. RUPERT KETTLE the honour of Knighthood."—*Daily Paper*.

SIR RUPERT, it's clear that you've shown us your mettle—
You couldn't do otherwise, being a *Kettle*—
And though like most kettles you look much the same,
You've now got a handle tacked on to your name.

DEFINITION.—Lords and Commons—The House of Peers and the House of Pairs.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE,
AND THEIR MIGHTY DOLLAR.

A Dramatic Duologue, illustrative of Florentine Life and Manners in the American Capital.

By the Author of "A Legend of Florence."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Hon. BARDWELL SLOTE (*Member of Congress for the Cohosh District*), Mr. W. J. FLORENCE.

Mrs. GEN'L GILFLORY ("who has lived so much abroad"), Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE.

Greek Chorus—Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Author of *Plain English*.

SCENE—*The Gaiety Theatre, Strand, W.C.*

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE discovered, admirably suited to each other, and indulging in a "private smile."

Mr. W. J. Florence. My dear Mrs. W. J., it is dramatically understood, I think, between us that, during the next three hours or so,

I am to be the Hon. BARDWELL SLOTE, Member of Congress for the Cohosh District, somewhere out West, a venal, jobbing politician who has been a lawyer in some obscure place, and is, consequently, habitually addressed as "Judge," and that you are a wealthy widow, Mrs. GEN'L GILFLORY, "who has lived so much abroad." You are very good-natured and (as I think) charming. (Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE blushes slightly.) But for dramatic purposes you are to be extremely vulgar. You really speak French with much fluency and purity; but (always for dramatic purposes) you are to speak it like a *V.E.*

—I mean a *vache Espagnole*. Is that O.K.—I would say All Correct
—Mrs. W. J.?

Mrs. W. J. Florence (instantaneously assuming the voice and mien of Mrs. GEN'L GILFLORY). *Parfatemong, mong share. Vous m'avay donné le tip direct.* (With a peculiar trill.) LIBBY, Dear!

Enter Miss C. GILCHRIST as LIBBY DEAR, in "skirts shorter than they order."

Libby Dear. Well, Aunt, what's the racket?
Mrs. W. J. Florence. Child, you want *tong*. *Vous ne serray jamay distangay. Toojoors vous mettay le gras dans le fire.* I insist upon your immediately asking Lord CAIRNGORM, a Peer of the British Realm, *ung vray noblehomme*, to marry you. *Voilà ser kee ay la matière.*

Libby Dear. I shan't. I want to marry CHARLEY BROOD, although he can't say bo! to a goose.

Mr. W. J. Florence. Is he sound on the goose?

Mr. John Hollingshead, as Chorus. For the information of those ignoramus the Dramatic Critics, I may mention that in America the expression "Is he sound on the goose?" means "Are his political principles all right?"

Mrs. W. J. Florence (in a rage). *Fermay en ho!* Shut up! (To LIBBY DEAR). *Eng-fang terrible et desobeissang*, you are seventeen years of age, and, if you dare to marry CHARLEY BROOD, I'll whip you. *Allay, feel ingrate ay naughty!*

[Exit LIBBY, crying.]

Mr. W. J. Florence. And now, Mrs. Gen'l, the caboose bein' clear, I'll undo the top button of my mind. Sukkumstarnees over which I have no kyind of control impel me, by a Large Majority, to A. a Q.: that is, to axe a question. Mebbe you've been axed before, as the hatchet said to the prairie snag. Will you marry me, Mrs. Gen'l? I hev no floatin' cash balance, but I'm a whale at borrowin' money.

Mrs. Gen'l Gilfory (aside). Shade of my departed General, look down upon me! (Aloud, with dignity.) No, Sirree, I won't marry you—(aside)—at least, not till the end of the Fourth Act.

Mr. W. J. Florence. No offence, Marm. What might you a gi'n for that thar umberel? [Looking curiously at her sunshade.]

Mrs. W. J. Florence (indignantly, and hitting him on the head)



with the sunshade). Impertinong! jammay soor le Continong des parellel libertis song prennay.

Mr. W. J. Florence. Axe pardon, Mrs. Gen'l. It's O. S.—all serene. This is where the trouble is. I had a Large Majority of stone-fences, brandy-smashes, sodas and dark bottom egg-nogs, corpse-revivers, morning-glories, fixed-bayonets, mint-juleps, sherry-cobblers, and tip-and-ties last night at the bar of the House of Representatives; and this morning I've got whiskey in the hair. I feel sorter as if I'd got the F. J.-J.'s—the Flying Jem-Jams.

Mr. John Hollingshead, as Chorus. The American drink called a "Tip-and-Tie" (I state this for the benefit of the grossly ignorant Critics) is an abbreviation for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," a party cry at the period when the late General TYLER, the hero of the battle of Tippecanoe, was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. [Boys and retire.

Enter LIBBY DEAR in a long train.

Mr. W. J. Florence. And what's a-goin' down tu the Capitol, Miss LIBBY? Are they a-tellin' lies and thievin' greenbacks by a Large Majority?

Mrs. W. J. Florence. Oui, feel, parlay, et dites noo kess her serparse lar bar.

Libby Dear. Oh, Aunt, they're raisin' Cain, and breaking the pack. If I wasn't married to CHARLEY BROON, I'd propose to Lord CAIRNGORM, who has just drowned himself in the Chickahominy.

Mrs. W. J. Florence (hitting LIBBY with her parasol). *Malleroose, malleroose!* You shall be lock'd up in the cupboard on bread and water for a fortnight, *ay sank song lignes de Telemark poor apprander par koor.* (To Mr. W. J. FLORENCE.) Hon. BARDWELL SLOTE, go and get a divorce. You can buy one for two dollars seventy-five at MUPPLY's Dry Goods Store in Pennsylvania Avenue.

Libby Dear (eagerly). But it's all right, Aunt, dear! Lord CAIRNGORM has come to life again, and is engaged to marry an Indian squaw from Colorado; all our friends have found Nevada silver mines, or Pennsylvania oil-wells in other people's pockets, and the Era of Universal Happiness has set in.

Mr. W. J. Florence. Geewillikins! And I'm happy, too! I feel like a pea-nut that a Bowery small boy's goin' to shy at a song-and-dance-man. Under these sukkumstarnes, Marm' (turning to Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE), will you, by a Large Majority, be mine?

Mrs. W. J. Florence. Tray rolongteers, mong cher juge! LIBBY, Dear!

Mr. W. J. Florence. Oh, Jerusalem! Joy! joy! joy! (to Black Butler in background.) Let it rain cock-tails!

The Spirit of Mr. SAM WAED hovering over the footlights. It's an intelligible play isn't it? Elegant dialogue, too, eh? But (*confidentially to the audience*) although Mr. and Mrs. FLORENCE are admirable Comedians, and their *Mighty Dollar* certainly represents in its way, legislative and financial getting at Washington, this is not how I managed matters in the days when I was King of the Lobby.

(Curtain falls.)

The House and its Kitchen.

(Resignation of Mr. NICHOLL, the Commons' Caterer, in consequence of Mr. MONTAGUE GUEST having complained of the Cuisine.)

COULD MR. NICHOLL
Our palate tickle
With boiled and stewed and roast,
We'd eat with zest,
And not one Guest
Would quarrel with his host.

Novel Anticipations.

Flogging the First-Born. By the Author of *Beating the Air*.
The Home of Truth. By the Author of *The House of Lys*.
The Hill Replaced. Sequel to *The Veil Removed*.
Blacklegs. By the Author of *White Wings*.
Low Water. To be taken with High Spirits.
Lorenzo. Sequel to *The Mate of the "Jessica"*.
A Trusting Hind. By the Author of *A Doubting Heart*.
My Father's Daughter. By the Author of *That Son of Mars*.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



HERE'S many a time as I wunders when I hears a Washupool Master, or a prime Warden, or a Lord Mare, or a Sheriff, or even a mere Common Councilman a busting away like thunder about the rights and priverishes of this that and the other, whether they're quite the same sort of Swells at home. Ah! that's rather a okkard queshun for a good many on us. Tho' I ain't got any particller cause of complaint myself, for in course my perffessional duties naturally runs me into late hours. But BROWN says he knows for a fact that many and many a Swell, old as well as young, gets into Parliament because it gives him a nice excuse for a latch Key. But then BROWN will go on so. Owever I do happen to know that a certain very imminint sittizun, who goes it like one o'Clock wen he's a Chairman, is as mild as a new Stilton wen he's at home. You wouldn't believe it were the same party. Thunder and lightning abroad, and milk and water at home. I know it bekos I once lived with him, but only for a short time. I missed my society, and my exsitemunt and my fees and my wine. Oh no, it didn't do at all. And, if the truth must be told, rather different wittles for both on us. No reel Turtel, and no reel Jam! not of any kind, but all quite plane; so plane that I didn't at all wunder at Master having so many important dinner engagements. No! public life quite spiles us all for mere domestick injoyment.

One of the most elegantest dinners of the whole Season was given last Thursday week by the Fishmongers Gill, which is considered, and natrally, one of the most important of the lot. They're a very nice respectable set is the Fishmongers, tho' a leefle too libberal in their Politics for my money. Much as I likes Libberality in most things, in Pollitics it means Change, and, like Masters and Wardens, I wants no change.

That bright jewel of a Soldier, Sir GARNET WOLSEY, spoke well as he always does. He goes right to the pint, like a charge of Cavalry. I likes to hear him stand up for the young Soldiers. He says they're just as good as the old uns. Ah! I wish I could say the same for the young Waiters.

After that we had rather a rum thing. They drunk to the French Ambassador, and, may I never taste Old Port again if he didn't return thanks in French! I should like to know how many on us understood him. I didn't for one, and what's more, didn't pretend to. How many on 'em can say that? Why, to watch 'em, as me and BROWN did, a grinnin' and noddin' their heads, you'd ha' thought they all knew what he were talkin' about. Then they drunk the House of Lords. That's the toast for me, especially when nicely buttered. I riverences the House of Lords. I never knowned a Peer as gave me less than half a crown.

(Signed) ROBERT.

Found him at last!

AFTER announcing that he was going to appear at the Haymarket Theatre last Saturday, Mr. J. S. CLARKE suddenly changed his mind, and finding the Theatre too hot to hold him, intends to keep it closed for refrigerating purposes during the next fortnight,—a less expensive process than cooling it with the Boucicault-patent-Bridal-Tour-Ventilator. It is clear that Mr. CLARKE possesses some private and authoritative tip as to what the next fortnight's temperature is going to be, and henceforth the temporary tenant of the Haymarket Theatre will be identified with the Clarke of the Weather.



A SKETCH AT TROUDEAUVILLE.

AFTER THE BATH, THE COUNT AND COUNTESS DE ST. CAMMERMETT HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH THEIR FRIENDS BEFORE DRESSING ; AND MONSIEUR ROUCOULY, THE FAMOUS BARITONE, SMOKES A QUIET CIGARETTE, ERE HE PLUNGES INTO THE SANDY RIPPLE.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, August 30 (Lords).—European Concert “all right up to now,” says Lord GRANVILLE. Turkish movement rather too *rallen-tando*, perhaps; but it is hoped that the lagging Ottoman will soon be brought up to time.

Ground-Game Bill. Lord REDESDALE boldly moves its rejection. But who recks REDESDALE? Apostate Peers look upon Abdiel as an old fogey. The Great Educator rises, and posing as Chiron, Nestor, Ulysses, and Puck—particularly Puck—all in one, addresses the House on this wise:—

The Bill is bad, bad with as baneful badness
As our beloved Abdiel (worthy fossil!)
In his three points hath pictured it; base breach
Of contract-freedom; violation vile
Of immemorial rights of Property;
Shapen to stir up strife 'twixt close-knit souls,
The Damon and the Pythias of our day,
Landlord and Tenant. Arrogant as false,
Conciliation none, nor compromise,
Containing. Lo! it turns the lawless poacher,
Land's loathliest enemy, to an “expert,”
A licensed trespasser, who may, o'erbold,
“Stand in the sunshine of the Constitution,”
And flourish his free weapon in the face
Of Providence and of the Manor's Lord.
Most horrible! (*Shudders visibly.*) Yet, to reject the Bill,
As REDESDALE moves, were—well, were ticklish—ticklish.
Dignus vindicè nodus? Not such knot
This knotty question quite. For me, in faith
I have no interest in the subject, none.
Hughenden's hermit, I, calm Cincinnati,
To cabbage-culture sworn, not any more
A candidate for Parliament, nor like
To rear or tumble Ministries again;
Only the Constitution's humble champion,
And yours, my Lords, and yours! (*Pauses, much moved, then rallying, proceeds.*) Peers, 'tis a trap,
This bold bad Bill, baited to snare your pride

And catch your prejudice, and so disarm you
For imminent Constitutional Armageddon!
So, to Committee let it pass, and there
Be purged, pared, picked to pieces, purified,
As your sweet wills and subtle wits decree,
Till 'tis a very *Bottom* of a Bill—
By much Amendment, as by Ass's head,
Translated, changed, transmogrified. So do,
O Peers, my ermine brethren; proving thus
That you're self-sacrificing patriots,
Paladins versed in valour's better part,
And—more considerably up to snuff
Than REDESDALE or the Radicals conceive!

And behold the Peers did even as Puck advised, with results that may perchance be manifest anon.

(*Commons.*)—The Irish Members kept their word, and did not considerably “out-run the Constable” in the matter of that Constabulary Vote, which was agreed to after due debate.

Then COURTYARD suggested, *de die in diem*,
Verbatim Reports! Well, of course they may try 'em;
But *Punch* would just warn the palavering lot,
That at 85, Fleet Street, no rubbish is shot!

The Sitting wound up with Navy Estimates and Ways and Means.

Tuesday (Lords).—Hare-skins! Rabbit-skins!!! (See Cartoon.) Little more left of the Ground-Game Bill when their Lordships had done with it. Tenant farmers think there's a good deal to be got out of it, and the old “Expert”—thank thee, BEN, for teaching us that word!—thought so too.

(*Commons.*)—The old old Optimist v. Pessimist controversy acent our Iron-clad Fleet once more resumed between Officialdom and ex-Officialdom. The upshot, of course, was that nothing could be better than the actual state of affairs, or more satisfactory than the worse alarming outlook. JOHN BULL pays his money, and may take his choice of the two views.

Then prolonged palaver about the Dark Continent, the land of geographical mystery and political muddle. The relations between



“ HARES’ SKINS ! RABBITS’ SKINS ! ”

BEN (*the old “ Expert ”—sarcastically*). “ NOT QUITE THE ENTIRE ANIMAL, WILLIAM, EH ? ”



CATCHING THE EARLY BIRD. (AUGUST 31.)

Customer (curious to know how Partridges get into "the Market" so early on Sept. 1st). "I WANT A BRACE OF PARTRIDGES FOR A SICK RELATIVE."

Poulterer. "CAN'T HAVE 'EM TILL TO-MORROW, SIR."

Customer. "BUT COULDN'T YOU TO-DAY; AS A FAVOUR FOR AN INVALID? I'LL GIVE FIFTEEN SHILLINGS FOR THEM."

Poulterer. "W-E-LL—(hesitatingly)—IF YOU'LL MAKE IT A GUINEA—(decidedly)—YOU SHALL HAVE 'EM!"

[Customer departs satisfied.]

the Colonists and what we call the Mother Country (but they seem to regard as a sort of Mother-in-Law Country), are a little strained. South-African settlers, like South-African sherry, seem to have a fine faculty for disagreeing with everybody except, perhaps, Sir BARTLE FRERE; and the Home Government cannot agree with him. It is clear that "England in Africa" is not yet a satisfactory subject for epic treatment. Who will be our Scipio Africanus in a peaceful sense, a worthy successor in policy to LIVINGSTONE in pioneering? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, on behalf of the Government, avowed the most excellent intentions in the most exemplary manner. Mr. Punch hopes that something good may come of it. Burials Bill, back from the Lords, read a Third Time.

Wednesday (Lords).—Chorus of Peevish Peers. Eh? What? Registration of Voters (Ireland) Bill? At this time of the Session? Pooh! pooh! altogether *infra dig*. Those confounded Commons are coming it quite too strong. Let's chuck it out, unconsidered, just to show we're not to be trifled with.

(Commons).—Chorus of exasperated Paddies. Another base and brutal insult from the Hereditary and Irresponsible Legislators! Revenge!!! Let's oppose the Appropriation Bill!

[Do so, and yet further prolong the Session.]

Mr. Punch (and the Public). "A plague on both your Houses!"

Thursday (Lords).—The Ground-Game Bill having been ground down till, like the Yankee girl's nose, it rather resembles "the little end of nothing whittled down to a point," is allowed by the Peers to pass, amidst fresh ebullitions of patrician petulance. To doggerelise it:—

Lord VIVIAN regarded all Rabbits as Vermin, and hinted that he such vermin hated; Lord BATEMAN was sick of Hares and Rabbits, and wished they were all exterminated. Lord FEVERSHAM vowed farmers value these "vermin," forty millions are annually vended. Then the Lords' little game with the Ground-Game Bill, at least for the moment, was ended.

(Commons).—Over the Census Bill Honourable Members got senselessly incensed concerning the "return of religious opinions" question, Orthodoxy and the other Doxies slang-whanging each other just as if they were really in earnest. BRIGHT turned on his tartest tap. You should know better, JOHN. Noblesse oblige! Let the Olympians keep to their Nectar, and eschew the sour small beer of petty polemics.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Ah! Happy Thought! The Eastern Question! Mustn't finish the Session without a chat on that novel theme. What is the Government doing? Nothing, I trust, or at least nothing that means anything. But what is all this shocking talk about "Coercion" and "Naval Demonstrations?" Methinks I sniff gunpowder! European Concert all very well so long as it plays no military music, nor drowns the still small voice of my soul's idol, Absolute Non-Intervention. Let the Government formally take the pledge of Total Abstinence (from aught but toast-and-water and talkee-talke) before it sends us to our homes.

Lord Hartington. The Naval Demonstration is simply a demonstration of the unbroken harmony of the Six Concurred Powers. Q. E. D. The Turk is not an absolute donkey; and I won't insult him by supposing that he'll court actual Coercion; but if he does—ahem!

[Not to be drawn.]

Mr. Bourke. We won't embarrass you, as you embarrassed us; but, oh! what a lovely mess you are making of the whole business!

[Hugs himself.]

Sir H. Wolff. Ditto to Mr. BOURKE.

[Chuckles.]

Sir C. Dilke. The Six against Turkey mean peace, not war, and would preserve the Porte, rather than pickle it. Conservatives cast cold water on the European Concert: we trust it to keep Europe out of hot water. You'll see!

[Subsides into his seat, and a serene smile.]

Mr. Punch. I must keep my eye on the lot of you!

[Keeps it.]

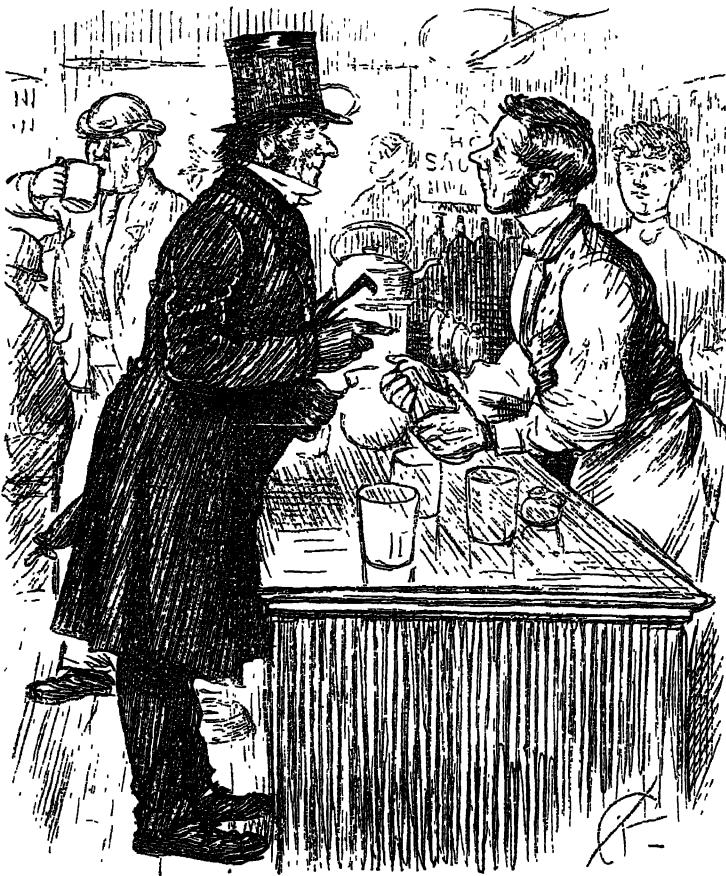
Friday.—Long Sessions make short tempers! That, Mr. Punch opines, is the only possible excuse for the peevish competitive puerilities in which Lords and Commons to-night indulged. That grave and reverend Signor, Lord REDESDALE, gave notice of a bogus *tu quoque* Resolution reflecting on the Lower House, Mr. T. O'CONNOR, as a retort discourteous, moved to abolish the official salary of Lord REDESDALE. Mr. FORSTER was intemperately minatory of the Upper Chamber, Sir S. NORTHCOTE as intemperately denunciatory of Mr. FOX-TELLER. Finally, Mr. CALLAN made an unmitigated Jerusalem of himself, and got "named" and suspended. Fitting climax of childish contentiousness! In the lucid intervals of shindying insanity, the Lords agreed to most of the Commons' Amendments to the Burials Bill, and the Commons to certain of the Lords' Amendments to the Ground-Game Bill. On Saturday the Lords agreed to amended Amendments on Ground-Game, late Hares and Rabbits, Bill, which, to quote our astute old Expert, is not quite what it was on its first appearance in the Upper House.

Hurroo! Land at last! Prorogation imminent—as Mr. GLADSTONE would say, "within measurable distance."

Mr. Punch's prophetic (and impatient) soul flies in advance of the lagging hours, and thus informally dismisses lingering Session and long-tried Senators:—

My Lords, likewise also ye gents of the Commons,
No doubt you're impatiently waiting my summons.
Farewell! get ye gone from my eyes and the House,
Go pop at the partridge, go bang at the grouse.
Having weathered all storms, use this glorious weather
To breath a Autumn's ether, and sniff Autumn's heather.
Forget ills of Ireland on Scotia's hills;
Let your musings, dear boys, be of bags, not of bills.
Be your talk still of sport, not its laws but its pleasures;
May your consciences lose the dead weights of dead measures
All work and no play has made JACK a cross boy;
Let him now in relief from long jawing find joy.
Let ELCHO court silence, and REDESDALE woo peace,
And CHAPLIN and CHURCHILL from chevying cease.
May NORTHCOTE find Firmness, and may HARcourt find Tact,
And FORSTER Discretion, and GORST grasp of Fact.
From A. BARTLETT's bonnet may gales blow the bees,
And WOLFE lose those Bogeys that stupidly tease.
May sanity clear DILLON's much-muddled mental-man,
May churl BIGGAR learn to behave like a gentleman,
May Commons and Lords get their wits out of tangles,
Learn manhood and manners and cut boyish wrangles.
The Queen's Speech to summarise—autumnise rather,—
Be off! Go to everywhere!—Jericho—farther!
You've had a hot Session; we hope that next Season
You'll do better work with more temper and reason.
At present relives House and Town of your presence,
And Punch of the task of extracting more Essence!

"SEASIDE MAIDENS."—Tinsley's Summer Number.
Specimens of Henty Working, very Henty-resting.



AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

Professional Temperance Orator. "WAITER, HAVE YOU GOT ANY SODA-WATER?"
Barman. "YESSIR—PLENTY, SIR. A BOTTLE OF SODA, SIR?"
Prof. Temp. Orator (ostentatiously). "A BOTTLE OF SODA-WATER, PLEASE; AND
 —(sotto voce)—I THINK YOU CAN PUT A GLASS OF BRANDY INTO IT!"

DIARY OF THE PREMIER AT SEA.

THURSDAY.—On board the *Grantully Castle*. Thousands assembled on Pier at Gravesend—wanted me to make speech. Had to say (by Doctor's orders), "Very sorry, couldn't oblige them, unaccustomed to public speaking," &c. Assembled thousands disappointed. I can see them now, however, consoling themselves by tearing old labels from my luggage, which lies on Pier, as slight mementoes of my visit.

Half-an-Hour later.—Have just stepped down into cabin. Luxurious furniture, sofas, &c. A writing-table! Sat down at once, wrote six post-cards, also letters to *BISMARCK*, *SULTAN*, *AMREEB*, and others; also articles on Homeric Ships; and was beginning my Life of Lord B—d, when Doctor came in, and said, "Must not exert brain."

Hour later.—Luggage come on board. Boat seen approaching with Mayor and an Address, also Deputation and Address from Liberal Association. By Doctor's advice we steer away. I attempt to make slight speech to Liberal Deputation through speaking-trumpet, but stopped by Doctor. Wish I'd learnt the dumb alphabet. Will do so.

Evening.—Just passed the Nore. Deputation and Address from keeper of the light-ship.

10 P.M.—Time to "turn in." Do so. Think of *HARTINGTON*. Wouldn't he be glad to be able to "turn in" now!

Friday, 4 A.M.—Went on deck. Ordered back to bed by Doctor. However, when he left cabin, lit candle, wrote sixteen post-cards. Knock at door. Captain, Mr. *DONALD CURRIE*, Doctor, my family, several M.P.'s, most of the crew, and the man at the wheel, outside, imploring me to husband my strength. Why "husband"? Why not "wife"? Note for pamphlet on *Mixed Marriages or Husbandry*.

8 A.M.—Go on deck. Deputation and Address from occupants of passing fishing-boat. Gratifying; but causes delay. Jib, spanker, and topgallant flying, I think. (*Mem.*—Write *Work on Navigation* this evening.)

A GREAT TEMPTATION TO VISIT SCOTLAND.

K—ARMS HOTEL.—HIRING in all its Branches, including a superior HEARSE; also a new BRAKE, seated for Twenty. The only House running a Machine Daily to all the principal Trains running to and from Fordoun Station. The best and greatest variety of Machines, and the best Horses in the locality are kept.

The best "Machines" we have for hire,
 And nags so good they never tire;
 Excursions if you wish to take,
 To moor or mountain, loch or lake,
 To ancient town or ruin grey,
 Or any place where you will pay,
 All carriages that run or roll
 Shall take you swiftly to your goal—
 The roomy brake, the rattling trap,
 The cart canine—without mishap;
 And if, like LEIGHTON, you intend
 At some snug inn your days to end,
 Come to these "Arms," in far N.B.,
 They'll take you in—for £ s. d.,
 Provide a doctor and a nurse,
 And find you "a Superior Hearse."

A Great Chance.

SINCE the following advertisement appeared in the *Lincoln Gazette*, there has been a tremendous rush for the place.

IF there is any active young CRIER and BILL-POSTER out of a job, who can live on about 1s. 3d. per week, there is a grand opening.—For particulars apply to —, sworn in Town Crier and Bill-Poster, on liberal terms, Horncastle.

We hasten to give it publicity. *Why are there no "Egoes" this week?* Is it possible that our esteemed Contributor— But no—Anyhow, we'll telephone to the Sworn Crier, and hear him swear on the subject.

A Card.

A SECTION of the British Association at Swansea was entertained with a paper on "The Required Amendments of the Marriage Laws of the United Kingdom," read by Dr. ACE. If Dr. ACE treated this interesting subject in a suitable spirit, he has entitled himself to be described as the ACE of Hearts.

10 A.M.—Have just discovered that man-at-wheel is a Tory. Very distressing. And I mayn't speak to him. Doctor's orders to me: captain's orders to him. Gave him a few copies of Midlothian speeches. He wants to know where Midlothian is. *Query*—Does this bring question of disfranchising man at wheel within the sphere of practical politics?

12 Noon.—"I stood on bridge at mid-day." (Not "midnight," as LONGFELLOW says. N.B.—Post-card to LONGFELLOW to-night, correcting his error.)

Weymouth.—*Grantully Castle* surrounded with boats. Thousands of bathing-machine women, and children with spades, cheering on beach. Deputation and Address from local Liberals. Beg me to come on shore, lay foundation-stone of new Liberal Club, tell them last reports from Afghanistan, make political speech, but, above all, to husband my strength. *Note.*—Is not an "h" omitted in *Whey-mouth*? Write article for Magazine on this and on Cowes.

Off Portland.—Inhabitants of whole South of England collected on Portland Bill. They wave handkerchiefs, and ask for speech. I explain principle of Hares and Rabbits Bill through speaking-trumpet. Doctor begs me to stop.

Plymouth.—Tory stronghold. Inhabitants all assemble, and cheer. *Query*—Reaction? Deputation and Address from local Anti-Vaccinators. Doctor very angry. I retire to cabin. Hear of all-night Sitting in House of Commons! Would that I were there! I try to escape to London by one of the boats returning to shore. Caught by Doctor. Forced to stay. Very provoking. Next time must travel with a box of disguises. Made up as B—d I might escape notice. Telegrams to *HARTINGTON*, *FORSTER*, *DILKE*, &c. Propose to Captain to invite Messrs. *BIGGAR*, *PARNELL*, *SULLIVAN*, &c., to accompany us on voyage. Captain objects—fears disturbance on board. I tell him he shall have compensation for any disturbance. He asks, "What compensation?" I reply, he to pay £100 to each Home-Ruler. Strange, he doesn't see where the compensation comes in exactly.

Off Scilly Isles.—Originally, of course, *Scylla*. But what's become of Charybdis? What is the Scotch song about "Scylla

have to spare"? Post-cards to everybody at Midlothian asking the question.

Saturday.—Feel very strong. Try to cut down mainmast with axe. Stopped by Captain, who says, will interfere with navigation of ship.

Propose to Captain to let *Grantully Castle* sail off to Constantinople, to form part of Naval Demonstration. He says, "No powder on board." I reply, "Don't want powder. SULTAN never spoken to in firm manner that he hasn't at once yielded," &c. (Quotation from Midlothian speech.) Captain says, would be happy, but Tory man-at-wheel would never consent to steer for Constantinople to coerce SULTAN. I offer to steer myself, also to reef or set sails when required, to swab decks, attend to boiler, light engine-fires, &c. Doctor says, really must husband strength. Why "husband"?

Sunday.—Off Irish Coast. Deputation and Address from distressed landlords, also from distressed tenants. Ship fired at by Fenians. Is this gratitude? Retire to cabin, and think about Irish Land Bill. Telegram from HARTINGTON:—"Hope you are husbanding strength. When may we dissolve?" Telegraph back:—"Why dissolve? Go on to October." Send off post-card to Czar, another to SULTAN, and five others to persons asking for my autograph, my opinion on the best sort of nibs for pens, and my views on Phrenology. Note.—Can Cocoa nibs be utilised for writing purposes? Look up subject for pamphlet.

Greenock, Monday.—Deputation from Liberal Association, with a Scotch Baillie at their head. Thank goodness! Have succeeded in making a speech at last—Doctor fortunately being engaged below—feel like Dr. TANNER did after his fast. Deputation "hoped I wouldn't work so hard," I said I wouldn't.

N.B.—Despatches to RIBON—mustn't post this in Scotland, however—AMEER, BISMARCK, &c., &c. Go on with *Life of Lord B*—d. Write twenty-seven post-cards, and three magazine articles. Doctor says must really husband energies. I will.

Oban, Tuesday.—Ship going at "dead slow," because of crowds of boats, with wild fishermen on board. They want to see me, they say. When they see me, they cheer. Touching. Involves my standing on bridge all day. Go below, and shake hands with fishermen through port-hole. Read SHELLEY's *Hellas*, and determine to annex all Thessaly to Greece. Practise a hornpipe before turning in. Doctor says husband energies, &c. Why "husband"? I will.

[Jumps on shore, and trains up to Downing Street in time for Cabinet Council.

A Puzzler.

We cull this from the *Western Morning News* of Aug. 31:—

WANTED. a steady, respectable Youth, W as JUNIOR CLERK in the Nursery.—Apply, &c.

A very Junior Clerk he must be. About four years old, perhaps. But what, if older, is he wanted for? To act as under nursery-maid, and with some knowledge of arithmetic, to set down two and carry one? Can't make it out.

THE BUN INCIDENT.

By drawing the attention of the House to Mr. SULLIVAN's Buns, Mr. LABOUCHERE treated him to an additional Puff.



GAUL AND ALBION.

Tom. "ASK THEM TO COME AND PLAY CRICKET WITH US, EIFFI."

Eiffi. "VOULEZ-VOUS VENIR JOUER CRICKET AVEC NOUS?"

Alphonse. "NO, SANK YOU, MEESSES! MY PARENTS SAY IT IS NO GENTEEL FOR ZE LEETLE MEESSES TO PLAY ZE CRICKET! VE VILL PLAY ZE SKIPPINROPE IF YOU VILL, OR ZE SHUTTLEDORE AND ZE BATTLECOCK!"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Put every halfpenny you have, on *Robert the Devil*. Mind—*Robert* for the Leger! Not *Robert* the excellent waiter who contributes to your paper, but *Robert* the winner. He won't make a waiting race of it you'll see.

Private and Confidential. House of Co—*

And now, my dear Sir, a word in justice to myself. I was silent last week. This needs no excuse, as you know my hints on sporting matters are only to be occasional. But I know that quite a different interpretation has been placed upon my absence from your columns. I am perfectly well aware that the following story is "going the rounds."

I am accused (in spite of my well-known dislike to unnecessary writing) of having forged the name of the widow of my uncle to a bill of exchange for a considerable sum! Having done this, it is actually asserted that I discounted the document at a sacrifice of eighty per cent.—thus realising only *a fifth of the marketable value of the security!* This unbusiness-like conduct (it is so like me to be unbusiness-like!) it is pretended was followed by a wholesale seizure and realisation of some Stocks I happened to be holding in trust for two little orphans of tender years. They say this of me when they know that I perfectly doat upon children, and am always playing with them! It is further reported that after holding the plate at a church-door, I decamped with the proceeds before the conclusion of the sermon! I did leave early, but simply because I was carried away by my feelings.

It is declared, too, and apparently on *most trustworthy authority*, that I have managed to rob a Bank when all the world was slumbering! Yet I am *always* in bed by eleven, except when *absolutely prevented by some pressing engagement!* However, let that pass. I proceed with the other events in the indictment. The Police pretend to believe (so I have been told by a Magistrate I met on the Bench the other day) that I, as Treasurer of the Poor Widows' Crust of Bread Fund, the Sunday Scholars' Bank, and other equally meritorious institutions, have used the Voluntary (I lay a stress upon the word "Voluntary") Contributions to me in my official character for my own personal maintenance! Is this not really sad? How few understand the real meaning of the proverb, "Charity begins at home!"

Why continue the long list of my alleged peccadilloes? Sir, in the most solemn manner in the world, with the utmost impressiveness, I declare that the whole story has been considerably exaggerated!

Yours, THE COLONEL en retraite.

* Remainder of address illegible. House of Commons or House of Correction? Much the same, by the way, when an Amended Bill comes down from the Lords.—ED.

NO POLITICAL QUESTION.

Q. Why was Mr. GLADSTONE during his cruise like an itinerant tinker?
A. Because he was travelling "on the mend."

THE CRY OF THE CLERK!



HY do they talk of the Border-Land, the rippling streams and miles of heather,
To one who, scribbling, pen in hand, can scarce keep body and soul together?
My border-land's twixt life and death, and I long for the hum of the Underground
To take me away from the roar of the street,
the City's crash, and eternal sound.
That rings in my ears from morn to night,
from the dawn to the dews, from the light to the dark.
Why do they open their ears to sorrow, and close them fast to the Cry of the Clerk?
Envious? No! Let them visit the sea, neither pain nor pleasure are far to seek,
But seas and summers are not for me with a salary under a pound a week.
My only change is from desk to home, my only trip on the tramway cars;
My baby's face is my only moon; and the eyes of my wife are my only stars.
The rocks I climb are the paving-stones, and the Milkman's voice is the morning lark.
That wakes me out of my land of dreams,—where I journey at times, though a penniless Clerk!

Twenty odd years I have sat at the desk, in the same little den in the same old court,
Profit and loss I have balanced them up, the firm seemed richer when bread was short.
Drones and bees in the same glass-hive; but they looked on as I made the honey,
But it did seem hard they should waste so much, when I could have cringed for a loan of money.
To save my sick, to bury my dead, to bring to haven the buffeted bark
That threatened to split on the sands of Time with the life and love of the threadbare Clerk!

I don't growl at the working-man, be his virtue strict or morality lax;
He'd strike if they gave him my weekly wage, and they never ask him for the Income-tax!
They take his little ones out to tea in a curtained van when the fields are green,
But never a flower, or field or fern in their leafy homes have my children seen.
The case is different, so they say, for I'm respectable,—save the mark!
He works with the sweat of his manly brow, and I with my body and brain—poor Clerk!

Respectability! That's the word that makes such fellows as I grow lean,
That sends my neighbours to Margate Pier, and sets me longing for Kensal Green!
What in the world is a slave to do, whose ink-stained pen is his only crutch,
Who counts the gain that staggers his brain, and fingers the till that he dare not touch!
Where's the ambition, the hope, the pride of a man like me who has wrecked the Ark
That holds his holiest gifts, and why? Because he is honest and called a Clerk!

Why did I marry? In mercy's name, in the form of my brother was I not born?
Are wife and child to be given to him, and love to be taken from me with scorn?
It is not for them that I plead, for theirs are the only voices that break my sorrow,
That lighten my pathway, make me pause 'twixt the sad to-day and the grim to-morrow.
The Sun and the Sea are not given to me, nor joys like yours as you flit together
Away to the woods and the downs, and over the endless acres of purple heather.
But I've love, thank Heaven! and mercy, too; 'tis for justice only I bid you hark
To the tale of a penniless man like me—to the wounded cry of a London Clerk!

CRICKET EXTRAORDINARY.

We don't know much about Cricket—off the hearth; but we fancy that this report, from the *Daily Telegraph*, of the Yorkshire and M.C.C. match is a starter:—

"The M.C.C. had 134 to get to win, but on going in they made a disastrous start against the bowling of FEATES and BATES. Before a run had been scored, Mr. WALKER was bowled for 8. BARNES was sent back, and at 14 Mr. STEEL was caught behind the bowler. Mr. STUDD was caught at short leg, MIDWINTER was caught at slip, and FLOWERS run out."

Before a run had been scored Mr. WALKER was bowled for eight. Where was the scorer? Asleep? Or didn't WALKER run? Or is it all a beautiful dream? As we began by remarking, we do not know much about Cricket; but we cannot refrain from remarking on the evidently cowardly conduct of Mr. STEEL, who "was caught behind the bowler." Why did he hide behind the bowler? Why didn't he stay and face the ball like a man? We shouldn't have done so, we admit; but then we shouldn't have put ourselves forward in so conspicuous a manner. But to get behind the bowler, and be caught there!—Bah! It's un-English.

M.C.C. v. Hampshire.—The M.C.C., in their match last week against a Rural District, produced a rural Eleven, which included a Wood, a Hill, a Park, a Green, a Bird, a Wild, a Long, and a West.

WHY is a Prize Mastiff like two London Cabs? Because he's a Hansom one and a Growler.

GAME.

Shotover Park, September 1.

DEAR SIR,

In reply to your request that I should give you an account of "my day with the Partridges," I send these few lines, in haste to catch the post—(we're always catching something here). Such a sporting country)—and to tell you that I had my day—without the Partridges. That's all.

Sport at Cartridge Castle. (Report from Housekeeper's Room.)—Ma's cupboard open. Splendid sport among the Preserves. Real jam.

Sport.—We have received good reports of the sport at High Beech, Epping Forest, Chingford, Margate and Ramsgate and Scarborough Sands, where the Cocoa-nut shooting is first-rate. Aunt Sallies rather shy. Nuts rather wild.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The City Press is right in saying—

"The reconstruction of the Central Criminal Court is just one of those matters which should by no means be delayed a moment longer than can possibly be helped... The visit which we ventured to recommend the members of the Committee to pay, when the business of the Old Bailey is in full swing, would enlighten them upon the many points it is desirable should be taken into consideration in the work they are about to undertake with the sanction of the Corporation."

The "business of the Old Bailey in full swing" is unpleasantly suggestive. But the subject, like the Court, should be thoroughly ventilated. And, à propos, as we have New Law Courts, why not furnish them with a few new Laws? For the present, as suggested, let the Committee visit the Old Bailey while the business is "in full swing," and in order not to decide hurriedly, let them suspend their judgment.

Hero to Hero.

Horse Guards, Elysian Fields,
Sept. 3, 1880.

F. M. the Duke of WELLINGTON presents his compliments to Major-General Sir FREDERICK S. ROBERTS, K.C.B., V.C., and begs to say that by reference to the *Wellington Despatches*, vol. ii., p. 361, Sir FREDERICK will see that the Duke marched to Poonah from Seringapatam at the rate, upon an average, of thirteen and a half miles a day. Sir FREDERICK S. ROBERTS has marched from Cabul to Candahar at the rate, upon an average, of sixteen miles and three-quarters daily. F.M. the Duke heartily congratulates the General, who has been walking so rapidly and so triumphantly in his footsteps.

BOUND TO BE SO.

JUDGING from the cartloads of trashy books on the leading Libraries' Lists and at the bookstalls, there must be a large number of ready but unreadable writers whose incapacity is only equalled by their pen-and-ink capacity, which must be prodigious.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

At the Westminster Aquarium.



HEN the large Establishment opposite the Abbey, and within holl of the Houses of Parliament, was opened to the public, the more earnest of Mankind believed that the prospects of Science, Art, and Literature, were brightening. In the address presented to a Prince of the Blood at the inaugural ceremony, pointed allusion was made to the fact that ALBERT THE GOOD had left at his lamented decease many schemes for the regeneration of the World in general and the British Nation in particular, in an unfinished state. It

was suggested that certain Philanthropists, bound together by the magic brotherhood of the Limited Liability Act, had taken this very much to heart, and that they had determined, through the agency of a Summer and Winter Garden, and a Receptacle for Unusual Fish, to set everything right. In a word, what the PRINCE CONSORT had commenced, was to be finished by the Directors of the Westminster Aquarium. A first step towards the Millennium was made by the election of all the Birth, Wealth, and Talent of England to the distinguished post of "Honorary Fellow." It was generally understood that the body thus constituted was to act as a sort of Collective Guardian Angel to the Institution. Since then the walls of London have told occasionally of the progress of the good work. At one time the hoardings were covered with a very remarkable woodcut representing an apparently inoffensive young lady in a bathing costume, in the act of being blown from the mouth of a six-thousand-and-eighty-nine-ton gun, to the evident delight of a crowd of well-dressed loungers. And at this very moment the public are being earnestly invited through the same agency to gaze upon another young lady in another bathing costume, as she, with pink boots, holds high revel over some buns and a cup of tea on her back in a tank. But as the exception proves the rule, these little eccentricities of management might inferentially denote that the great scheme of national improvement, in the sternest sense of the words, was progressing satisfactorily. I determined to judge for myself, and expend a shilling—or more.

Before entering, I glanced at the placards on the walls. I particularly noticed three pictures. One represented an enormous gorilla, presumably about eighty feet high, as he seemed to be resting in a forest, with his hand clutching the tree-tops. The next depicted a desperate battle waged by a select band of graceful but bloodthirsty savages. The last was a little perplexing—it was a strange group labelled, "Comic Military Band twice daily." Perplexing, I repeat, from a Millennium point of view. The battle and the gorilla sketches might have had some connection with the Darwinian theory and the Survival of the Fittest.

Glancing sorrowfully at a couple of melancholy seals in a bath, and courteously refusing to buy a magic pen-wiper, or some equally useful article of a young female, who, although personally a stranger to me, addressed me in a manner suggesting that she had known me intimately all my life, and longer, I approached the Grand Marquee. This I heard was the home of "Ourang, the Old Man of the Woods," whose pictorial acquaintance I had already made in the sketch of the gorilla. I paid another fee (the second), and found myself in a red and white tent, nearly entirely occupied by the basin of an unused fountain. In a corner was a cage, and in the cage was a wretched looking monkey (seemingly rather larger than a good sized cat) clinging listlessly to the top bars of his prison. This was "Ourang." The creature gazed at me sadly, having probably satisfied himself that I had not come in with an "order." His expression said plainly, "Poor idiot! you have paid an extra shilling to see me!" Then he yawned. I couldn't help asking with *Dick Swiveller's* friend in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, "Is the Old Man friendly?" The Old Man was friendly, but bored. Finding that "Ourang" seemed anxious to shun observation, I turned my eyes away, and consequently came face to face with the following "notice":—

"Visitors are most particularly requested not to give the animal food of any description. The greatest care has to be exercised in choosing its diet."

This would have excited my curiosity had I not seen on the ledge of the case a collection of comestibles that were apparently being reserved for "the Old Man's" dinner. The collection consisted of three halves of lemons, a small brush (such as is used for blacking boots) and some sawdust. Having made this discovery, I thought it time

to take my leave. As I departed I observed that "the Old Man" was seemingly attempting to break the tedium of his confinement by peeping through a hole in his tent at the half-suppressed grimaces of a solemn looking Gentleman in evening dress, who was busily employed on the stage of the Institution in giving a spirited rendering of the characteristic sounds of a country farm-yard. I was glad to notice this as it seemed to attract Ourang's attention for a moment from the evidently startling performances of the Industrious Fleas, who, although advertised to appear in another part of the building, had certainly chosen "the Old Man" himself as a platform for a portion of their little entertainment.

I now followed the sound of some hideous shouts to their source—a room in the gallery. For a third time I paid a shilling. On entering the apartment, a youth was saying "They will now 'unt.' They will 'unt' their prey and surround it. When they've 'unted' it they will sing their song of joy." Upon this seven Zulus, in African costumes that I cannot help fancying must have received some important additions from a miscellaneous collection of articles of British manufacture, began to jump about and yell in a manner suggestive of an *impromptu* charade got up by schoolboys quite devoid of dramatic talent. Such a hunt!—or to adopt the evident Zulu pronunciation, such "an 'unt'!" After a few more Colney-Hatch performances they began to shake hands with the spectators, with the immediate result of clearing the room. I lagged behind, having noticed a certain sameness in the Entertainment (which I had only partly witnessed), and asked if what I had seen differed materially from what I had not? The youth, a most courteous young gentleman, explained to me that, "he thought the words of their songs was different!"

Did the exigencies of space permit, I would report in detail how I paid a fourth shilling to see CHANG, sixpence to visit my valued

friend, the Chess Automaton from, I think, the Crystal Palace (business was slack, and there was a slight delay in my admission, rather suggestive of the Automaton and the Lecturer having a friendly chat together in their shirt-sleeves during the pauses between the performances), and threepence to gaze into a glass which increased my naturally graceful proportions to a condition of revolting obesity. I was lured into

this last exhibition by seeing a placard bearing the inscription, "Roars of laughter! See yourself as others see you!" I, so far from being amused, was very angry, and nearly knocked the attendant's (a small boy's) head off! As for the Giants, I could learn nothing about them, as "the full descriptive lecture at 3:30" was not delivered. What there is in my personal appearance to induce everyone to pester me to buy photographs as touching mementoes of my visit, I don't know. But so it was.

It remains but to say that, as I left, a talented gentleman, in yellow satin trowsers, was balancing a quart bottle on his nose, or performing some other dangerous feat of an equally intricate character on the stage, to the languid satisfaction of a group of well-dressed visitors of both sexes. I attended the place in the afternoon. In the evening I understand, there are many attractions, chiefly due to the marvellous magisterial licensing system of the period. In spite, however, of this encouraging fact, I fear, when I consider the lofty objects aimed at by the original Directors, I cannot honestly declare that the Millennium has commenced at the Royal Westminster Aquarium—just at present.

Reminiscences.

The Girls' Own Paper has recently given specimens of Ladies' handwriting.

"Ah!" sighed an old beau as his grand-daughter showed him fac-similes, "How well I know them all!"

The little one wondered. What a funny Grandpapa!



BONNIE BAR-GEE.

"The Corporation propose placing a Memorial Stone on the site of Temple Bar, in the middle of the roadway."



"'Tis a jolly conception!"—'twas TRUSCOTT who spoke—
"Though Temple Bar's gone, we can still have our joke;
So let each civic wag who loves humour and me,
Vote for putting this Stone where the Bar used to be.
Come, out with your trowels, and up with the Stone,
Though Cabmen may cavil, and Bus-drivers groan.
We care for no pleadings or warnings—not we!
For it's up with the cry, 'Calipash! Calipee!'"

Now the Stone is erected, objectors are beat,
And the Civic wags laugh at the block in the Fleet,
While TRUSCOTT, the joker, cries, "Well, as you see,
'Tis a noble memorial of humour and ME!"

So crash goes the hansom, and smash goes the van,
There's a mingling together of horse, wheel, and man,
Just over the spot where the Bar used to be
They triumphantly cry, "Calipash! Calipee!"

There are fools in the East as in West, South, or North,
But there yet may be time ere the edict go forth,
Since there are sober men who the reason can't see
For obstructing the Fleet where the Bar used to be.
Come, put up the trowels, and leave well alone;
Come, abandon the scheme, and have done with the Stone!
For if once set up, 'twould a laughing-stock be,
To be fitly inscribed "Calipash! Calipee!"

BEWARE!

"THE KEEPER'S GUN" is largely advertised in the *Field*.
Safe so far, but what if the next invention is "the Lunatic's
Gun!"

REWARD OFFERED.

THE Gentleman who was wrapped-up in himself and directed by his landlady to Victoria Station must have gone wrong, as he has not since been heard of.

COMING OUT.

PAN is the name of a new weekly satirical journal to appear on the 25th inst., edited, we believe, as well as illustrated, by Mr. ALFRED THOMPSON. Satirically, of course it will be a frying-pan and a warming-pan; and "I'll warm you!" ought to be an appropriate legend under an illustration of that sort of Pan. But is it called after the great god, Pan, and to be a sort of *Satyr-day Review*? or is it *pan* the greek, as every schoolboy knows—except the one we've been educating ourselves—for "everything"? If Pan means everything, we trust he'll do something, and that something well. The popular "G. A. S." is to be a main contributor, which will insure the brilliancy of the Light articles.

A propos, in answer to numerous Correspondents, our esteemed Correspondent who signed himself "ELECTRIC LIGHT ('G. A. S.' superseded)," is rapidly recovering from his temporary loss of hair. The locks are removed, and he is free!

Timely Hint from the Queen.

DUKE OF MUDFORD "K.G.," i.e., Kovent Garden. To remind his Grace of the Order so much needed there. Thank your Majesty.

THAT'S GOOD.

At a meeting of the Grammarians Society it was resolved:—

"That that 'that,' that that Member placed, after that other that, is redundant, and that that 'that' be accordingly expunged."

AGONY-POINT AMUSEMENTS.

THAT Humanity might be human but for its amusements may soon become an aphorism fit to pair off with Sir G. C. LEWIS's celebrated proverbial paradox. Perhaps were it frankly advertised that a young girl was about to ruin her health in public for pay, or openly submit to the pangs of the rack for so many hours at the Royal Aquarium, some shock might be experienced even by sensation-hardened pleasure seekers, some inquiry made as to the power of the law and the responsibility of parents. That would be brutal and brutalising torture of course. Miss BECKWITH's sponsors have only undertaken that she shall attempt to remain in a tank of water exposed to general view for one hundred consecutive hours. That is public amusement! True the poor child—she is little more—recently tried a much shorter swim, and broke down, sick and suffering. People praised her "pluck" then; they will now reward her success, or solace her failure with the same cheap tribute of selfish folly. Pluck is a good thing. But displayed by a young girl in the form of prolonged endurance of purposeless suffering, in the interest, presumably of greedy relatives and callous betting men, it loses its charm, if not its credit.

A swim of a hundred hours is as objectless as it is penitential, as ungraceful as it is degrading. Exhibitions of prowess, skill, elegant deafness, even of cool nerve and not too agonising endurance, are legitimate enough when voluntarily undertaken by competent and responsible agents. But a girl of eighteen floundering in a tank for four days and nights at a stretch, probably doing irretrievable damage to her constitution, at the bidding of "friends," and for the morbid gratification of stupid gazers, is, we protest, an exhibition as ungraceful in itself as it is disgraceful to the parents who instigate it, the law that permits it and the public that patronises it.

THE CLOTH AND ITS CONNECTIONS.

SURPLICES, ecclesiastical vestments, and other textile fabrics, namely, sermons. These latter are often spun out too long; and, in some instances, they get worn threadbare.



A REMINISCENCE OF THE 1ST.

(A Blazing Hot Day.)

Small Rustic (*to tall London Visitor, who, being considered dangerous by the other guns, has been asked to beat, "Because, you know, old fellow, you do it so well."*) "Now, ZURE, YEAU HEV DUN THEY THREE FIELDS VERY WELL, NOW DO'E CRAWL IN THERE—(*pointing to covered ditch*)—AND WORK ROUND THE NEXT TWO, AN' I 'LL STAY HERE AN' MARK!"

LANDLADY'S LOGIC.

Rents at the Seaside must be kept up—

1. Because last year was a bad season.
2. Because the season began late, and you must make hay, &c.
3. Because the house has a sea view.
4. Because you are near the railway, which is handy for going to town.
5. Because you are near the hotel, which is always convenient.
6. Because you are close to the Church.
7. Because you are surrounded by all the shops in the place, and have only to step out to get anything.
8. Because the Doctor is next door.
1. Because last year was a good season, and therefore this is likely to be bad.
2. Because the season began early, and will therefore soon be over.
3. Because you are nicely sheltered from the sea.
4. Because you are some way from the station, and so not annoyed by the cheap-trippers.
5. Because you are not near the hotel, and so escape the noisy young men leaving it at nights.
6. Because the Church is a nice distance off, and you are not roused by the bells.
7. Because you are quiet and retired, away from the streets and noisy shops.
8. Because, though within easy reach of a medical man, he is not under your very nose, which is of course unpleasant, as if you were going to be an invalid.

PEPPYS OR PEP'S?—"PEP'S Diary!" growled a victim of indigestion as he took down the immortal work of PEPPYS. "Ugh! I shall write a Dis-pep'sy's Diary!" Then, to interest and amuse himself, he opened a volume of somebody's *Digest of Law*.

QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

(Notes by Wandering Willie.)

September.—Get my route for Brussels. (*Note for Joke-book, or joke for Note-book—“Root” for Brussels.* Result, “Sprouts.” Think it out as I go along.) Having got it, the question arises, Which am I to take? Meeting little TAFF RAYLE in the street, he at once suggests accompanying him on board his yacht. Good. Done.

Odd that until now I should always have associated yachting with the possession of great wealth and high rank. Now, RAYLE is one of those men reputed to possess £500 a-year of his own, and, though a barrister, very little of anybody else's. His legal career began, and, as far as I know, ended with the defence of an old lady charged with picking pockets, who, on being sentenced to seven years' penal servitude—about fourteen times the ordinary sentence—threw a boot at her advocate. Mentioning this generally to little PITCHER at the Club, he tells me that everybody hires someone else's. That seems complicated. “But,” he explains, “they share the expense.” TAFF RAYLE didn't ask me to share any expense. Must be careful to behave as a guest. No, I don't like this idea at all, and am thinking of crying off when I run against RAYLE again; and it comes out, in the course of conversation, that he has had his present skipper four years, that his yacht is named the *Dora*, and that she is a thirty-tonner.

A thirty-ton yacht! It is curious what little that conveys to me. The *Dora* may be anything between the *Great Eastern* and a canoe, for all I know. What is a ton? Well, one orders coals by the ton, but beyond the fact that they last an uncommonly short time, my knowledge of tonnage there ceases. Stay! I once heard a man in the Guards say that so many of his men went to the ton, and— But who said it, and where he is now, I don't know.

Now to find out what a ton is. Ha! Here at the Club is the very man, MULTIPLE, M.P. for Numbers, a man that has tackled GLADSTONE himself on his Estimates, and has sent several Secretaries for India to untimely graves through his masterly exposure of their Budgets. I will get all information as to what a ton is from him. *He doesn't know.* Sir HORTON KIRBY still in town. As he has got a “ton” in his name, he ought to know. (*Query.*—Would he like me to make a joke about his name? Better ask him first, and see if he's likely to take it good-naturedly.) He is off before I have made up my mind whether to give him my joke on his name or not. It will keep till I see him again.

August 23.—The day at last. Up with the lark—that is, a decent, sensible lark—and don my yachting costume. A fisherman's cap, which gives me quite the appearance of *Masaniello*; a jersey, with “*Dora*” in red letters, and “R.T.Y.C.” beneath.

Charing Cross Station! Here are TAFF RAYLE and his friends who are going with us. He introduces us in such an offhand manner that we have to find out who we are afterwards from one another quietly and in corners. At present, all I can ascertain is, that one is BOB and the other is BEN.

In the carriage. BEN is a cheery little man, with the *Racing Calendar* and all the Sporting Papers. He asks me what will win the Ebor Handicap. Now, I only know the name of one horse of whom I am perfectly certain he is living, so make answer, “*Bend Or.*” He laughs heartily, and says I evidently know a thing or two. Perhaps I do, perhaps I have been knowing a thing or two all my life without being aware of it. Emboldened by my first

success, I ask him what will win the Cesarewitch, a name I get out diffidently, not quite certain whether it hasn't been run already. He wants to know how he is to know till the weights are out. This throws a new light upon my knowledge of horse-racing, and I meditatively answer, “Which also holds good about the St. Leger.” At this he roars, and says I am a warm member. “My wig! Shouldn't I like to go printing with you! Shouldn't we stand on velvet! No weighing in accounts for you, but also touching, eh? We must go to Newmarket together. You are a warm ‘un.’” All this is said in such evident tones of admiration, that though I have no idea of what he seeks to convey, I cannot take offence. I certainly am a “warm ‘un,” but this is natural in such September weather. BEN says, “Yes, it is *very natural.*” Good fellow, BEN.

BOB, it appears, is a great authority on cricket. He attends every match in London, and can repeat the county scores of the season off by heart. He wants to know how I would constitute an English team to play the Australians. I suggest that Nottingham man, CLARKE. He laughs and winks, and says perhaps I am right, and that we'd better not engender ill-feeling, and adds that I evidently know my way about.

I subsequently discover that CLARKE has been dead for several years. Did BOB know it? Think not. If so, I've impressed him. The Yacht. We're off. I have pictured the deck of a yacht with sailors in red caps splicing things for'ard. I recline astern, on a tiger skin. By me sits, in irreproachable costume, an 18-carat golden-haired beauty. She passes over to me some cup, looking on me caressingly the while, as I, daintily taking a cigarette from my mouth, utter some pretty conceit. On the Pier, someone, gazing in envy, remarks, “That's a lucky man with that fine yacht and that lovely girl.” To which his friend responds, “Trust a Swell to enjoy himself. Don't we pay taxes for him?” ERITH.

THE SONG OF THE FLIRT.

(Hood's Own—for Somebody Else.)



N the loudest things that
are worn
With her cheek a pecu-
liar red,
A maiden sat, in a gentle-
man's vest,—
This one idea in her
head:
To be stitched, stitched,
stitched,
Yet a little more tight
in her skirt,
The while, with her voice
disdainfully pitched,
She sang the “Song of
the Flirt!”

“Work! work! work!
In the broiling drive and row!
And work! work! work!
At the stifling crush and show!
And I'm so sick of it all,
That to-morrow I'd marry—a Turk,
If he'd ask me—I would! For, after this,
Yes,—that would be Christian work!

“Work! work! work!
On the lawn in the lazy shade;
Work! work! work!
In the blaze of the baked parade!
Tea, and tennis, and band,—
Band, and tennis, and tea:—
If I can but ogle an eldest son,
They're all the same to me!

“You men, do you dare to sneer,
And point to your sisters and wives!—
Because they simper ‘Not nice, my dear;’—
As if they had ne'er in their lives
Been stitched, stitched, stitched,
Each prude in her own tight skirt,
And wouldn't have been, without a blush,
Had she had the chance,—a *Flirt*!

“And why do I talk of a blush?
Have I much of Modesty known?
Why, no. Though, at times, her crimsoned cheek
Grows not unlike my own.
Yet strange that, not for my life,
Could I redder as she does, deep.
I wonder why colour called up's so dear,—
Laid on, should come so cheap!

“But, work! work! work!
With powder, and puff, and pad:
And, work! work! work!
For every folly and fad!
With Imogen's artless gaze?
No!—Phryne's brazen stare!
With soul undone, but body made up,
I've all the fun of the fair!

“So I work! work! work!
My labour never fags.
And what are its wages? A Spinster's doom,
And a place—on the roll of hags.
Still I ogle away by the wall,—
A playful, kittenish thing;
Autumn well written all over my face,
Though my feet have lost their spring.

“So at times, when I'm out of breath,
And the men go off in a pack
To dangle about some chit just ‘out,’—
Who smirks like a garrison hack,—
I try for a short half hour
To feel as I used to feel
When a girl, if my boldness was all assumed,
My hair, at least, was real!

“And at times, for a short half hour,
It seems a sort of relief
To think of FRED, and the few bright days
Before he came to grief!

This suggests what I may enter in my Note-book as a Tennisonian illustration of



“THE BENDOR DIFFICULTY.”

My work? May be! Had I a heart,
My tears might flow apace;
But tears must stop—when every drop
Would carry away one's face!"

In the loudest things that
are known,

With her cheek a pecu-
liar red,
A maiden sat, in a gentle-
man's vest,—
This one idea in her
head:
To be stitched, stitched,
stitched,
Yet a little more tight in
her skirt;

The while with her voice
disdainfully pitched
(Some ears at the sound, I
wis, might have itched),
She sang the "Song of the
Flirt!"



BUMBLEDOM ON ITS DEFENCE.

(To the Editor of *Punch*.)

SIR,

As a Middlesex Magistrate, I am much pained by the remarks in your last number about the Licensing System. I consider that system perfect—absolutely perfect. I tremble to think what would become of the four millions of helpless—not to say brutal—creatures in London, if they were not strictly ruled on what I may call Clapton and Stoke Newington principles. We have two duties to perform, and we perform them without flinching. We are Trustees, so to speak, for the great Gin-and-Beer-producing Interest, and we have to see that nothing is granted to the hundred thousand pot-houses (more or less) within our jurisdiction which would interfere in the least with the sale of drink. Music and dancing, together or separate, we venture to think would so interfere with this sale; and for this reason (if for no other) we should deal out music and dancing licences as sparingly as possible.

Apart from this, however, according to strict Clapton and Stoke Newington principles, we look upon music as an error, and dancing as a crime. We treat any man who dares to apply to us for the simple licence for music as a lost sinner; and if he applies for the compound licence (music and dancing), we regard him as a hardened offender.

It is nothing to tell us, as we have been told by a Parliamentary Committee, that we are dealing with two-thirds of the "places of amusement" in London, and with property that may be valued at more than a million sterling. Our mission is to put down amusement and to uphold drinking—simple, unalloyed, and steady drinking. We care nothing for public opinion, and even less for the Press. Our body is strong in numbers, and stronger in prejudices. If we happen to have a few misguided Liberals in our phalanx of Six Hundred, the men of sound Clapton and Stoke Newington principles are strong enough to over-rule them. We are the men who are always present, who know our own minds, who have a compact cut-and-dried policy. We rule the Bench, and through the Bench we rule this miserable Metropolis.

It is our firm conviction that if ancient Babylon had been blessed with a body of gentlemen like ourselves, it would still have been a thriving if not a very cheerful city.

DRACO.

"Recommended."

Stedfast to Death, a tale of Irish life—a description, by the way, that sounds characteristically Irish—is the title of a powerfully-written one-volume novel by Mrs. BERENS. The Authoress has evidently mastered the subject in all its Berens.

THE BEST AUSTRALIAN MEET.—The gathering of the Eleven at Kennington Oval.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

I was sent for all in a hurry last week to attend the Minister's White Bait Dinner at Greenwich. They allers has the same waiters because they know we can be trusted. We used to be sworn to secrecy on the *menu*, but that's done away with. I've heard of quite fabbibus prices being offered by Gents of the Press to be pummited to attend as waiters, but it's really somethink ridicillous, as if a mere Reporter could be a Waiter, without a proper eddicashun. Well, of course, I'm not a-going to betray any secrets, or any of the important bits of informashun as I heerd, but there's a few little thinks as I'm quite at liberty to menshun. Ah, what a mistake it was of the old Liberal Government to give up their Animul Dinner once a year! I allers know there's something wrong when a Gent doesn't care about his dinner. And so it turned out, and they was turned out, not at all to the regret of Livury Cumpiniss and Waiters.

Well the first thing as struck me was to see young Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, why he didn't look above 25, but lor bless yer, he held his own with the best on 'em, and to watch him dressed as if he'd just emerged from a ban-box, you'd think he'd bin in a Cabinet all his life. Mr. BRIGHT were pressunt; and there were a rare all round when he were arst if he'd have sum more, and he says, "Suttling, I like a big peace." Sir W. HARCOURT was the life and sole of the Party, as I'm told he is everywhere. Oh didn't he send the chaff flying about, and yet never forgot his proper Dignity. How some men are lost to the World! To think that such a man should only be a mere Sekriterry, and then to think what a Lord Mare he'd a made! Another instance of the wrong man in the right place. They all seemed a little afraid of Sir HENRY JAMES, and no wunder, why his wit seemed as bright and as sharp as a new carving knife.

"These mushrooms is very small, Waiter," said Mr. FORSTER to me. "This one's bigger" said I, pointing to a large one. "I wish it was," says he, sending his fork into it so fiercely as almost to upset the lot.

I think I never heerd more purer charrytubble sentiments than was eggs-prest about the Home-Rulers. It were a uncommon plessunt party, tho' as I were takin' a 'oliday, miksing pleeshur with bisness, by elpin a frend at Margit to be sumund to Grinidge was ruff on me.

(Signed) ROBERT.

HOLIDAY "HAUNTS."

(At Cheddar.)

How grandly rise these mighty piles of rocks,
Where Nature's hand Man's puny efforts mocks;
Here all may read what my whole frame is thrilling—
"Plain teas are ninepence, or with eggs a shilling."

See how the valley winds its way between.
The beetling cliffs, so sweetly speckled with green.
No sound to break the spell—all seems forsaken—
"A nice day, Sir, to have your portrait taken."

O, sweet it is 'midst scenes like these to wander,
And o'er great Nature's handiwork to ponder;
Here, far remote from Cockney cries, I'll tarry—
"I'm blest if this here don't beat 'Ampstead, 'ARRY!"

ANYTHING MORE?

THIS recently appeared in a daily paper:—

G OVERNESS.—WANTED, a Young Lady as Governess to three children (good English education only required), and occasionally to wait at table and attend upon parties of the highest respectability. Must have a knowledge of cooking, and be willing to make herself generally useful as mother's help. A servant is kept. Will be a good home for many years. Character as to honesty and suitability indispensable. Apply, stating age and salary required, &c.

And, alas! how many applications will there be in answer to this Advertisement. But why keep a servant at all? Perhaps after a while, if the Governess suits, the servant will be dispensed with as a mere luxury.

Currie-ous Definition.

A FEW days ago two Italian Organ-grinders were charged at the Hammer-smith Police Court with annoying the inhabitants of Notting Hill. Their defence was that a Mr. CURRIE, one of the householders, encouraged their playing, "because he was fond of music." It seems, however, that this eccentric individual "appeared to be deaf." The two Grinders were drawn for ten shillings a piece. The Magistrate suggested that Mr. CURRIE ought to pay the money. That made it hot even for CURRIE. Apparently hardness of hearing is not taken as an excuse, and it is a satisfaction to know that a deaf man who encourages organ-grinding can, by a Magistrate, be deaf-fined as a nuisance.

Dot-in His Eye.

Mr. TOOLE announces that at a matinée, Dot will be revived! Poor Dot! Is she to be revived for this once only? If so, it sounds likely to be a lame affair, or a Dot-and-go-one matinée performance. It ought to do more than that, as Caleb Plummer is one of our Great Tragedian's best parts.



“ CHIC.”

Mrs. Robinson. “ HOW ‘ CHIC ’ SRE IS, GEORGE ! ”

Mr. Robinson. “ IF IT COMES TO THAT, SO ’S HE ! ”

Mrs. Robinson. “ I REALLY MUST GET MYSELF UP TO LOOK LIKE HER ! ”

Mr. Robinson. “ IF YOU DO, I ’LL RIG MYSELF OUT LIKE HIM, AND THERE ’LL BE A PAIR OF US ! ”

A PRISONER OF WAR !

HECTOR MACLAINE, R.A., *Murdered at Candahar, A.D. 1880.*

COME ! gather round, and I ’ll tell you a story—

Strange it may sound in material days.

War is the theme, and its issue is glory,—

Silly old troubadours jingled such lays.

What is the name of my hero ? Writ plain,
Soldier, and Scotchman, it ’s HECTOR MACLAINE !

HECTOR sounds well in a story of battle.

HOMER had some such old hero in Troy.

Schoolboys may doubt ; but the roar and the rattle,

Cannon and smoke—that ’s the school of the boy.

Woolwich Cadet ! oh ! so cruelly slain :

Why did they leave you, young HECTOR MACLAINE ?

Leave you, my lad ? When your “ pals ” all adored you.

Was there one comrade refused you his life ?

War is full dear ; but we could not afford you,

You who rejoiced in the drum and the fife.

Ours is the loss, but to fame is the gain :

Why did they kill you, young HECTOR MACLAINE ?

Kill’d you a prisoner ! Left there, and lonely,

Waiting in hope for the grasp of our hand,

Straining your ears for our cheering, and only

Living to leap at the lilt of your band !

Curs’d be the murderers ! Children of Cain,

Those who betray’d you, our HECTOR MACLAINE !

How our hearts beat when we thought we could save you ;

We were so cheery, and you, boy, so far.

Unfurл the colours ! We thought they could wave you

Hope from the lads to the far Candahar !

Strike up the pipes ! for we ’ll at him again :

ROBERTS is marching to HECTOR MACLAINE !

Merciless fate ! When the Highlanders started,
Firm in their purpose to rescue a friend,
Out from the ambush the enemy darted,
Called the last roll, stabb’d,—and that was the end !

Just as we breasted the hill from the plain,
Died, like a soldier, young HECTOR MACLAINE !

Died ? Why, of course, he met death like a hero,
Baring his breast whilst the prisoners fled.
He was the victim, his gaoler the Nero,
Piling his body on heaps of the dead.

Still, ere you fell, and were mixed with the slain,
Scotland was true to you—HECTOR MACLAINE !

MUDFORDBURY IMPROVEMENTS. (?)

WHILE Mud-Salad Market glories and thrives in its filth, about five or six acres of land have been cleared in its immediate neighbourhood, and not a whisper is heard that one yard of this ground is to be devoted to the improvement of this metropolitan nuisance. The east side of Mudfordbury and other property has been pulled down, about 150 houses have been cleared away on the east side of Dreary Lane, and the papers inform us that these “extensive areas are now being built upon.” How built upon ? Warehouses, “residential chambers,” the usual number of pot-houses, of course, and everything instead of supplementary markets, are doubtless in course of formation, but not a sign of even an extra dust-hole for the Ducal refuse. Three-and-Thirty Millions a year are collected and spent by our Local Rulers—to say nothing of our Eighty Millions of Imperial Taxation—and yet the centre of London is still a wilderness of rotten vegetable matter.

DANGEROUS OBSERVATION FOR AN IRISH LANDLORD.—“ I ’m Game ! ”

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT (*just now*).—A “ Concert Stuck.”



UNAVOIDABLY DELAYED.

LANDLADY (*Sea-view House*). "APARTMENTS, SIR! LOR' BLESS YOU, SIR, THEY'VE BEEN LET EVER SO LONG. WHICH WE THOUGHT AS YOU WAS NEVER A-COMIN'!!"

EXHAUSTED M.P. "AH!! THAT CONFOUNDED PARLIAMENTARY TRAIN! NOTHING BUT STOPPAGES!!"

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA.

*A Lay of Kennington Oval and the Great Cricket Match,
September 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1880.*



I SING not of the tented field, but of the grassy sward,
Where England's champions, flannel-clad, brown-browed, of shoulders broad,
Met in fair fray, on an Autumn day, eleven stout and true,
From the far-off land of tinned meats and the bounding kangaroo.

All omens favourably smiled, for e'en the Weather's Clerk
Forbore to play on this great day his usual pluvial lark;
The sun shone fair on wickets rare, while cloudlets in the blue,
High o'er the huge gasometers, like Peace's ensigns flew.

Only one sorrow smote those souls, who longed for "all things fair,"
SPOFFORTH's swift balls should smite no sticks—the "Demon" was not there;
But MURDOCH, like King HARRY, scorned in heart or hope to fail,
SPOFFORTH, like PERCY, was but one, and this team had ne'er a "tail."

Then up stood stalwart W. GRACE, and up stood stout E.M.,
Right well they knew that England's hopes hung largely upon them;
The Champion flashed his dusk slant eye right warily around,
The Doctor braced his shoulders, and with light foot beat the ground.

A hit! A hit! A single! So! Steady, Sirs! Keep straight bats!
For close around the fielders crouch, lynx-eyed, alert as cats.
BLACKHAM at wicket, SLIGHT at point, test nerves of steadiest stuff,
And think not if ye sky or spoon that GROUBE or MOULE will muffle.

How's that? A shout! The Doctor's out, those brothers stout must part,
But LUCAS see, the great A.P., old Surrey's champion smart!
These ready two the strife renew, and "play" and "hit" as though
They meant to stay till Michaelmas Day, or slog till the time of snow.

But LUCAS piles and passes off, young BARNES he comes and goes,
And still Leviathan slogs and slogs, still grows his score, and grows;
Till having summed his One-Five-Two, at length his sure eye fails,
And PALMER's ball his off stump takes, one inch below the bails.

Oh never sure rang louder cheer from round the tourney's ring,
Than greeted him the long of limb, swart-bearded, swift of spring;
And never more did knight rejoice who foe from saddle bore,
Than MURDOCH's men to end at last the Champion's spanking score.

Time fails to tell how long and well scarce lesser heroes fought,
How HARRIS drove, STEEL cut, MOULE stopped, and ALEXANDER caught,
Till, their time come, the English team could slog and swipe no more,
And the lot were out, 'midst a mighty shout for Four Hundred plus one score!

Nor boots it tell what a crooked spell of Cricketer's cross-luck
Had MURDOCH's men from the moment when their Captain "made his duck,"
Of the follow-on when hope seemed gone, to all save MURDOCH stout,
But he took to hitting like any ten, and they could not get him out!

In vain deft MORLEY hurled his fast left-handers in,
in vain
STEEL's swiftest, GRACE's straightest ones down on his
bat did rain;
Though round him fast his fellows fell, sore-hurt yet
firm stood he,
Hour after hour, till he raised the score to the figures
One-Five-Three!

One point above great GRACE's pile; nor beaten then
by ball,
Midst one huge shout, first in, not out, top scorer of
them all,
To tent he went. Then the Britons, fagged, to the
wicket once more passed,
And it cost them six good batsmen more to win the
match at last!

For many a year, in many a tent, on many a Cricket-
ground,
Whilst the Hatfield beads in the brimming jug as the
Shandygaff goes round;
They will tell again how the Champions twain of the
South Land and the West
Contended so, nor friend nor foe could say who bore
him best.

How well Lord HARRIS's splendid team upheld old
England's fame!
How MURDOCH's men the honours halved and played
their up-hill game;
Punch to his own young lions drinks; but he brims a
beaker too,
And lifts his shout for our kinsmen stout from the Land
of the Kangaroo!

VERY LIKELY.

We read in the *Daily Telegraph*:-

"Turkey will not be invited to participate with the other
European Powers in the forthcoming Naval Demonstration."

We are glad to be able to add to the above piece of
news a few invaluable items of intelligence of a some-
what similar nature:-

1. Master TOMMY JENKINS, who is now suffering
durance vile in the coal-hole, owing to the concerted
action of the two chief Domestic Powers, Mr. and Mrs.
JENKINS, for the crime of refusing to give up his best
alley-tor to Master JIMMY TOMKINS, will not be invited
to participate in the preparations which are now being
made to give him a good sound whipping when he emerges
from confinement.

2. Mr. BILL SIKES will not be invited to participate
with Mr. Justice HAWKINS when the latter pronounces
sentence on him (Mr. SIKES) for some trifling *laches* con-
nected with erroneous theories as to the rights of private
property. On the contrary, Mr. SIKES, who, in the
"give and take" of life, has hitherto been exclusively
occupied with the "take," will find that the judicial
application of the above phrase is that Mr. Justice
HAWKINS gives the punishment, and that he, Mr. SIKES,
takes it.

3. And, finally, Mr. SIKES begs to give notice that if
he is ever restored to his proud birthright as a free
Briton, he will not in all cases deem it necessary to in-
vite the participation of casual passers-by when he is
negotiating the transfer of their watches, silk pocket-
handkerchiefs, and purses from their pockets to his
own.

Her Majesty's Haverley's.

ONE of the best things in the Mastodon Minstrels' performance is the Champion Transformation Dance. The whole programme is certainly the most go-a-head Nigger Entertainment we've seen for some considerable time—varied as a kaleidoscope; never stopping; the Minstrel Boys taking encores in a sharp, business-like on-we-go-again sort of manner, sometimes on the stage, sometimes in the orchestra, giving themselves scanty breathing time, and the audience no thinking time, delighting everybody, specially the Antiquarian, who may here see the Mastodon, and study his original Bones.

THE TRULY "GREAT UNPAID."—The Irish Landlords.



QUITE IN HIS LINE.

Stout Major (to Professional Actor, who has been asked down to coach the Garrison Amateurs). "AW—WE PLAYED *THE BELLS* AT OUR LAST THEATRICALS, OF WHICH I'VE THE MANAGEMENT. I—AW—PLAYED IRVING'S PART MYSELF. AW—IMMENSE SUCCESS!"
Professional (dryly). "OF COURSE YOU'VE SEEN HIM IN IT?"

Major. "YA-AS—BUT—AW—I DIDN'T COPY HIM IN THE LEAST—AW—MY OWN 'BUSINESS.' AW—ENTIRELY DIFFERENT READING.
 IN FACT, EVERY ONE SAID IT WASN'T A BIT LIKE HIM!"

[*Professional agrees with him.*]

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER THE FAIR.

THE next day Canon MATTIX woke up with a headache, but having availed himself of a prescription given him years ago by his old friend the Bishop of SODA-AND-BEE, he felt sufficiently recovered to reflect calmly and deliberately on his next step. The *Small-Beerjester Chronicle* published the intelligence that the Deanery was vacant, a piece of news that had been known in London some weeks before it reached Small-Beerjester. But the Canon had other views just at this moment: he flew at higher game than a Dean's hat and gaiters, and probably it had struck him that could he oust Dr. DOWDIE he might himself step into the episcopal shoes. The revenues of the see were considerable, and sufficient to support two luxuriously. But who would be the other one? Not MORLEENA: that was at an end, and M. MATTIX anticipated a pleasant and effective vengeance in the prospect of exercising his power when he should be Bishop of Small-Beerjester, to depose the Archbeacon, to excommunicate Precentor ARABLE, to dismiss Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER the Master of Deedler's, and to supply their places with his own creatures who would be subservient to his will and pleasure. He would even go so far as to recall JOHN BOUNCE, ordain him and make him Beadle and Perceptor of Small-Beerjester Cathedral on the consideration of his sharing the fees and emoluments. And who should be Dean?

"Dean," he murmured to himself, as he looked at his watch, "*Je dîne chez elle*," and smiling at his own conceit, he brushed his hair, arranged his white tie, drew on his best gloves, and humming "*My own, my Guiding Star!*" he set off in the direction of La Marchesa's hotel, for at the Canon's request she had taken up her quarters at the well-known Hostelrie called *The Crumpe and Crozier*, the best Inn in any Cathedral city in England.

At the moment of his entrance La Marchesa di ZAZZEGGLIA was on the table in the act of pirouetting before the glass. Placing her fair hand on Mr. MATTIX's shoulder, she leapt lightly and gracefully to the floor.

"I was thinking of you," she said.

Mr. MATTIX pressed her hand with both of his. It was like a piece of delicate veal between two slices of ham. Then she took his hand between hers. It was another tableau to see; a piece of underdone beef between two layers of the whitest bread. She was graceful as the celebrated Venus of Mile End, while he was only a raw Adonis ready to be done brown at the fire of her eyes.

"Oh, my own one!" exclaimed Mr. MATTIX, as he knelt before her. He was fond of kneeling, unprofessionally, and out of the Cathedral. "Oh, my own one! my Cleopatra! my Dido! my Chione! my Clytemnestra! my Venus! my Juno! my Hebe! my Multum-in-Parvo! May I call you mine?"

"Yes," replied the Marchesa, "if it gives you any pleasure."

Mr. MATTIX blushed to the very roots of his hair.

"We will go on a tour," said the Marchesa.

"We will. A wedding-tour."

"Yes, we'll be married first, if you like." Mr. MATTIX sank at her feet, and declared that the Bishop should unite them that very day, and the Marchesa continued,— "But when I say 'Tour' I mean a professional tour."

Mr. MATTIX was not quite so ready with his answer this time, but he threw on the Marchesa a look of tenderness which she accepted as a perfect assent to the proposal.

"We'll go in for it thoroughly. Three months in all the principal

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

IV.—THE PHILANTHROPIST.

*O under the wall, when the peaches are ripe,
'Tis soothing to smoke the post-prandial pipe!*

It is not, I fancy, quite well understood
When pleasant—how mortals are glad to do good.
To frighten the wasp and to warn off the bee,
And pluck a ripe peach, just by way of a fee,
Is grateful, I reckon, to you friend and me!
We feel the delight of a philanthropist
Whose name is writ large in a charity list.

*O under the wall, when the peaches are ripe,
'Tis soothing to smoke the post-prandial pipe!*

To Editor.—Too lazy this week to do any more. Accept this
postscript in prose from Yours, THE L. M.

(From the Lazy One, by Wire.)

I CAN, p'raps, account for my laziness,
And, too, for headache and haziness,
Because, my dear *Punch*,
I took for my lunch,
The other day, at Sleepy Hollow,



A LITTLE PICKLE AND CRAB TO FOLLOW.

[** What a picture of shellfish enjoyment!—ED.]



Mabel. "IN SOME COUNTRIES, THOSE PEOPLE KILL AND COOK AND EAT EACH OTHER, JACK!"

Jack (who knows how lobsters are treated). "I SUPPOSE THEY BOIL THEM FIRST, THOUGH!"

places. I know the ropes. Picture posters everywhere, representing Zazzeglia and the Canon. Here look!" and she produced a large drawing and held it before the eyes of the enamoured clergyman.

"Now," she exclaimed, before he had got over his first astonishment, "I will illustrate the idea in person," and touching a spring in her bodice her dress flew off as if by magic, and showed her in the dazzling costume portrayed on the advertisement.

Then she whirled round like a cockchafer, and Mr. MATTIX, carried away by the novelty of the situation, pursued her as vainly as he might have run after a brilliant butterfly, falling over the chairs and tables and bruising his ankles in the chase.

"This is a very shin-ful proceeding," laughed the Marchesa, as her devoted admirer paused for breath. "Now I'll teach you a *pas de deux*," and taking Mr. MATTIX's hand she twirled him round and round in a mortal agony lest he should fall headlong into the fender, and then, spinning him like a top, she sent him with one whirl into the corner, where he sat all of a heap, gasping, panting, and utterly, hopelessly, enamoured of his enchantress.

"There are more *whirls* than one," he sighed to himself, as he beheld her still carelessly pirouetting.

"We shall make a heap of money on the tour," said the Marchesa.

"Money is not everything," pleaded the Canon, who thought he might as well make one last effort to keep up his clerical character.

"No," she returned, "and everything is not money. You can return afterwards with heaps of coin, and be Bishop, Archbishop, what you like."

"If I could induce the Bishop to accompany us," he broke in.

"Well, why not? Bring him."

An idea occurred to Mr. MATTIX. Under the influence of this siren of the Dead Sea, several ideas were occurring to him of a very novel and unclerical character. What to her were Bishops and Curates, and Deans and Archdeacons, except she could use them as shining lights for an evening's *al fresco* entertainment? And, after all, if she were once his, what matter to him what became of the Bishop of Small-Beejester. Did he not hate Mrs. DOWDIE? Would it not be well to compromise Dr. DOWDIE, to get him out on such a tour as that proposed by the Marchesa, then to represent his conduct in the highest quarters, and to walk into his Bishopric himself! Yes. Here was the design.

Mr. MATTIX loved wildly, madly, furiously, and truly. La Marchesa did not love at all, but she knew every move on the board, and

she foresaw a brilliant success, an independence in store for her, and a position in society far above that of her old companions, the Blue Boy, Pantaleone, Scaramouch, and the other Circus people.

"I am free," she exclaimed, "the Bishop will marry us. Bring him. If you love me, bring him."

"Love you! I do! But—"

"Don't but me," she cried, warding him off with both hands.

"I won't. I will do all you ask," and, unable to resist her smile, he kissed her hand again and again, and was stretching out his arm to draw the little form still nearer to him, when a sudden sharp report, as of something falling in the next room, interrupted their *tête-à-tête*, and caused the Canon to rush to the door of communication leading into the next apartment. It was locked, but through the keyhole he saw a woman stooping and picking up an umbrella which had dropped and caused the noise.

"Mrs. DOWDIE, by Jingo!" exclaimed Mr. MATTIX, and before La Marchesa could utter a word he had rushed from the room out into the passage, and had turned the key of the next apartment.

He returned excitedly to La Marchesa, who was anxious to hear what had happened.

"Nothing," he replied, in a hurried whisper, "except that Mrs. DOWDIE has dropped her umbrella while listening to us. She is locked in."

"The prying old cat!" shouted La Marchesa.

"Yes," and then Mr. MATTIX added, "when the cat's away the mice will play. I am off to the Bishop."

"Good," cried the Marchesa, "pay him his fees for our marriage ceremony beforehand, and that will encourage him. Three guineas will do it. Cheque to the Bishop and we mate in one move!"

"We do! We will!" cried the devoted Canon, as he once more covered her hands with kisses, and rushed from the Hotel.

Off!

SIR.—I was just sitting down to write you a long and exhaustive article on the Dark Races of the Western World, when my eye suddenly lighted on this one line in the 2 P. M. Gazette—"Discoveries of a new Gold Field in Australia." Here's a field for 'me!! I'm off. No more at present from your at present unattached

COLONEL.

MR. PUNCH'S NIGHTMARE.

(A Vision of September.)



The hotel-keeper and his family sank upon their knees as the vision faded away, giving place to another.

And now the Spirit and his unwilling companion were in a sub-urban kitchen-garden. A venerable idiot was busily engaged in watching the lazy gambols of a corpulent spider.

"A most interesting study," murmured the venerable idiot, "and one that has given me materials for a letter exceeding in dimensions a column and a half. I must send it to the Papers."

The Spirit uttered a despairing cry, and waved his pen once more. A railway station. A lawyer's clerk was chuckling over Bradshaw's Time Tables.

"Five minutes late to-day, and to-morrow (come a fortnight) nearly half an hour too early! What glorious discoveries! My contribution will look well under the heading of 'Railway Unpunctuality.' Not a moment must be lost in sending my communication to the Papers."

"And he will be as good as his word!" shrieked the Spirit. "I have known him for many, many years!"

The Spirit had scarcely spoken when the scene had changed again. A person with a vacant expression of countenance, conjuring up recollections of Hanwell and Colney Hatch, sat before a desk in a study. He looked up as Mr. Punch stood before him. "I was writing to you!" he cried, in an ecstasy of joy. "I am the inventor of the joke about the hero of the Channel swim being Web-footed, and I have just finished an exquisite jeu de mot turning upon the double meaning of TANNER the tanner and 'tanner' the slang for sixpence. See, here is—"

"Take me away!" gasped Mr. Punch. Then he found himself in the presence of a lady. Such a lady! Blue spectacles, short iron-grey ringlets, and fifty-two! With these advantages a long red nose and a sneer worthy of Mephistopheles.

"I am a spinster," cried this unpleasant-looking female, "and I warn you that Woman at last shall have her rights! In these twenty pages I have fully expressed my views!"

"Behold, I send them to the Papers!"

"No, no!" murmured Mr. Punch, as he hid his eyes in his pocket-handkerchief; and now, quite unmanned, wept bitterly.

He was now in a library.

"I have discovered," said a gentleman with very long hair, "that exactly 46,782 persons pass, on an average, over London Bridge in the course of a summer's afternoon. I have ascertained, also, that the word 'and' is used no less than 863,472,003 times in the first edition of Pilgrim's Progress. I have also calculated that—"

"But why bore me with these uninteresting facts?" asked Mr. Punch, interrupting his persecutor.

"Why, indeed?" acquiesced the gentleman with the long hair. "Will you not see them, and many others of a similar nature, in the letters I periodically send to the Papers?"

And yet another Scene. A company of beer-bemuddled Agriculturists were seated round an empty table—a table that recently had groaned under the weight of fish, vegetables, and butcher's meat. A fifth-rate "silent Member" was holding forth in a desultory fashion upon the affairs of the world in general and the nation in particular.

IT may have been the Salmon Mayonnaise, or it may not. Yet, so it was!

"Come," said the Spirit (it was crying). "I will show you things that shall harrow up your soul!"

Then it moved its pencil-like wand.

In a moment Mr. Punch found himself in a country inn. A tourist, clothed in a cheap, ill-fitting costume, was angrily expostulating with the proprietor.

"What! Three shillings a night for a small room, and eighteen pence for attendance! As sure as my name is SMITH, that I live at Clapham, that I escape Income-tax as recipient of something less than a hundred and fifty pounds a year, will I have revenge! Mark me well—as 'A Swindled Traveller,' will I write to the *Times*!"

"My speech of many hours' duration will not be lost," thought the droning bore, as he gazed upon the slumbering faces of his audience; "as an 'Extra-Parliamentary utterance' it will go down to fame—in the Papers!"

But here Mr. Punch started up.

"I will see and hear no more!" he shrieked. "Who are you?"

"I am the Spirit of the Press," was the mournful response; "and these creatures for many weeks will haunt us both. We must learn to love them."

"Love them! Never! Who are they?"

"The Monsters of Dulness! The Twaddlers that will suck up every inch of printing space! In a word—the Vampires of the Silly Season!"

And Punch shuddered as he repeated it. But the Spirit had vanished without offering him any compensation for his night's disturbance.

A PICK-ME-UP.

"ZOEDONE" is in everyone's mouth—at least its proprietors would be delighted if it were. A case was sent us for Counsel's opinion.

The case in question has been since tried before us magisterially. The opinions of our Tasting Faculty are—

First.—Zoedone is a first-rate drink for everyone who likes it.

Secondly.—That to those accustomed to ginger-beer every day, Zoedone will be a pleasant change.

Thirdly.—A real saving at children's parties, when, on the immortal Marchioness's method of dealing with the orange-peel and water (*vide Old Curiosity Shop*), the young idea may be induced to believe that it is indulging freely in Champagne.

Fourthly.—Zoedone is a blessing—but not an unmixed blessing,—as it goes capitally with any spirituous liquor, e.g., brandy,—the proportions being left to the fancy of the individual mixer.

Fifthly.—Zoedone may be safely recommended as a beverage for your mother-in-law; and as an admirable economical substitute for Sparkling Rhenish and Moselle Wines for a guest who has been asked for a day and has invited himself to stay a month.

N.B.—But, seriously, here is our private and confidential tip. It is a tonic, no doubt about it; but being rather sweetish, the Zoedone must be thoroughly iced; then—put a liqueur glass of brandy into a small tumbler of Zoë, and, if you like shandygaffian sort of drinking, you will find this, what the leading Counsel finds his occasional fifty guineas, a gentle and agreeable Refresher. *Solvitur drink-no-endo. Verba sap.* We dedicate to Zoedone this Byronic verse—

Made of something, ere we part,
Tell me, tell me what thou art?
If the truth must be confess'd,
With a nip thou goest best.
With liqueur, one little "go,"
Zóy-dáv óás áyanā.

(Signed) TRISTRAM SHANDY GAFF, Sworn Taster.

THE END.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 7, 1880.

(A Vague Reminiscence of Longfellow.)

TARDILY, wearily,
Reacheth its goal
The Session of '80,
Tired old soul!

Cover the benches,
And put out the light;
Divisions are over,
And sittings all night.

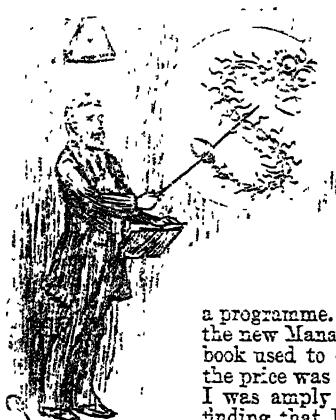
The bells are all dumb,
And idle the wire;
Rant sinks into silence,
Reporters retire.

Fewer and fewer
The few footsteps fall;
Quiet and Constables
Reign over all!

The World.

The Drury Lane Advertisement says "there is but one opinion." Indeed! *Quot homines, tot sententiae.* Does the advertisement imply that only one person has seen the *World*? Or that the audience spoke on the subject as one man? Did it only pay as one man? But it's good all round, say Messrs. MERRITT, PETTITT, and HARRIS, the three men of the *World*.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

At the Polytechnic.

OME time ago the new Directors of this Institution did not seek to disguise the fact that in their opinion chemistry had been unduly sacrificed to comic entertainments, and that mechanical engineering had been altogether put on one side to make room for "ghosts" and optical delusions. But all this, so the new Managers promised, was to be changed.

On entering I purchased a programme. This was the first change of the new Management. In the olden days the book used to cost a penny or twopence—now the price was raised to threepence. However, I was amply repaid for the extra outlay by finding that I had bought *The Polytechnic Journal*; a Museum of Literature, Science, and Technology. Amongst the contributors to this unique publication were Lord JEFFREY

(whose name appeared to a memoir of JAMES WATT), Bishop HEBER (who furnished a column about "Egyptian Ruins"), and other contemporaneous writers. The four pages devoted to "Literature, Science, and Technology," contained three letters addressed "to the Editor." The first two aent "Racing in Engines" and "Anomalous Action of Whitworth Planes," were answered; but the last, about "Rejuvenescence," remained unsolved. As a proof that the contents of the *Journal* scarcely merited the designation of "light reading," I give an extract from the latter:—

"The problem of Rejuvenescence, therefore, resolves itself into this: Can the density of the body be diminished, or be prevented from increasing? The solution of this problem is not, in my judgment, beyond the resources of science, and I should be glad if your readers would try their penetration upon it."

Having "tried my penetration upon it," I could only murmur, in humble tones, "Query—Anti-Fat?" But the gem of the paper was unquestionably an article upon the "Secret of Success," written presumably (as it was unsigned) by the erudite Editor himself. Here is an extract which strikes the key-note of the Essay:—

"The most important element of success is economy—economy of money and economy of time. . . . Our recipe for succeeding in the world, then, is this—work much and spend little."

Thus prepared for an "economical," but scientific entertainment, I entered the Large Lecture-Room, and was immediately mulcted sixpence for a seat that under the old management had been accorded "without any extra charge." I found the audience (not a large one) busily employed in munching toffy, which had evidently been purchased in the Institution during the hour and a half so generously allowed by the Directors for the enjoyment of the initial item on the programme—"Inspection of going Machinery and different Exhibits." When the stock of nutritious sweetstuff was all but exhausted, a well-informed gentleman appeared at an illuminated desk, and disclaiming (in the dark) any scientific pretensions for his lecture, said that he was there to exhibit "the oxy-hydrogen microscope," which, he added, "had recently been greatly improved by the addition of new achromatic powers." After this he seemed less certain of his ground, and appeared to be playing a sort of game of illuminated questions and verbal answers with the officials in charge of the dissolving views. Thus, when the officials threw anything on the disc, the Lecturer hastened to say what it was. For instance, a thing looking like a gigantic elephant appeared suddenly with a jerk on the screen. But the well-informed gentleman was not in the least surprised. "That," he exclaimed triumphantly, "is a water-beetle!" The elephant hurriedly disappeared, and, after a pause, an unconventional portmanteau took its place. The Lecturer was again equal to the occasion. "And that," he continued promptly, as if solving a complicated but easily-unravelled conundrum, "is the eye of the water-beetle enormously magnified!" The officials "tried" the Lecturer with a number of other objects, inclusive of a "Daddy Longlegs," a bit of flannel, the gizzard of a cricket, and (to quote the *Polytechnic Journal*) "some Living Inhabitants of our Ponds and Ditches, illustrated by numerous living specimens." But no, he knew them all, and hadn't to guess twice for any one of them! This was the more remarkable, as he must have wondered how they (the officials in charge of the dissolving views) "could ever think of such clever things!" After this came some pictures called "London as it is and was," chiefly remarkable for a "mythical sketch" of Town as a dismal swamp, and some

highly interesting photographs (especially to Londoners) of the Mansion House and other neighbouring buildings.

And now the stage was cleared for the feature of the programme. Presumably in the cause of scientific research and technical education, the Directors had engaged "the ADÉSON Family." The curtain rose, and discovered a scene representing some illuminated tea-gardens. Then a poor little person (the sex was uncertain) in a purple suit, appeared with a stereotyped smile, and danced about in a mechanical manner. He (or she) was soon followed by three smaller children carrying whips. The four then sang, in the shrillest of shrill voices, "The Three Jolly Waggons," "The Roast Beef of Old England," and "John Barleycorn." One of these little ones was a wee mite called "Baby EDITH," and it was painful to watch her, as, with painted eyes and rouged cheeks, she unsuccessfully strove to throw some sort of spirit into an "Entertainment" (save the mark!) about as dull as the water of "our Ponds and Ditches!" The "John Barleycorn" glee had a disagreeable taste,



because the poor children attempted to give a point to their meaning by rubbing their waists after the fashion of a Clown in a pantomime. The company was now strengthened by a youth in a false moustache, and a lady. The latter sang "My Pretty Page" with "Baby EDITH," who in this scene appeared to be more than usually anxious to do her best. The programme included Miss FARREN's song, "Crutch and Toothpick," with the dance cut out, the "Bold Gendames" (sic) by the youth in the false moustache and another "baby," and some "nursery rhymes." A topical duet, "Moses and Aaron" (suggestive of the music-halls), was announced, but omitted. In its stead, the child who had strutted about in the lime-light as the hero of "the crutch and toothpick" (poor little dot!), gave an unpleasantly precocious rendering of "I am such an Artless Thing." To put it mildly, the engagement of "the ADÉSON Family" by the Directors of the Polytechnic Institution cannot do much to advance the interests of either Science or Technical Education.

It was quite a relief when the Lecturer who had so successfully answered the "puzzles" earlier in the day returned to his illuminated desk, and told us all he knew about (to quote the programme) "Modern Guns, &c." The "all" was delightful, but it did not quite exhaust the subject from an artilleryman's point of view.

And now we had reached the last item—"Asmodeus and the Bottle-Imp," by Professor ROBERT HELLIS.

"Come," I thought, "this is encouraging. So far the entertainment has been lacking in scientific research. Here is a Professor at last; and now I may expect something really great in the 'ologies."

But I was doomed to disappointment. The Professor commenced his lecture by saying that he was a Ventriloquist, and that he begged to introduce to our notice two puppet friends of his—an old lady and an old gentleman. Then we had the usual kind of thing. The male puppet confined his remarks to allusions of a purely personal character.

"You haven't much trouble in combing your hair!" remarked the figure, opening and closing his mouth "smartly."

"What, Sir?" asked the Professor politely, in a seemingly fatigued undertone, and evidently to emphasise the observation.

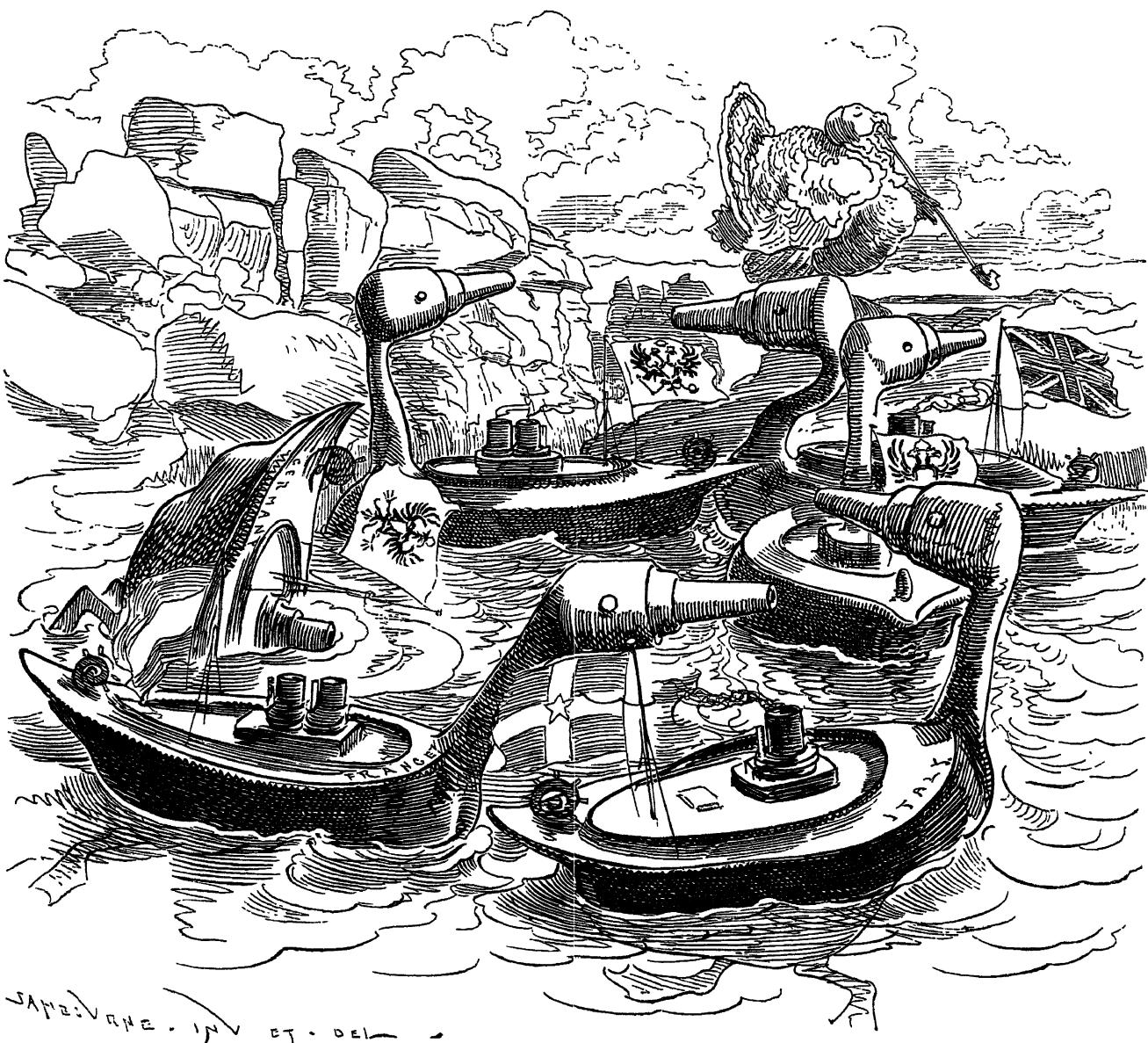
"You haven't much trouble in combing your hair!" repeated the puppet, with the same spasmodic movement of its mouth.

"Don't be rude, Sir!" remonstrated the Ventriloquist, stroking a bald pate, and mildly feigning anger.

"Your head would make a capital skating-rink for flies!" retorted the figure. After ten minutes of this mirth-provoking entertainment, the puppets were dismissed, and the Professor gravely informed us "that he had some influence over an Imp." Upon this a mournful lad, in an eccentric costume, was introduced upon the stage, to be locked in a box, and to appear (with the aid of a pane of glass that was very visible to the audience) in a gigantic bottle. This ended the entertainment so far as I was concerned, as I refused the kind and pressing invitation of an official "to wait and go down with a party in the diving-bell."

As I left the building I could not help recalling the past glories of the old place. The new Directors may have secured "economy," but they certainly have not achieved success at the Royal Polytechnic Institution—"Limited!"

AN AQUATIC DEMONSTRATION.



"Ragusa Goosey Gander!
Whither do you wander?"

sardonically sing the Cynics and Turcophiles, who look on the Aquatic Demonstration as an anserine assemblage at best. Formidable fowls truly, to all appearance, potent of pinion and tremendous of beak. If only they will cackle, and hiss, and peck in concert, they ought surely to scare the sleepy old bird on the bank into instant surrender. But will they? "Not a bit of it!" say the sly old sluggard's sworn friends, confidently. "Far too palpably afraid of each other to frighten an astute and tenacious creature like you!"

A Message from the Sea.

THE following, found in an old brandy-bottle, picked up off Margate, has been forwarded to 85, Fleet Street:—
On board the *Welcher*. Lat. 10°47'8", or thereabouts; long. say 7°. Tell the Insurance Offices that we are sinking. They will be interested in the matter. You see *Robert the Devil* did win the Leger. But don't collect my bets. I will look to them myself; also my Life Assurance Policies. Can't write any more. Sinking faster than ever! Bless you!

THE COLONEL.

MUSICAL COLLEGE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.—The House of Keys.

Birds of a feather in outward appearance only, their flocking together is temporary, if not fortuitous. More of the egregious than of the gregarious about this Goose-gathering!"

So far the Cynics and Turcophiles. Meanwhile the hopers for better things are having an uneasy time of it. The Co-operative Coercers are such a long time settling the terms of their co-operation and the character of their coercion! Will the Gallic *Anser* turn tail? What does the Teutonic one mean by his queer antics? Can Goose-herd SEYMORE keep his flock together, or will these formidable fowls end by falling foul of each other? Or will the Aquatic Demonstration turn out to be a sort of Wild-Goose Chace, after all?

Answer to Numerous Correspondents.

Mud-Salad Market.—The Duke of MUDFORD was made a K. G. (Kovent Garden) about ten days ago. We mentioned the fact last week; and beg to explain to all inquirers that the initials "K. G." while Mud-Salad Market is in its present state, would stand as well for "Knight of the Gutter," as Knight of the Garter. But which ever you please, my little dears!

BENEVOLENT.

"I GAVE him a good start," as the Ghost said, when he had frightened a little Boy.

AGONY-POINT AMUSEMENTS AGAIN.

Not for one hundred consecutive hours, as the advertisements seemed to suggest, but for one hundred hours in six days, had poor Miss BECKWITH undertaken to play the porpoise in a tank at the Aquarium. And it must be admitted that in this graceful girl-swimmer the porpoise has found a formidable rival. She seems as much at home in the water as Arion's dolphin, or a South-Sea Islander. An exhibition pleasing enough in itself but for its ridiculous and cruel prolongation. The very tedium must be dull torment. Adroitly devised interludes, bouquets and lime-light effects cannot hide the palpable facts of fatigue, restless weariness, and injurious exhaustion. Interested persons will no doubt advance plausible defences, but to common sense and good feeling the thing is found indefensible. Fits of chilblains, headache, nausea, chest-soresness, hacking cough, loss of appetite, and sleeplessness, however intermittent, and however much minimised, tell their own tale.

The fact remains that the physical powers of a girl are being over-taxed to provide the public with questionable amusement, and serve the purposes of betting-men and speculators. The public, putting personal selfishness and professional casuistry resolutely aside, should look that fact fairly in the face, and then what remains to be said for such fruitless exhibitions of painful endurance? Nothing, surely, that anyone but a callous pleasure-seeker or a cynical sporting-man will care to urge.

The graceful evolutions of a young girl, who can dive like a pearl-finder, float like a mermaid, slip through the water like a seal, and perform agile and fanciful freaks that neither seal, mermaid, or pearl-finder ever thought of, are interesting enough, and legitimate enough performances for public exhibition, *provided always that they are not so strained or prolonged as to cause distress or injury to the performer*. Where a feat becomes painful to the exhibitor, it should cease to be pleasurable to the spectator. When suffering is found amusing, amusement becomes brutalising. The road is straight and clear, though it may seem long, from the Aquarium to the Bull-ring, or the Arena. This is the plain principle which should be clearly seized and firmly enforced by all who desire to raise an effective protest against Agony-point Amusements.

PARROT TALK.—Polly-syllables.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S CRUISE.

(*An Ossianic Fragment, discovered on board the "Grantully Castle," after W. E. G.'s departure.*)

BRING, daughter of THINGUMMY, bring the harp! Fetch hither also the brimming beaker! I sing of the wanderings of a health-seeking hero. I drink deep to the weal of the late-smitten smiter of swashing blows. GLAD-STONE, grey-haired chief of the Lib-rals, shakes no more his spear in the halls of the West. Northward hath he flown, the deep-orbed axe-wielder of Hawarden. His foot is on the white-sail'd walker of watery wastes; he seeketh rest amidst the rock-sided rivers, and solace in "the infinite egotism of strange seas."* The sons of Green Erin howl in the halls of St. Stephen's; their roarings reach not him. Many a Ministerial mull can tire wind-weary ears in the Chamber of Confused Counsels; he calmly coasteth by the Mull of Cantyre. He traverseth the wandering world of waves. Like wind-blown mist his waving locks float wide on the air of Oban, he gazeth afar on the Mountains of Morvern, and the green hills of the Land of Lorn. Joy lighteth the snow-wan face of the aged hero as soundeth the thunderous acclaim of many fishers, or pealeth through the cloven darkness of shuddering night the wail of the piercing pibroch.

The sable waters of gloom-clad Cornish roll darkly before him. From the high hills of Coolin come Coolin' breezes, fanning his fray fevered brow; he forgetteth the clashing of To-ry spears in the calm contemplation of Scour-na-Gillan. Obstruction knows not he as he climbs the mountain-paths, like the bounding roe, like the hart of echoing Cona. Race the heather-laden boats o'er the rolling billows of the bay; up the far hills flies the voice of the mellow-mouthed Chieftain, as he leads the loud-lunged chorus of handlers of the oar. "Row, brothers, row!" he chanteth, with silvery strength; and the ashen sweeps bend in the rattling rowlocks. On desolate Loch Seavaig cometh a boat, four stalwart sons of the Highlands therein;



"WINGED!"

First Gael. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, TONAL?"

Second Ditto (who had been out with Old Briggs). "MATTER! HUR LEGS IS FULL O' SHOOTS!"

their beards blown by the winds. They draw near, the rugged Children of the Mist, and desire to gaze upon the face of the age-worn Chieftain of white-cliff'd Albion. So fairly fares he, the wave-wandering Warrior! So may he fair fairly back to the green glades of Hawarden, and the echoing Halls of the West, bringing health from the ozone-laden air of Ardnamurchan, and strength from the briny breezes of Tobermory!

When Obstruction meets Obstruction.

OUR DEAR DUKE OF MUDFORD,

Do not allow your Grace to be moved into any undue activity by the remarks of a ribald Press. Look at us! The papers made offensive, uncalled-for, and ungentelemanly remarks about our action with regard to Temple Bar for over five-and-twenty years. Did it have any effect? No. For Temple Bar fell down of its own accord. And now your Grace sees we are erecting a far more efficient barrier against traffic than was ever the late lamented Bar. Will your Grace take a hint? Pull down your gates, and put up drawbridges. That's the way to settle the Press.

Your Grace's obedient Servants,

THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

"He was a Careful Man, he was!"

THIS appeared the other day in the *Times*:—

GROOM and GARDENER.—Understands Flower and Kitchen Garden. Age 22, single until suited. Very steady. 1½ year's character.

There's caution! But how is he to be sure that he is suited? There's the difficulty. If he had put it "Single till he fancies he's suited," that would be another pair of shoes. How long will it take him to be certain that he is suited? In case of a mistake, he'll find it difficult to be non-suited afterwards.

* The *Times*.

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUGGESTIO FALSI.



M. MATTIX, on quitting the Marchesa, walked at once, without delay, to the Palace. He knew that Mrs. DOWDIE had been in the next room, with her ear to the key-hole, and he also knew that all now depended upon his immediate interview with the Bishop, who was yearning for emancipation from his thralldom.

He found Dr. DOWDIE alone in his sanctum, twiddling his thumbs, and rubbing his knees. In a few concise speeches he put him in possession of the object of his visit, and stated that if the Bishop consented first to join him and the Marchesa as man and wife, and afterwards to join them himself as a friend, they might be the nucleus with the Marchesa's companions Pantaleone, Scaramouch, and Arlequino of a first-rate Provincial Travelling Company, with a fortune before them in the future. After hearing his acrobatic notions, the Bishop pondered a moment, then rising from his chair, turned three times head-over-heels on the library-floor.

"What does your Lordship mean by that?" asked the Chaplain. "Why?" replied the good Bishop; "the meaning is very simple. You asked me if I tumbled to the idea? I did: I tumbled to it. Now go on."

"We can do a good business on tour," Mr. MATTIX observed.

The Bishop rubbed his knees, and observed, that he thought it was highly probable.

"Of course Mrs. DOWDIE must be kept in the dark," the Chaplain went on, slightly lowering his voice.

The Bishop looked round nervously. Some little monitor within the Bishop's breast whispered that the woman whom it was thus proposed to him to keep in the dark was his own wife; and what a wife, oh Bishop, thou too well knowest! To enlighten such a woman would be but to kindle a conflagration. Hadst thou not better, Bishop, remain in thy sanctum discontentedly, yet for all that treated with outward respect, and fed well and regularly? But there was another monitor, which advised him differently, and as follows:—"Cut the apron-strings, Bishop. Go forth, O Christian warrior, and enjoy yourself! Cast off the old woman, and soar forth with the freshness of paint, the merriment of a grig, and the friskiness of a parched pea on a big drum! Go it, you Christian Cripple! You'll never do it no younger!"

All this passed within the Bishop's bosom, as Mr. MATTIX sat opposite him, pencil in hand, ready to draw out a plan of the proposed tour, and to calculate expenses. Slowly the Bishop closed his right eye, and nodded to his Chaplain to proceed.

Satisfied with this sign of encouragement, which plainly indicated the commencement of premeditated mutiny in the camp, Mr. MATTIX continued, in a low and earnest tone, which went right to his Diocesan's heart.

"Say our tour lasts three months to begin with. You can travel with the Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA, and we will alternately go on as Agent in advance."

The Bishop nodded again, rubbed his knees slowly, and listened attentively.

"Of course you will not have much to do, my Lord, as I shall arrange all the advertisements. You will be the Great Attraction. You will be announced everywhere as The Sevenandsixpenny Ordinary at Five o'clock every afternoon. You will merely have to sing one song, 'The See! The See!' and will appear, accompanied by the Marchesa on the guitar."

This was too much in unison with my Lord's feelings to be altogether unpalatable; yet before he determined on the step, he wished to hear further details.

"Your Lordship will approve of this first-rate picture-poster," said Mr. MATTIX, with a twinkle in his eye as he drew from his pocket a carefully-folded sheet on which was portrayed in three colours a figure of the Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA in full acrobatic costume flying through the air, while a likeness of Canon MATTIX was kneeling with his hands stretched out towards her in one corner, the legend below being "La ZAZZEGLIA flying from the Canon!"

The Bishop carefully examined the picture and rubbed his knees with an air of considerable satisfaction.

"And did she?" presently inquired Dr. DOWDIE, slyly.

"Did she what, your Lordship?" asked his Chaplain.

"Fly from the Canon, eh?" and the good old Bishop chuckled with suppressed merriment as he dug his episcopal forefinger into his Chaplain's ribs, and made him wince again. When the Bishop felt at home with a friend he liked his *otium cum dig* in the ribs.

"Your Lordship," replied the Chaplain demurely, casting down his eyes and defending himself from the fun which had been digitally poked at him, "the Lady is only waiting for you to unite the Canon —"

"Ignite the Canon, you mean," interrupted the Bishop, who, in view of his freedom, was becoming merrier and merrier every moment, and being hardly able to restrain a shout of laughter, was sorely put to it by being compelled to chuckle in silence, "which effort," Dr. DOWDIE said in a choking whisper, "is sure to give me the buttercups, I mean the hiccups."

"If your Lordship makes me laugh so," whispered the Chaplain, who was so struck with the humour of the situation as to be almost hysterical, "I shall explode."

"Remember you're a Canon, and don't. The noise of your explosion would bring down Mrs. DOWDIE, like a bird," exclaimed the Bishop anxiously. With his new ally at his elbow he felt himself ready to face even Mrs. DOWDIE with composure. Still he would rather defer the evil moment, as many a man in his circumstances has done before him, if he could not avoid it altogether, and leave the Palace without her interference.

Mr. MATTIX continued:—

"Your Lordship will unite the Marchesa and myself —"

"With pleasure," replied his Lordship, amiably.

"And then we three will take a Provincial tour. Sharing expenses and profits."

"Quite so," rejoined the Bishop, considerably mollified by the proposal. "Halves."

"Decidedly," answered his Chaplain. "As I have already said, we shall advertise you as one of the chief attractions, and give you a line all to yourself in the bills. You will put yourself down for a salary."

"My charge will be heavy," said the Bishop.

"It generally was—at least so the clergy said at a visitation; but they bore it, and we will accommodate the prices to your charges."

"Good!" said the Bishop, rubbing the calf of his leg, "nothing could be fairer. What shall I have to do for it?"

"Play a pastoral before the show begins, and—when you were at college didn't your Lordship get an Exhibition?"

"Certainly."

"Does your Lordship happen to have it now?"

"Yes. It is in excellent order. But it will require a caravan to itself. Do you propose my showing it?" asked Dr. DOWDIE.

"Between the first and second parts," replied Mr. MATTIX. "We can travel in the Caravan and entitle the show 'Dr. DOWDIE's College Exhibition.' Having been accustomed to examine candidates for orders in your Lordship's diocese, I will undertake the acting-management, and will find out everywhere exactly who are the people to whom orders should be given, and to whom they should be refused. As a rule the free list will be suspended—"

"Any clergyman belonging to my own diocese presuming to come in without paying shall be suspended at once," observed the Bishop, with his severest air of authority. "What does the Marchesa say?"

"She consents, of course. She is willing she says to 'seek the bubble reputation even in the Canon's mouth,'" answered the Chaplain.

"The bubble!" repeated the Bishop. Then sinking his voice to a whisper, he said, "Blow the bubble, my boy! but if Mrs. DOWDIE's anywhere about—"

Scarcely were the words out of Dr. DOWDIE's mouth than there was a rustle at the door, which was thrown open, and in stalked Mrs. DOWDIE herself.

NEW NAME.

SHOULD Members of Parliament be detained as long next Session as they have been this time, the House of Commons will be known as the House of Detention.

THE PEER AND THE PEASANT.

(A Drama dedicated to the School Board, Metropolitan Magistrates, and Parents.)

The Peer. Hallo, JACK! How are you?

The Peasant. First-rate, my Lord, and glad to see you home again from Eton.

The Peer. Well, I ain't sorry myself. How's the fishing?

The Peasant. Prime, my Lord.

The Peer. Well, then, get some bait and come along with me.

The Peasant. Wish I could, my Lord; but I am off to school.

The Peer. What! do you go to school now?

The Peasant. School-Board, you know, my Lord.

The Peer. Ha! What do you learn there?

The Peasant. Oh, nothing—at least, as little as I can, my Lord.

May I ask your Lordship what you learn at Eton?

The Peer. Oh, the same—the same as you, you know. What do they do when you don't learn anything?

The Peasant. They whacks us, my Lord.

The Peer. Does it hurt?

The Peasant. Not me, my Lord; but it does him. He taps me across the hand with a cane, and my Mother goes in and bashes him over the head with a poker, and gets him fined for assaulting me.

The Peer. Why, I got swished four times in a fortnight, without doing anything of that sort.

The Peasant. Did it hurt, my Lord?

The Peer. Rather!

The Peasant. Then why don't you send your Lordship's mother, the Duchess, to Eton, to go and hang your old Master?

The Peer. H'm!

[Exit, dubious as to the scholastic advantages possessed by the Youthful Aristocracy over the Sons of the People.



"OH, I SAY! WHAT A SHAME TO MAKE US GET UP SO EARLY! I'LL GO HOME AND TELL MY MOTHER!"

A Proposal of the Period.

"I've rank and wealth; and, Lady, here's my hand;
And never shall my fancy from you range."
"Yes; that's an offer I can understand;
But what am I to give you in exchange?"

"Well, in return I ask your heart." "Ah me!
Kind Sir, I now must own my helplessness.
Ask me for anything but that. You see,
It's just the one thing that I don't possess."

Solvency for the Sublime Porte.

A TURKISH official newspaper reports the discovery, in Arabia, of a gold mine, which it describes as "one of the richest in the world." Unless that organ of the Sublime Porte affirm the thing that is not, the SULTAN is a Mussulman *Micawber*, for whom something has at last really turned up. Let us hope that this reported discovery of a gold mine may turn out to be authentic, and prove good news for the creditors of the impecunious Padishah, *ABDUL HAMID MICAWBER*.

A FAMOUS HOLIDAY.

It was a summer evening,
The Pointsman's work was done;
And he before his own box door
Felt precious glad for one;
And by him loafed about the line
The Night-watch, due at half-past nine.

And, as he loafed about, he came
On something flat and round,
That smashed had caught his shuffling feet
Upon the gravelled ground.
And then he asked what he had found
That was so smashed—yet flat and round.

The Pointsman took it from his mate
Who stood all sleepy by;
And then he clapped it on his head
And said, "Lor' bless you—why,
It's what some bloke dropped by the way
On that there last Bank 'oliday!"

"I often come across 'em here,
There's many round about;
Why, if you had to find your 'ats,
That ditch would rig you out!
There's scores of 'em, so I've heard say,
Wos dropped on that there 'oliday."

"Now tip us 'ow it come about,"
The other, drowsy, cries,
The while, the crownless chimney-pot
Upon his head he tries.
"Now, tip us: say, whose job it wor?
What did he smash the 'Scursion for?"

"JIM's wor that job," the Pointsman said;
"He'd too long a bout!
But what he smashed the 'Scursion for
I never could make out.
He fell a blinkin', I dus say,
And took his little 'oliday!"

"But them as was a-takin' theirs
(And some—it was their last),
Was 'appy, singin' of their songs:
And, as she busted past,
You might 'ave heard 'em, laughin', say,
'This 'ere's a famous 'oliday!'

"So, when she come upon them points,
As crammed as you could pack,
And not a soul a-chaffin' there
Know'd death lay on the track,—
It did seem 'ard in that there way
To end their 'famous holiday!"

"And, oh! it was a 'orrif sight,
When off the line she run,
With dozens lying stiff and still,
Who started full of fun!
But, there—had JIM now not give way,
They'd 'ad a famous 'oliday!"

"He got it precious 'ot for that!"
The other stroked his chin.
"Maybe. But it's the Company,"
Said he, "I'd like to skin!
I'd let 'em all at Bot'ny Bay
Just try *their* famous 'oliday!"

The Pointsman faced his mate. Quoth he,
"Where can your reck'ning be?
Here's parties pays a bob or two,
And gets three hours o' sea;
And, if they ain't smashed up, I say,
That there's a famous 'oliday."

"And, what's to come," the other asked,
"Of scares now like this 'ere?"
The Pointsman smiled. "My mate," he said,
"You're green, that's pretty clear.
Why, 'what's to come?' Next year, I'll lay,
Another famous 'oliday!"



A MISNOMER, SURELY!

Tourist. "YOU HAVE RATHER A LARGE PARTY THIS AFTERNOON, SANDRO!"

Waiter. "YES, SARE! IT IS VUN OF MISTARE COOK'S PARTIES. DERE ARE TWENTY-THREE PATIENTS IN ALL!"

RUS IN URBE.

(*A Meditation in Mud-Salad Market.*)

THE fat mud churned by many a heavy wain
Into putrescent hotch-potch slab and slimy,
The pavements fouled by rotting leaves and rain,
The gutters choked, all greasy, grubby, grimy;
Here frowsy bulks potato-stored, a-dust,
There tumble-down strange structures shored and hoarded,
A sodden slime doth all things here incrust;
A sad and sooty scene, unsavoury, sordid.
The clamorous carman yells upon his cart,
The foul-mouthed coster curses by the kerb, he
Uncurbed; for this is London's loveliest mart,
Its Rus in Urbe!

Hence radiate muck-choked roadways far around,
Which strike the strange wayfarer with wild wonder
What midden huge, what central garbage-mound,
From fairer thoroughfares these sludge-ways sunder.
No cottage dust-heap, cumbered with stale waste
Of a year's joskin-fodder, smells more rankly;
No reeking swamp, whence nose-nipt travellers haste,
Seethes 'neath the sun more dirtily and dankly.
All sluggish vehicles that are, upchoke
These foul and fetid roadways, dusk and narrow,
Waggon, cart, truck, and, with sonorous "moke,"
The coster's barrow.

How foot unfouled, how thread unshouldered, clean,
These dolorous ways? Here tumbles the tost hamper,
There flies stale garden-stuff that once was green,
Mudgrubbers grope, and shoeless urchins scamper.
The hobnailed churl with elephantine hoof
Slops sullenly along, uncouth, uncaring,
And brazen girls slack-garmented, shame-proof,
Hustle and holloa, draggletailed and daring.

Piled cabbages and basket-barriers block
The devious ways, and sacks, and crates, and cases;
And frowzy crones with grey and touzled shocks,
And wrinkled faces.

Whence haply issuing—if luck so will—
Come we upon a low, uncomely cluster
Of roofs and avenues; nor taste nor skill
Decks these arcades, whereunder closely muster
Vendors of—rags and refuse? mud? manure?
Not so; of Nature's choicest, cheeriest benisons;
Of luscious fruits, and flowers fair as pure,
Worthy of song from lyres as sweet as TENNYSON'S.
And nought, save care in storage and display,
Needs there to make this rookery, Covent Garden,
As a Duke's pleasure trim, and green and gay
As any Arden.

Did *Dux* mean leader still, and not a slow
Reluctant follower of all improvement,
We might have all this altered at a blow
With some alert "*His Grace*" to lead the movement.
Shall dull patricians and parochial dolts
Perpetuate the nuisance? *Punch* protesteth.
While the Duke's Dusthole every sense revolts,
And in the midst of Babylon muckdom nesteth,
He means to peg away, since, for his part,
Whatever vested interest it disturb, he
Holds Covent Garden *might*, in London's heart,
Be Rus in Urbe!

Something in It.

FROM South Australia a correspondent sends us the following anagram:—

"WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.
At trees a man will go wild."



A HOLIDAY TASK.

SCENE—*Mud-Salad Market.*

DUKE OF MUDFORD. "SWEET PRETTY PLACE, AINT IT?"

Mr. P. (*Inspector of Nuisances*). "NO, MY LORD DUKE, IT ISN'T PRETTY, AND IT ISN'T SWEET! HERE, TAKE THIS BROOM, AND MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP OF IT!!"

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

V.—THE TAM O' SHANTER CAP.

Upon the Spa at Scarborough, the Minstrel was a panter—
He asked a Wilful Maiden why she wore a Tam o' Shanter?
She gazed upon his furrowed face, half doubting if he chaffed her,
Then, noting well his solemn mien, she answered thus, with laughter:—



ET others wear, upon the Spa,
The "Rubens" hat or bonnet;
The "Gainsborough," the Tuscan straw,
With marguerites upon it—
The "Pamela," of quaint design,
The "Zulu," or the "Planter"—
But as for me, I much incline
To wear my Tam o' Shanter!
Let others sport the fluffy hat,
The "Sailor Boy," or "Granny;"
The "Bargee," or some other that
Is anything but canny.
If petticoats be short or long,
Or fuller be or scantier,
Or if you think it right or wrong—
I'll wear my Tam o' Shanter!
I'll wear it if it's hot or cold,
Let weather what it may be!
Will this Child do "what she is told"?
Or is she quite a baby?
I do no harm for my Mamma,
Or even *Punch*'s banter;
Despite the chaff of dear Papa,
I'll wear my Tam o' Shanter!
You ask me if I'll tell you why
I cannot do without it?
Because it keeps me cool and dry—
You seem inclined to doubt it?
The reason why? There, pray don't tease!
I'll tell you that instanter.
The reason is—*Because I please*
To wear my Tam o' Shanter!

STARVATION FROM SPIRITUALISM.

If you are asked to give an example of a fool's question, answer "Cui bono?" Possible truth means possible, even though for the present unintelligible, good. This your fool does not see. If the alleged facts of Spiritualism were not fallacies, the question "Cui bono?" objected to Spiritualism would be a fool's.

Believers in Spiritualism, however, on the other hand, may some of them have the confidence to ask, "Cui malo?" (What's the harm of it?) An answer to that demand is afforded by evidence given at a recent inquest as to the death of an unhappy simpleton who starved himself to death by an attempt at "doing Dr. TANNER'S fast." It was to be expected that one fool would make many. A witness deposed that—

"Last Wednesday week he asked the deceased, 'Why don't you take some food?' and he replied, 'Mind your own business. The spirits will keep me alive.' Deceased was a Spiritualist."

Notwithstanding this testimony, however, the jury returned a verdict that "deceased died from inanition owing to want of food, and that death was caused by misadventure."

Were the gentlemen of the jury Spiritualists likewise? and was that their reason for not finding that their condisciple destroyed himself by starvation under the influence of insanity?

SALE—NO SELL.

The "Belhus Hunters." This is not the sale of the broken-winded horses which is a daily event near St. Martin's Lane. This is a case of Belhus-to-run, not Belhus-to-mend.

JUSTICES' JUSTICE;
HOW (NOT) TO RECTIFY IT.

(Vide Recent Correspondence in Daily Papers.)

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud, Esq.

SIR,—My attention has been called not only by the outspoken comments of the Press, but by the indignant questions of several Members of that House of which I have the honour to be the greatest ornament, to the fact that last month you sentenced a boy named WILLIAM GONOFF, and aged nine years, to fourteen days' imprisonment for stealing a shilling's-worth of turnips. An explanation of so marvellous a miscarriage of justice will oblige,

Yours truly, HISTORICUS.

From J. P. Stroud to the Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR HISTORICUS,—I sentenced the youth named WILLIAM GONOFF—whose right age is fifteen, by the bye—to ten days' imprisonment for stealing a pound's-worth of turnips, and for assaulting the police. Will this suit you? Yours truly, J. P. STROUD.

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud, Esq.

SIR,—I am credibly informed that the child, WILLIAM GONOFF, was sentenced by you to a month's hard labour for stealing six-pennyworth of turnips, and that his age is five. Your explanation is unsatisfactory. Yours truly, HISTORICUS.

P.S.—You ought to have flogged him.

From J. P. Stroud to the Home Secretary.

DEAR HISTORICUS,—WILLIAM GONOFF is forty-seven, and he was sentenced to three days' imprisonment for stealing two acres of turnips, and for assaulting five policemen. Since then he has murdered his grandmother, has committed bigamy, and has burnt a church. Are you satisfied now? Yours sincerely, J. P. STROUD.

P.S.—I had no power to flog him.

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud.

SIR,—The tone of your explanation is completely wrong. I repeat you ought to have flogged WILLIAM GONOFF.

Yours truly, HISTORICUS.

From J. P. Stroud to the Home Secretary.

DEAR OLD MAN,—If you are so precious fond of flogging WILLIAM GONOFF, why didn't you come and do it yourself?

Yours ever, J. P. STROUD.

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud.

SIR,—I will let you know whom you are calling "dear old man." I order the immediate release of WILLIAM GONOFF.

Yours truly, HISTORICUS.

From J. P. Stroud to the Home Secretary.

HA! ha! What a wag you are! WILLIAM GONOFF was released four days before your first communication ever reached me. You old quiz!

Yours, my boy, J. P. STROUD.

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud.

SIR,—Why the deuce didn't you tell me that WILLIAM GONOFF had been released before I commenced this weighty correspondence?

Yours truly, HISTORICUS.

From J. P. Stroud to the Home Secretary.

DEAR OLD CUSSY,—Did you ever see Toole in *Ici on parle Français*? If not, get somebody to give you an order. I will reply as does Mr. Toole in that play, that I didn't tell you that WILLIAM GONOFF had been released before you commenced your correspondence—"Cos you didn't arst me, 'cos you didn't arst me." I am going to send this correspondence to *Punch*. Ta! ta! dear old chappie!

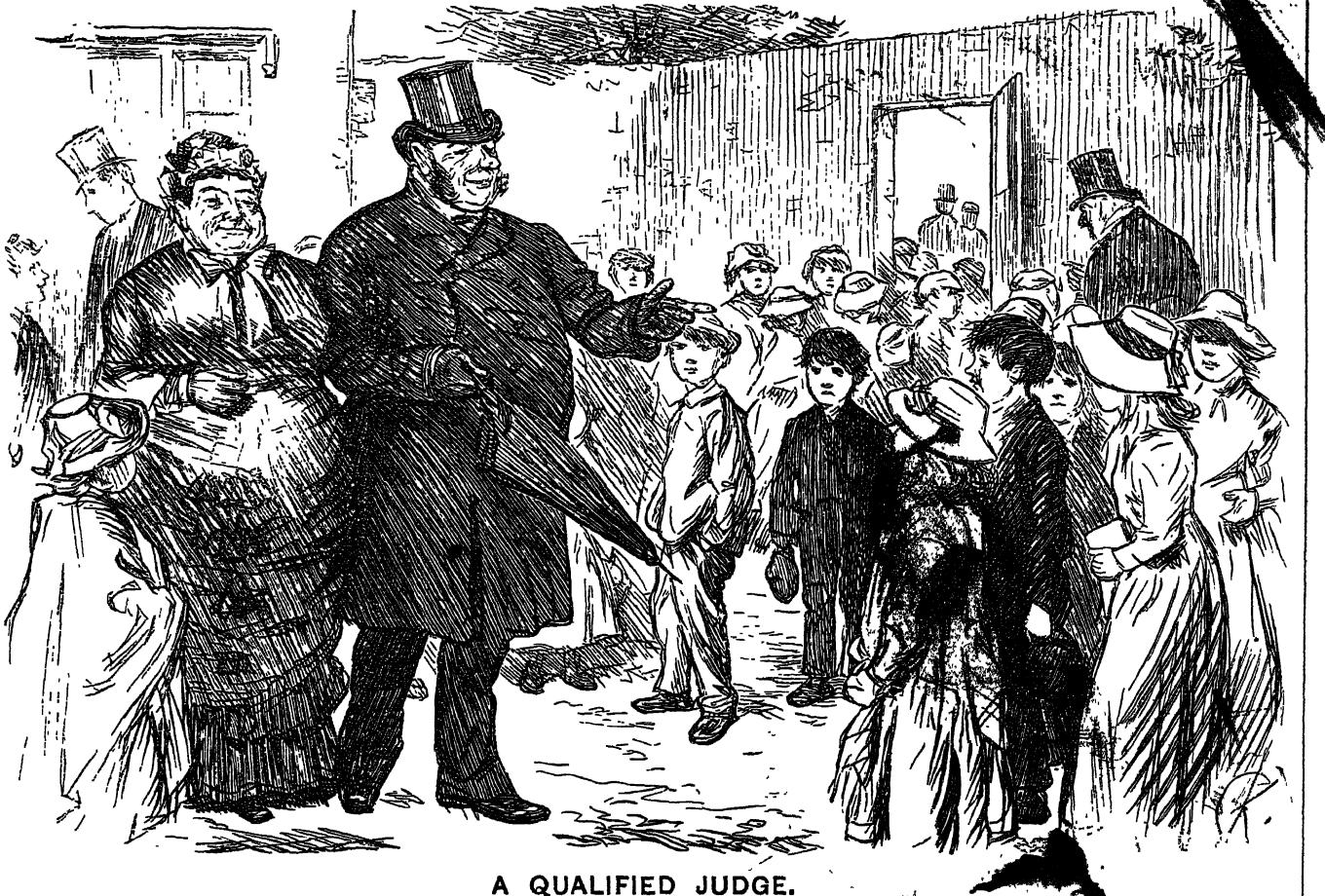
Yours for ever, J. P. STROUD.

From the Home Secretary to J. P. Stroud.

You may send your correspondence to the—

(And then the HOME SECRETARY breaks into tears at the thoughts that a career hitherto unsuspected of any too great softness of heart should be tarnished by an uncalled-for exhibition of sentiment, not to say sentimentalism. Likewise having torn his hair at the reflection that victory rests for once with the purveyors of Justices' justice, he reads up the subject, and writes to the *Times*.)

MOTTO FOR LIBERALS, 1880.—"This side up."



A QUALIFIED JUDGE.

Squire Horsnail, M.P. (who had been Inspectin' the Board School). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, CHILDREN. YEE READS WELL, AN' YER SPELLS WELL; BUT YEE HAIN'T SOT STILL!"

A SUCCESS SCORED AT THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

We wouldn't have missed the Humorous Night at the Promenade Concerts for a trifle—and we're very fond of trifles. The house was cram-jammed from ceiling to floor by an audience that showed itself decidedly appreciative and strictly critical. They were there to enjoy real wit in music, and would stand no nonsense. They didn't care a sixth of their entrance-money for some of the compositions, which could well have been spared from the programme, but MOZART's *Village Musicians* (a musical joke), created quite a *furore*. It was immense. Mr. A. BURNETT, as one of the chief village violinists, played the part to perfection. How the audience roared when he seriously got into an impossible key, and had to come back again somehow. They encored him to the echo, but Mr. COWEN knew that so delicate a jest would not bear immediate repetition, and wisely went on with the next movement. The horns perpetually coming in and out of tune evoked shouts of laughter, and the triumphantly discordant finish was greeted with prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

Passing over Miss MARY DAVIES' Song, and WEBER's *Caprice*, we came to SCHERZ's humorous *Meditation on a German Air*—a bad title, by the way, as the composition was simply a series of Musical Burlesque pieces on BACH, MOZART, MENDELSSOHN, &c.

That on MOZART was the best, as being a caricature of a style: the Military March was next; and then the Burlesque of VERDI; but, on the whole, there was too little in it of the real spirit of original caricature, and too much of very ordinary Burlesque talent. However, it was successful, though anything would have had to be very first-rate, coming after *The Village Musicians*.

Then Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING sang MOLLOY's Nursery Song, "*The Baby and the Fly*." The only humorous point about this was the fact that Miss STERLING had to sing it. A Comic Song for Mrs. SIDDONS would have been about as appropriate. A good Low Comedian in petticoats might have done something with it; but as it was, it served as padding, or being Mr. MOLLOY's, as paddy-ing between SCHERZ's Imitations of Popular Composers, and ROMBERG's *Toy Symphony*. As the Chief of the orchestra entered, bearing toy-drums, rattles, penny-trumpets, and bird-whistles, they were greeted with cheers. The Symphony was successful, chiefly as a

curiosity; and Mr. A. BURNETT as the Cuckoo, Mr. HUGHES as the Melancholy Quail, Messrs. ELLIS and REYNOLDS as the Toy Trumpets, and Messrs. HORTON and OULD as agreeable Rattles, were a real treat.

Then Mr. RIGBY sang something, not a word of which reached us, except one line which sounded like, "Lift up your fist and hit me straight in the eye," but as this could by no possibility have formed any part of a sentimental song, we only quote our impression of it, being unable to refer to our programme which had long ago fluttered away on to the heads of the audience beneath. Then Mr. CHARLES HALLE having played, as only Mr. CHARLES HALLE can play, WEBER's "*Invitation à la Valse*," bowed, and retired. Being vociferously encored, he re-appeared, and, with the modesty of true genius, evidently convinced that only his graceful bow had been encored, he repeated *that* and once more disappeared. But the audience soon enlightened him as to what they wanted, so he piano'd again, and once more was vociferously applauded.

Then we had the "*Presto and Finale of Haydn's Farewell Symphony*." To describe this, which literally brought down the house, would require more space than is just now at our command. How the musicians, one by one, blow out their candles and steal away, how Mr. BURNETT is the last to go, how Mr. COWEN, with his eyes like St. Anthony, "fixed on the old black book," i.e., the score, still goes on conducting until a servant jogs his elbow, and awakens him to the fact that he is in the situation of the last Rose of Summer, left alone, while all his blooming companions have slithered away and gone—all this, we say, must be seen to be appreciated,—and, indeed, so marked was the success last Thursday that a voiceless man (all part of the joke) came forward to announce, that, in consequence of the immense success of the entertainment, he, the voiceless man, had great pleasure in informing the audience,—tho', personally, he had no voice in the matter,—that this "*Humorous Night*" would be repeated on Tuesday. The voiceless one retired bashfully amid cries of "Speak up!" And then those quite close to the platform who had been in the voiceless man's confidence all along, told their neighbours what he had been saying, and so the news spread. So great a success ought to be repeated more than once before the end of the season, with some few changes in the programme.

A VERY SHADY SIDE OF PALL MALL.

THE superficial observer would suppose that this was quite the principal street in London. It contains nearly a dozen English palaces called Clubs, the price for a back room on the third floor is seldom less than one hundred a year, and the Prince of WALES lives at 65. This ought to be enough to give an aristocratic tone to the street, but unfortunately it contains an Arcade—an Opera Arcade—and since the "dark arches" of the Adelphi have lost their popularity, this Arcade is the chosen resort of the midnight tramp. A few coffee-stalls form what an advertiser would call an *al fresco café*, the steps under the columns are more comfortable than a three-penny lodging-house, the well-paid cabmen, on their way back from Pimlico to Theobald's Road, supply the "Swell" element, and the "gay" contingent is represented by a few draggle-tailed female phantoms whose language comes untranslated from Ratcliffe Highway. Emboldened by the patronage of Club porters and gentlemen's servants, these muddy Venuses and their companions are very liberal in their attentions to passers-by, and being so near Scotland Yard, they enjoy a freedom from Police interference which would not be accorded to them in Whitechapel. Perhaps, when the Harley Street murder is discovered, and the Authorities are not quite so over-worked, they will give a little attention to the Bottom as well as to the Top of the Gay-Market.

A SAD SHILLINGSWORTH.

TIME was when English maids and wives
Lived modest and secluded lives;
But in these latter days they vie
In seeking base publicity.
The face that once at home would shine—
The glory of the ancient line—
The lips, the sweetest under sun,
That in old days smiled but for one;
The eyes that veiled themselves always
Beneath the rude observer's gaze;
All these, if haply he be willing—
The Cad can purchase for a shilling!

BY A TRAVELLING FELLOW.

"AN Unknown Quantity"—abroad. The amount of water required by a Briton for his morning's bath.

MOTTO FOR HABERDASHERS (*adapted from the Rules of Vingt-et-Un*).—"Ties pay the dealer."

LOOKING FOR A SITE.

THE following communications (among thousands of others on the same subject) have found their way into our letter-box:—

SIR,

NOTHING is easier than to find a new site for a Flower and Vegetable Market. The Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have never been able to utilise profitably a portion of their land. Now is the time for seizing the opportunity of turning their greatest incubus to good account.

In a sentence, why not send Mud-Salad Market, with its unsavoury etceteras, to the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, South Kensington?

A PHILANTHROPIST.

SIR,

THE scandal of the hour (indirectly shared by all London) affects us very much. Quite a number of carts, laden with vegetables, pass every night down the Kensington Road, within a few hundred yards of our very windows! Send the Market to Bayswater. There is a spot specially adapted to the purpose, close to a house called The Retreat.

A PRACTICAL MAN.

South Kensington (opposite the Horticultural Gardens).

SIR,

WILL you permit us to suggest an alternative site to that at present occupied by Mud-Salad Market. The new Law Courts are, from an architectural point of view, a disgrace to the Metropolis. Surely they might be pulled down and the space utilised for the erection of a commodious receptacle for fruit, flowers, and vegetables!



A POOR RELATION.

Mrs. Jones—née De Topsawyer (to ragged old Seneschal, who is showing her and her party the Tomb of William the Conqueror). "C'EST TRAYS ANTERRESSONG POORE MWAW, VOO SAVVY. PARSKER JE SWEEZ OON DESSONDONT DE GILLYOME LE CONKYRONG!"

Old Seneschal (bowing). "ET MOI AUSSI, MADAME!"

[Disgust of Mrs. J.

The stoppage in Fleet Street caused by the market carts, &c., would not be much greater than that already arising from the erection of the new granite substitute for Temple Bar.

We shall be very happy to take the matter in hand professionally, and can guarantee a satisfactory result to all parties. Enclosing our Business Card, we remain, Sir, your obedient servants,

Gothic Chambers,
Westminster.

TUDOR, GABEL, & Co.,
Architects.

SIR,

By all means move Mud-Salad Market. It is easy enough to find a site. Why not the grounds of Buckingham Palace, or the Temple Gardens. What on earth can lawyers want with gardens? Or the Zoo? If the beasts were allowed to remain, they would feel quite at home in the general row and confusion. Or South Kensington Museum? It is already full of curiosities, and the market would be a valuable addition to the collection. Is the Thames Tunnel large enough? It would be nice and cool in the summer. Some of the City Companies would only be too happy to give up their Halls for such a public benefit. They always are.

Hanwell.

COMMON SENSE.

UNHEALTHY EMPLOYMENT.

THE occupation of a Reviewer. At his best, when at work, he is always in a critical condition.

A NEW HATCH'EM CASE.—The Person who laid an Information is now sitting on a Jury.

IMPORTANT TO YACHTSMEN.

At the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, may be seen in the grounds a model vessel, size of life, on which the boys are exercised in the rigging, so that they may not go to sea without knowing the ropes. An excellent idea. But why not apply it to intending Yachtsmen? Institute a first-class Yacht College. Keep Yachts of various tonnage on the grounds. If the Yacht College is by the sea-side, the fresh breezes and the sight of the ocean will obviate all necessity of ever quitting shore. All the fun, none of the inconveniences, and scarcely any expense. The practising Yachtsman can let his imagination roam freely, and, as he generally does "fancy himself" pretty considerably as being "all there," he can easily fancy himself anywhere. By an arrangement with Mr. SAM MAY of Bow Street, or Messrs. AUGUSTE & Cie., the Theatrical Costumiers—assisted by the eminent scenic Artist, Mr. BEVERLY, they could wake up to find themselves in some different port every morning, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments. This, of course, would add to the expense; but a well-organised Collegiate System could manage the whole thing at a comparatively trifling outlay. We make the Mem. at once, as it's just as well to yot it down before it escapes our memory.

N.B. (which means *Nota Bene*, or North Britain—which-ever you like).—Here's a first lesson for the Nautical Latin Grammar:



ACTUM EST DE BALBO—IT'S "HAUL UP" WITH BALBUS.

THE BRITON'S RETURN.

BACK to town and, egad, I'm uncommonly glad
That my holiday outing is over,
For Old England's the spot after all. I'll be shot
If my heart did not leap to see Dover!
They may prate as they please of a tour beyond seas,
And how minds are expanded by travel,
But give me the old town, though the trees are all brown,
And my house upon Kensington gravel.

It may simply be prejudice, yet I've oft said
That your foreigner's rather repulsive;
For his language is queer, and he shouts in your ear
With contortions completely convulsive.
And I don't think he'd mope if deprived of his soap,
Or would hold himself much of a martyr;
For his matutine tub seems reduced to a rub—
That is quite independent of water.

He can cook well enough, but the sauce-covered stuff
Might be anything—horseflesh or kitten,
And the joint is unknown, which wrings many a groan
From the beef-loving son of Great Britain.
But I'm back now at last, and my troubles are past,
Though my baggage was cruelly undone;
It was very unfair, for I'd nought "to declare"
But my pleasure at landing in London!

Strong Recommendation.

The following advertisement, unearthed from the *Daily News*, shows a real appreciation of the total abstinence theory and practice:—

TO MASTER COOKS and CONFECTIONERS.—A Young Man, just finishing his apprenticeship, is in WANT of a permanent SITUATION in London. Been an abstainer all his life, and whose character is otherwise unsullied. Will have first-class recommendation from present employer.—Address, &c.

O Wise Young Judge of what's good! There's a great future before this youthful Confectioner.

HONOUR TO THE BRAVE!

The completion of the new organisation of the Infantry being now under consideration at the War Office, we beg to publish (*pour encourager MM. les Scieurs de long en haut—en Anglais*, "for to encourage Mister the Sawers of the wood at the top") a few appropriate titles for the new territorial Regiments. It will be seen in performing this feat that we have prefixed to some local peculiarity a more or less martial epithet. In these days of cherished military traditions such a course should be followed by the best results. In the appended list the first column indicates the present number, the second the proposed new designation, and the third our suggestive supplementary distinction:—

Regiment.		
1st	The Royal Scots . . .	The Bold Bang-go-Sax-pence Boys.
2nd	The Queen's Own Surrey Regiment	The Theatre Royal Victoria Blood and Thunders.
11th	The Devonshire Regiment	The Never-to-be-whipped Creams.
17th and 45th	The Royal Leicestershire and Notts Regiment (Sherwood Foresters)	The Courageous Crystal Palace Feters.
18th	The Royal Irish . . .	The Personally Patriotic Pats.
22nd	The Cheshire Regiment .	The Quite-the-Cheese Men.
28th and 61st	Royal Gloucestershire Regiment	The Strongly Recommended Double Glos-ters.
34th and 55th	Royal Cumberland and Westmoreland Regiment	The Liberating Lillie Bridge (Good Friday) Wrestlers.
37th and 67th	The Hampshire Regiment	The Gallant Go-the-Whole Hoggers.
57th and 77th	The Royal Middlesex Regiment	The Chivalrous Cockney Conquerors.
72nd and 91st and 102nd and 103rd	The Argyllshire Highlanders	The Ubiquitous Use-a-Posters.
	The Royal Dublin Fusiliers	The Sinewy and Stimulating Extra-Stout Men.

BLACKING 'EM TO WIN.

In the *Field's* report of the performance of the Cambridge Town Bicycle Club, we find this entry:—

"Half-Mile Race on 'bone-shakers,' not exceeding 36in.—BANHAM, 1."

Mr. BURGESS on Mr. MOORE's back would have been "in it." There isn't a better "bone-shaker" than Mr. MOORE of Moore Hall, St. James's. But then—he never will perform out of that Hall. Anyway, it's a tip for the Mastodon Minstrels and any other



DARK RACE.

Any Amount—Reward!!!

Just at the last moment an invisible individual rang the bell and left the following Query and Answer in our post-box:—

Q. Why should an Auctioneer be a melancholy person?

A. Because he is always in a *more-bid* state.

Anyone giving information that shall lead to the detection of the perpetrator of this outrage, shall receive the above reward.

A PROTRACTED INN-QUEST.—Looking out for a hotel at a fashionable crowded Watering-place.



"THE GENTLE CRAFT."

Preceptor (after a lecture). "Now, what are the principal things that are obtained from the Earth?"

Pupil (and "disciple of Izaak Walton"). "Worms, Sir!"

[Loses Fifty Marks]

LAST MEET OF THE SLOW COACH CLUB.

(By the "Veteran.")

THE last meet for the Season of the Slow Coach Club, of which his Grace the Duke of MUDFORD, K.G., is President, and the motto of which is "*tardus venientibus osses*"—not *ossa*, as the fine old fruity saying has been ridiculously misquoted by a contemporary—took place on Monday last. It had originally been intended to hold the meet in Mud-Salad Market; but, it having been represented to the Committee, first, that the Market was not a meat one, but an emporium for fruit and vegetables; and next, that the Slow Coaches might interfere with the numerous waggons full of cabbages which form flying buttresses to the church of St. Paul, and help to prop up the colonnade of the Piazza, it was agreed that the Slow Coaches should assemble at that delightful expanse of greenery, Abney Park, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the Club by the late Sir THOMAS ABNEY.

Of course I went to see the start of the Slow Coaches. My fine old crusted friend and ex-M.F.H., JEM POLEAXE, toolled me down to Abney Park in a truly cemeterical manner. JEM owned to me, with a racy smile on his way, that he thought he could combine a little pleasure with the business of the day. "For, d'ye see," he observed, "there must be a tidy lot of good old rusty worn-out screws at the meet, and I may see my way to bidding for a high-mettled racer, ha! ha! or two." JEM's humour is all banter and beeswing, and he has moved in the very first circles.

So at a high, gee woa, yoicks! pace we sped to the Park; and with one of WATLING's excellent pork-pies, a canful of PEEK and FREAN's biscuits, some DU BARRY's Revalenta Arabica, and a glass or two of the celebrated Cockalorum Sherry (a natural wine; the vines are never plastered, but are carefully polished every day with Nubian Blacking) under my waistcoat, I felt as high tol-lol frisky as a fox might feel with the whole Pytchley, Qorn, and East Nor-Nor-West-Northampton hounds at his heels, to say nothing of the Belhus hunters, and the Bahraham Rollicking Roaring Rams. Ah! for the grand historic days, when my late lamented and fine old crusted friend, Sir HARRY AWAY GRIMSTONE EYESSNUFF, Bart., used to hunt all three packs at once in a ring-fence! How cleverly he would pass the Soap Works! How triumphantly

he would shoot the second arch of the Suspension Bridge, on the Middlesex side, and foul a steam-launch, full of Cockneys, hired at "The Eight Bells."*

It was open house and open cellar at Eye-snuff Hall. 'Twas there I met my dear old crony, SOARY SPONGE, and jolly old JORROCKS, and NUTROP, of the Quarterly, and JEM, and METHTSALEH, and all the old jovial set. And TOM MOODY, the Whipper-in. You all knew him well. *Ehuz' fugaces.* The quantity of "Comet," "twenty," and "forty-seven" port, Chateau Margaux, Pontet Canet, GUINNESS's Stout, and the celebrated Cockalorum Sherry (a natural wine, containing positively no acid) was something enormous.

We sat behind JEM's fine old mare, *Black Bess*, that beat *Eclipse* at the Derby, the *Godolphin Arabian* at Goodwood, the *Coffin Mare* at the Leger, and the *Flying Dutchman* at the Whetstone Park Handicap in the days when I was getting my earliest lessons in things horsey, by being horsed at St. Broomback's Charity School. JEM drove me in a gig, of the regular bang-up, stay-for-nothing, rumtumtidy order—which has recently been repaired by those excellent carriage-makers, Messrs. SPRING, DICKEY, and SQUAB, of 910, Song Acre.

We found a rare gathering of the regular old 'uns at the Park—fine old tawny Britons after my dear old friend Sir JOSEPH HAWKINS's own heart. None of your yawning, lisping, crutch-and-toothpick calibre, but jolly dogs of the Lord GEORGE BENTINCK calibre, fine old mellow bucks of the Admiral ROUS type. There were several Old Masters distinguished for their pictures of fox-hunts. There was Old FULLER (a most worthy Corinthian), Old BURTON (who looked rather Melancholy), Old DAN TUCKER, Old JOE (who would persist in kicking up behind and before), Old Dr. JACOB TOWNSHEND, and Old PARR. You may be sure that my brother veterans and I attentively scanned the drags and the prads and the bang-up old nobs who held the ribbons. There were twenty Slow Coaches at the meet; but perhaps the palm both for superiority of horseflesh and vehicular elegance must be awarded to my noble friend, Captain the Honourable VELVET PAUL SHILLIBEE, whose tasteful equipage, drawn by four magnificently-matched black Flemish horses, with long manes and tails, and superb action, excited general admiration.

Through an odd fancy of Captain SHILLIBEE, he has trained his grooms to sit, not in the dickey, but on the roof of the drag, with their legs swinging at large; and this, combined with the singular uniformity of redness in their noses, produces a very spirited effect. Captain MUFF got his little lot clubbed with Mr. STREATHAM COMMON'S invalid team, *Farcy*, *Glanders*, *Spasms*, and *Shoulder-shotten*, and Sir HECTOR O'DEAR had a bad spill in endeavouring to get his highly attractive contingent (Dutch pinks) into line. But, on the whole, the form was superb. Not a galled jade but winced. Not a wither but was wrung. Not a fetlock but was sprung. I never saw a creamier show of "fiddle-case" heads and "star-gazers." They were all roarers. Drooping flanks, sparkling hocks, CULLETON'S crests, puff-pasterns, oyster-barrels, asthmatic crops, victoria docks, strangled stiffe-joists, hundred-ton cannon bones, and stony curb-places—all the points of the Perfect Horse were distributed among this peculiarly cheery, high-toned and down-the-road lot. The Admiral would have wept, and Sir JOSEPH would have danced a high, gee woa, tantivy to see the show.

The whips, having been all thoroughly awakened by the Club "Knocker Up," snuffed all round to make themselves lively, and toolled away in fine style to Kensal Green, where they were to dine. Your correspondent, after filling his box with some right Macabaw (SNEEZUM'S, in Great Catechu Street, is the only place where you can get genuine Macabaw), adjourned to Tom TICK's genial hostelry, the "Slate and Chalk," and there JEM and I refreshed ourselves with a chop, supplied to the establishment by those highly respectable butchers, Messrs. BLOCK AND ORNAMENT, of Hackney Coach Marshes, and a glass or two of the celebrated Cockalorum Sherry (a natural wine, with never a headache in a dozen of it). Then, hey for TATTERSALL'S! Outside TATTERSALL'S.

* Some dim reminiscences of the University Boat Race seem now to have got interpolated in the Veteran's otherwise graphic narrative. By the way, we anticipate with pleasure the Veteran's account of "A Day with the D.T."—ED.

BISMARCK'S NEW BUSINESS.

THE Director-in-Chief of the "General Prussian Commerce and Trade Company (Unlimited)," presents his compliments to the Crowned and Uncrowned Heads of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and hopes by increased attention to business—his own and theirs—he may merit their esteemed patronage, and enjoy a continuance and an extension of past favours. He begs to enclose a plan of a new Co-operation System, under his experienced management, and hopes that no sort of obstacle will be thrown in the way of converting all the ports of all nationalities into one universal Bis-market.

Ode (and Paid) to the Town Clerk.

HE was a lucky man,
He was a lucky man,
His salary went
Up twenty* per cent.
He was such a lucky man!

* Twenty-five, my boy! That's "The Cry of the (Town) Clerk." But ain't I en-titl'd to it, eh? Yes. Daily and Knightly.—J. B. M.

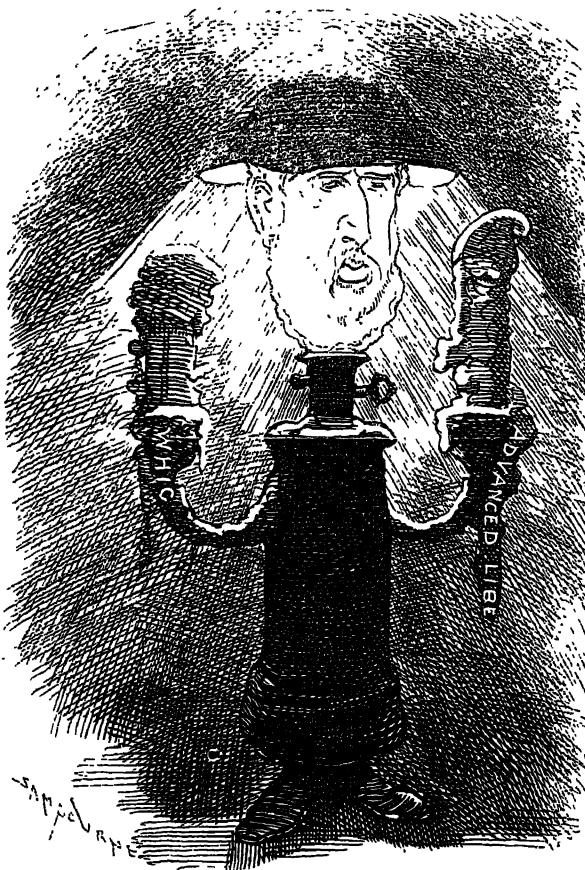
A Cutting.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following extract from the *Derby Mercury*:

WANTED, SITUATION as GARDENER. No objections to waiting. None but thorough Gentlemen need apply.

Fortunate that the Advertiser has "no objections to waiting." It strikes us that he will have to wait some considerable time.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 1.



"THE HARTINGTON"—OUR NEW MODERATOR.

"Highly recommended as a delightful medium for diffusing a clear and gentle light all round, and economising the expenditure of midnight oil."

LATEST FROM THE FLEET.

(Notes from Sir B. S.'s own private Pocket-Book.)

Gravosa, Sept. 20th.—United European Fleet a-lying at anchor. I take supreme command to-day. Proud position! Would be prouder, if I knew what I am expected to do, or how to do it. We're all safe in harbour at present, however. Perhaps I ought to inspirit the various crews by a striking theatrical coup. I'll "demonstrate."

Have just done it. The *coup* didn't come off quite. I first ordered Band to play the different national anthems in turn. They began with "*Marseillaise*." German Admiral came on board, furious, to know why I hadn't begun with the "*Wacht am Rhein*." I told him Band shouldn't play again, and sent him back pacified. Second part of *coup* was, signalling (*à la Nelson*) to the other ships—"Europe expects every man to do his duty." French Admiral signalled back—"What is my duty? May I telegraph to Paris to inquire?" Russian and German Admirals have sent to ask what I meant, as they use—it seems—a different code of signals. Austrian Admiral took it for order to—"Weigh anchor, and sail port," while Italian Admiral thought it was—"Ditto, ditto, and sail starboard." Result—Bad collision between Austrian and Italian Ironclads.

Austrian and Italian Admirals have just come on board. Both accuse each other of causing collision intentionally. I make long speech of very soothing character. At end, find they neither of them understand English. *Happy Thought.*—Demonstrate. I do so. Admirals much pleased. They've retired.

Sept. 23rd. On the way to Dulcigno.—Another dispute between French and German Admirals. Both come on board, using what I take to be German and French bad language. Demonstrate again. Very violent exercise this demonstrating. Result satisfactory.

Happy Thought.—Have settled French and German dispute by

"OH, WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!"

MR. MARCUS FALL has written two interesting and amusing volumes, called *London Town* (TINSLEY). We do not say to Mr. FALL what everyone knows was said to Dr. FELL, but on the contrary:

We do much like you, MARCUS FALL, The reason we can't tell at all; But this a certainty we call, That we do like you, MARCUS FALL!

By the way, what a run there is just now on the name MARCUS—MARCUS STONE, MARCUS WARD, MARCUS FALL, &c. It's very attractive, and frequent repetition seems to suggest that it might be improved to Re-Mark-us.

"Who Will to Cupar," &c.

But no one will after reading this item from the *St. Andrews Citizen*:

"CUPAR.—While the crops were being cut down last week at Horselaw, the reapers included the worthy tenants, Mr. and Mrs. GAY, both of whom are now upwards of eighty years of age."

Eighty years! A green old age truly, and "all flesh is grass," but these are scarcely sufficient reasons for the reapers when cutting down the crops to include this excellent couple. Poor dears! This calls for inquiry at Cupar.

SUGGESTION TO SIR W. V. HARCOURT.—Site for a House of Detention for Juvenile Offenders—Try Birchington.

PLACE TO FINISH OFF A GOUTY PERSON.—Port-land.

ordering French band to play "*Wacht am Rhein*," and German band to play "*Marseillaise*" till told to stop.

Sept. 25th. Off Dulcigno.—At last! Wretched little place: not half as big as Herne Bay. Had greatest difficulty in getting my happy family so far. Got 'em here now, however. Demonstrate from the quarter-deck. Three Albanians on shore, apparently much interested. I have demanded surrender, in name of United Europe. They reply in Albanian, so can't make out exactly what they say, but it sounds something like "United Europe be blowed!" Riza PASHA encamped on one side of town, five thousand Montenegrins on other side; we in the harbour. Why doesn't Riza PASHA storm the place? Says he has orders not to use force. So have we! Why don't Montenegrins storm place? Call them "the most heroic race in Europe"! Pooh! The three Albanians have disappeared. Demonstrate once, and to bed.

Next Day.—Have again demanded surrender. French Admiral just come on board. Feels nervous. Is he sea-sick? He says "No; but should like to telegraph to Paris." I ask, "What on earth about?" He replies, that "he was ordered to steam away directly offensive operations began, and he isn't sure whether Albanians won't consider the demand to surrender offensive." Demonstrate to him that he's all wrong. He admits it, and calls for the Steward.

Have just sent deputation to Montenegrins to ask when they are going to begin. Curiously enough, they have also sent a deputation asking when we are going to begin. I tell them they are the most heroic race in Europe, and it's obviously their business more than ours.

Still later.—Albanians have begun to fire at us! One shot certainly was fired! What can they mean? Are they demonstrating? Ask 'em by signal. No answer. Idiots.

Mystery explained. Russian Admiral and crew have been engaged in making faces at the Albanians over the sides of their ships. This has irritated Albanians. Query.—Do Russians want another

Navarino? How can I stop them making faces? What fools the Albanians are to mind Russians making faces at them!

On shot being fired, French vessels have steamed away! Russian Admiral come on board. Says, "Must retaliate," &c. Wish GLADSTONE had come here in *Grantully*. Sept. 26.—Ultimatum. Everybody demonstrating. No more notes at present. "All write-up to now." Belay! Avast! &c., &c.

WEARY WOMANKIND!

THREE weary young women of London town
Sent up their thoughts when they went to rest:
A Slattern was one, in her greasy old gown,
And a Mother another, whose kindly breast
Had soothed the screams of a fractious child.
That had beat at her heart and her brains all day,
And the third was a Seamstress, lean and mild
Though weary—these women had something to say.

The Slattern she owned she was weary of JACK,
Good fellow, no doubt! but whose curious ways
Were impressed on his wife by some weals on her back
And by terrible bruises—well, under her stays;
And she thought on this night would she ever get rid
Of a man who when drunk didn't care how *she* fed.
She'd been true to the fellow, and did as he bid,
So the heart-broken Slattern crept into her bed.

The Mother was weary, for half of that day
She'd been bearing her burden from door unto door;
No woman may rest on Her Majesty's way,
But now her poor babe was asleep on the floor,
So she thought, this sad mother, "Will weariness end
By starving, or prison, or how will it be?
I haven't a penny," she sighed, "or a friend!"
Still she slept, and determined the morrow to see.

The poor little Sewing-Girl, weary of course
With the whirl of the wheel, the machinery's click,
She'd the strength of a mouse and the work of a horse,
And the child was so quiet she hadn't a kick!
So she said, "It don't matter, for many, worse off,
Cannot cling to the wheel for support, and must die."
But before she could sleep she remembered the scoff
Of girls whose smart feathers attracted her eye.

Now, would you believe it? When all were asleep
And the woes of all womenkind seemed at an end,
That a cry just as bitter and sighs quite as deep
Went up to humanity, seeking a friend
For the prettiest girl that the mind could depict,
With the neatest of dresses and softest of hair,
Her waist it was slender, her conduct was strict,
But beneath her blue eyes was the black of despair.

"I am weary!" she said; "on my honour it's true,
Though I've spent all the day amidst ribbons and lace.
My sisters! your fashions are pleasant to you—
They are torture to us! 'Tis a sin, a disgrace
That you sit at the counter all day and you fuss.
Our task is to stand, your delight is to shop.
It's the joy of your lives, but it's death unto us—
You are hardest to please when we're ready to drop.

"It wasn't our fault that our fathers have failed
At home, at the farm, or the forge, or the mill,
But you've got us all fast, at the counter we're nailed,
Like the dubious coin that was saved from the till.
We are modest! Who dares to deny it? We try
To be women as good as you see we are neat;
But we stand all the day, and are ready to die,
Till we drag to our rest with our weary young feet.

"Tis easy to scoff, but more tedious far
To smile and look merry from eight unto ten,
And the school of the shop and the counter and bar
Doesn't teach us good lessons of women or men!"
So the Slattern, the Mother, the Sewing-Girl slight,
Dropped off into dreams about toil and the town;
But the weariest woman who slept that night
Was the fair-haired girl with the neat black gown!

THE REAL SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER.—Hunger.



"SMALL BY DEGREES"—

"MAYN'T I HAVE SOME MORE SUGAR IN MY TEA, AUNT GEORGY?"
"WHY, YOU 'VE HAD THREE!"
"YES; BUT THEY MELT AWAY SO!"

THE MEMORIAL OBSTRUCTION.

LAST week the attention of those mighty Archons, the Common Councilmen, was drawn to the New Temple Bar Memorial, which Mr. STEVENSON rightly denounced as "a mighty obstruction." Whereupon, Mr. BEDFORD, the people's real friend in Epping Forest, but not at Temple Bar, spoke up for the Obstruction, and finished by saying—

"The Memorial would do credit to the Corporation as a work of Art, and it would also mark their ancient boundary. The Press had taken up this matter, as they sometimes did, without understanding what they were writing about, whereas if they would only have taken the trouble to measure the roadway, they would have discovered that with the Memorial it was as wide again as it was before."

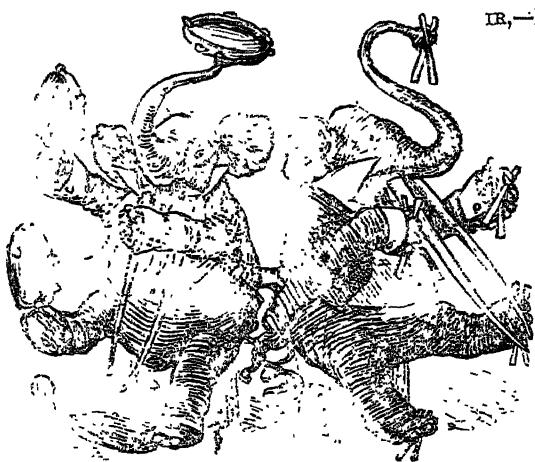
Oh, "they do not know everything down in Judee," don't they? The City objects to the Press, the Press objects to the squash,—as squash there's safe to be. If the only object of the Memorial be to "mark their ancient boundary," why not let a Memorial Tablet into the wall by CHILDS' Bank, or a splendid Brass representing the LORD MAYOR and Corporation. The metal is cheap enough, and plenty of it, in the City.

Votes in Vienna.

A VIENNESE beauty, a forward young Miss,
T'other day, it appears, won a vote by a kiss:
But the law 'gainst corruption is terribly strong,
And 'tis said she'll be made to repent it ere long.
What becomes of the kiss? Since the voter dared earn it,
In justice one hopes he'll be made to return it.

RECEIPT.—How to Convert a Conservative into a Liberal.—Try the Reform-a-Tory system.

BASS BOTTLED BY G. A. S.



MONSTER CONCERT.

and so forth, why should not the parish authorities (under an amended Act of Parliament, of course) be empowered to affix, in a conspicuous position at the corners of each street, enamelled iron tablets, bearing the inscription, in Italian, German, and English, 'No Street Music Allowed Here,' and specifying beneath, the amount of fine or imprisonment, or both, to which a street-musician, playing in that street, would be liable if he persisted in playing after a first warning."

Now, Sir, I may tell you that I live in a quiet street, consisting of four houses; some people call it a square, or a court, or even a blind alley. But we are all highly respectable inhabitants. Being a quiet street, the average amount of noise we endure from morning till night would supply a Monster Concert for a month.

Quiet is indispensable to me, being engaged in literary pursuits, so I polled our street as directed by "G. A. S.," and here is the result.

No. 1.

Singcon Snood (myself). Don't want street music.

Mrs. Singcon Snood (my Wife). Let the poor things earn a living. I am sure they don't interfere with your rubbishing Greek.

Wellington Rhode Singcon Snood (my Son). Anything is better than ACACIA's eternal "Sweethearts' Waltz."

Acacia Rhode Singcon Snood (my Daughter). A million German bands are better than a brother learning the flute.

Jemima (my Cook). It do cheer the depressed heart up do a bit of music.

Anna (my Housemaid). They plays just like a Circus, and Circuses is 'eaven.

No. 2.

Miss Flapper (Spinster). They should be put down, as they make my pug howl.

Harriet (her Housemaid). Their melodies is frivolous and not improving. Away with them!

Jane (her Cook). To think of a policeman admiring one of those Italian-Irish organ-grinding huzzies, instead of taking them all to prison!

No. 3.

Mr. Baldhead (Widower). Put them down, by all means, and give everybody who encourages them six months on the treadmill.

John Baldhead (his Son). If Mrs. WEATHERBY will wring her internal parrot's neck, he will vote against them.

Servants. Have no opinions, and are not likely to have, in BALDHEAD'S house.

No. 4.

Mrs. Weatherby (Widow). Unless JOHN BALDHEAD will leave off coming home at three in the morning, singing music-hall songs, and shouting like a maniac, she will vote for them.

Servants. I should like to know what the value of my Servants' opinions is on the subject.

Now, my dear Sir, will you kindly notice in what position, owing to "G. A. S."'s brilliant suggestion, we stand:—For Organs, 5; against Organs, 5; neutral, 2; neither for, against, nor neutral, 4.

A street once tolerably happy, is now pandemonium. When an organ or a band arrives, my household is delighted, and asks me about the poll. Mr. BALDHEAD sends me an indignant message, Miss FLAPPEE asks whether I have treated her with the courtesy due to her station in life. Mrs. WEATHERBY and JOHN BALDHEAD now cut each other dead, and me too. The servants on either side tell frantic fictions of each other's masters and mistresses to the tradespeople. The once happy family is a bear-garden.

I bear no malice to "G. A. S." Let him come and live here.

CORSICAN BROTHERS & CO. (LIMITED).

At the Lyceum.

WHEN it was first intimated to the theatre-going Public that MR. IRVING, in an ecstasy of inspiration, had exclaimed, "Happy Thought! Revive the *Corsican Brothers!*" everybody young enough to remember its first success at the Princess's under CHARLES KEAN, said to everybody else, "Capital notion! Just the thing for IRVING! Safe to be a big success!"

If the question had been asked, "Why is it safe to be a big success?" the answer would have been, "Oh, mysterious—weird—ghost-like, you know—IRVING all over."

Exactly: that's all it amounted to. Pale face, attenuated frame, and thin legs settled the question. He must be a Corsican Brother's ghost; and so he became a Corsican Brother's ghost, and has produced the piece with "New Scenery, Dresses, and Appointments," and, we are bound to add, "dis-appointments." Not, however, as far as Mr. IRVING individually is concerned. The little he has to do he does thoroughly well. His *Fabien—Farbyang* as they call it at the Lyceum, the healthy Corsican Twin, is artistically contrasted with *Louis*, who, in the Second Act, appears to have come to the *Bal Masqué* at the Grand Opéra made up as *Alfred Jingle*, or "Dismal Jemmy." If he had only got a *GIRARD* to "double" him and dance in this scene, that would have drawn all London!



In spite of its having been cogitated over for so long a time, there is an utter lack of novelty in the stage-business. When *Farbyang* is about to inflict a long story on his acquaintance, *M. Alfred Meynard*—who looks like *Nicholas Nickleby* on a tour—he says, "From my brother's friend I have no secret; you shall know all," and then he tells him his brother's secret—a most unwarantable breach of confidence, by the way—commencing, "Three hundred years ago"—whereupon they both seat themselves, and *M. Meynard* does his best politely to show that "the story interests him much." Then there was the old ghost-music, and there was the inevitable sliding-trap, which created such a sensation till we knew how it was done; and there was the "Double," looking uncommonly like a cheap tailor's dummy, but being in reality, Mr. ARTHUR MATHISON, who having been saved from the wreck in *The World*, at Drury Lane, is now able to appear as somebody else's ghost at the Lyceum. But this talented gentleman, Actor, Singer, and Composer, having been selected for the part, why did Mr. LEVING lose such a splendid chance for a new line in the bill as—

Ghost of Louis (with a Song) . . . Mr. ARTHUR MATHISON.

He could have put words to the fine old Ghost melody, and have sung it himself. "And is Old Double dead?" No, he isn't, but all alive, oh, at the Lyceum!



Then again, instead of the Ghost coming from below, he should have been let down as a surprise from above. Since the sliding-trap was invented we have had the sliding-roof, and the ghost could have come down flop on *Farbyang*, and startled him in real earnest. Here, again, a *GIRARD* would have been useful, suddenly swooping down from "the flies," by some such mechanical arrangement as set *Mlle. ENREA* flying noiselessly about at the Gaity. Everyone expected something new in ghosts; and everyone was disappointed. Alas!

When that old ghost was new,
Life wore a roseate hue,

And we were boys together. The truth is, *The Corsican Brothers* is a bad piece, depending on certain effects, which should be novel and startling or they are nothing. The dialogue is flat, and there is no relief to the gloom, except the episode of the hen, which is tedious from being lugged in to spin out the Act with a little local colouring.

KEAN as the Twins, WIGAN or WALTER LACY as *Château-Renaud*, JULIA MURRAY as the dignified lay-figure *Emily*, and fascinating CARLOTTA LECLERCQ as the chief of the ladies at the supper-party, carried the piece triumphantly, when "that old ghost

was "new,"—and, perhaps, such a cast might do so once more. But now the supper-scene is as dull as such things mostly are in real life—and so far is to be praised as holding the mirror up to nature.

Mr. TERISS as Château-Renard, is as weak as he was as Captain Hucksley. He hasn't done much since the wicked young Squire in *Olivia*.

The *Bal Masqué* Scene is very good, bar the immovable figures in the upper boxes, who look as if Madame Tussaud had taken her wax-works out for a night's treat to the Grand Opéra, and left them there. The brilliancy

of the Scene is marred by the stupidity of the dances, the mechanical movements, the laughter "to order," and the dulness of the music. Everyone, however, knew the fight was coming, and that that was to be the event of the evening.

It came, and was the event of the evening. Then, after the duel, *Farbyang* overcome with grief, leaning on *Meynard*, disappears behind a tree (old business), and immediately afterwards Mr. MATHISON. The Double, without a song, deeply affected ("Double, double, toil and trouble"—it is hard work), and leaning still more heavily on poor *Meynard*, appears, while Mr. IRVING makes a dive below and a rush for the sliding-trap; Mr. MATHISON is not quite Mr. IRVING's "Double"; he is only his "Half-as-much-again."

By the way, Mr. BOUCICAULT makes *Farbyang* say, "The dead travel fast"—which is about the one good line in the piece—(only, where did it come from?)—but this is not borne out by facts, as *Louis's* ghost slides along as slowly and gravely as *Mr. Pickwick* when he assisted in keeping "the pot a-bilin'," and represents rather the pace of a Parliamentary train than an express.

We suppose the *Corsican Brothers & Co.* will be a success, though not the success expected. The costumes being all of the *Nicholas Nickleby* period, when *Sir Mulberry Hawk* and *Lord Verisoph* were men about town, might suggest the notion to Mr. TOOLE—(why didn't he play *Château-Renard*?)—of producing *The Cheeryble Brothers* at the Folly. Well—may Mr. IRVING's shadow never grow less; and may he, at all events, be thoroughly satisfied with the ultimate result of the *Corsican Brothers & Co. (Limited)*.

Theatrical Mem.—Mr. CHARLES WARNER has given up *Drink*, and taken to the Wells. This is natural enough, and we hope he'll be re-Coupeau'd for his change. The Sadler's Wells people are great patrons of "The Bard." Their motto is that "Bard's the Best." So Mrs. BATEMAN is quite right to give it them strong. But is Mr. WARNER as *Othello*, with such an *Iago* as Mr. VEZIN, quite strong enough as yet? Mr. WARNER probably recollects the legend of the Super, who on being given a line to speak, slapped his forehead and exclaimed, "more study!" In going in for SHAKSPEARE, Mr. CHARLES WARNER may adopt as his motto and his rule these two words, "More Study!"

Apropos "de Boots." our CLARKE of the Weather has consulted the Barometer, re-opened the Haymarket, and re-appeared as his old friend the Major with his usual success.

WHY is the discovery of the North Pole like an illicit Whiskey manufactory?—Because it's a secret still.



COLLEGIATE FARMING.
SCENE—*The Parlour of the "Blue Boar."* Pipes and Ale. Behind the former, with the latter between them, seated at a table, Farmers MEADOWSWEET and MAYFLOWER.



MEADOWSWEET (to MAYFLOWER, reading a daily paper). What's the news, naibur?

Mayflower. Nutun much to speake of. Nare a word about pigs. Party goodish accounts o' the harvust all over the countree. Hillo! though. Here be zummut new anyways.—(Reads)—"Wilts and Hants Agricultural College."

Meadowsweet. Collidge? Collide?

Mayflower. Ees. Collidge. Aggericulcherul Collide.

Meadowsweet. Aggericulcherul Collide! Collide what fur?

Mayflower. 'Spose to taitch Collide boys the nollidge o' farmerus. O' coarse we knows aggericulcherul manes farmun.

Meadowsweet. Aggericulcherul Collide. Well, that there's a rum start. What about un? Goo on, woo't.

Mayflower (reads)—

"During the session the students have been drilled in all the details of the management of live stock and crops on the College farm, and courses of lectures—many of them delivered in the field—have been given by Professors WRIGHTSON, CHURCH, FREEMAN, SHELDON, and CURTIS."

Meadowsweet. Lecturs! Aaa! Now I twigs. Farmun taught I s'pose, from behind a teeable, over a radun dex, the Collide farm the vloor o' the lectur room, and the aggericulcherul scollards drilled in all the daytails o' the manidgement o' crops wi' make-believe imitaashuns, and, as fur the live stock, by manes o' ooden moddles. 'Ooden' ossees and cattle, pigs and ship.

Mayflower. 'Ooden ship; ees. Practisun upon 'oden ship in the lambun saznn! Ha, ha, ha!

Meadowsweet. Ho, ho!

Mayflower. Ah, but to be sure it sez they didn't begin till May, when the lambun work was all over.

Meadowsweet. That 'oodn't matter upon a Collide farm inzide the Collide, and the lambun work acted out on the vloor.

Mayflower. The 'count winds up by sayun that the stootents be dismissed fur vacaashun till the sixth o' October, when, at the commencement o' the autumnal session, the annual valleyaashun o' the farm ool be prosaded wi'.

Meadowsweet. In fancy cipherun. Well, this here is the rummest goo I've a hear'd on fur many a day.

Mayflower. Well, here's success to farmun, and much good med the Hants and Wilts Aggericulcherul Collide doo the British Farmer!

[Drinks.]

Meadowsweet. Speed the Plough!

[Drinks.]

Mayflower. Steam-plough now o'-days, naibur.

Meadowsweet. Machinery, machinery! Where be ut all to end?

Mayflower. I fancies at times things must be draaun on to the end o' the wordle.

Meadowsweet. Well, there, howsomever, let's try and make the best on't we can in the manehile. Missus, outzide there, plaze, a drap moor beer.

(Enter Missus with beer, and Scene closes.)

An Asinine Error.

AMONG intelligence from Paris a telegram the other day announced that,— "VICTOR HUGO will, on the Fifteenth of October, publish a poem entitled *L'Ane*."

This production might have been expected to be a work of genius dealing with political, moral, and social problems, from what, to the stolid, common understanding, would probably appear an asinine point of view. Wags might have suggested that the groundwork of the story under which the purpose and meaning of *L'Ane* had been veiled by its distinguished author was taken from the once popular and still sufficiently celebrated English idyl, "If I had a Donkey wot wouldn't go." But *Ane* turns out to have been a misprint in the Rappel for *Ame*, which makes a material—not to say immaterial—difference.



“SUMMING UP.”

Captain. “WHAT’S THE CHARGE, SERGEANT?”

Sergeant. “THIS TIME IT’S DRUNKENNESS, SIR. BUT THIS MAN IS THE MOST TROUBLESOME FELLOW IN THE REGIMENT, SIR. HE GOES OUT WHEN HE LIKES, AND COMES IN WHEN HE LIKES, AND GETS DRUNK WHEN HE LIKES—IN FACT, HE MIGHT BE A HORFICER!!”

THE DUKE OF MUDFORD AND BUMBLEDOM.

THERE is a bond of sympathy between Dukes and Beadles which is not altogether for the public interest. The Duke of MUDFORD is not only allowed to fatten upon Mud-Salad Market, but he is allowed this privilege on cheaper terms than his neighbours. He is rated with the lightest possible parochial touch. He is allowed the free use of dozens of so-called “thoroughfares,” and for his Market proper he is put down at the far too moderate assessment of £10,000 a year, with an additional £1200 a-year for the new Flower Market. His theatres are favoured by the local authorities to an almost equal extent. The huge area of Drury Lane Theatre is only rated at a few more annual pounds than the Gaiety Theatre, which is less than half its size, and Covent Garden Theatre, with its vast annexe, called the Floral Hall, is equally a pet of the parish. These two colossal properties are put upon nearly an exact equality with the little Vaudeville, the smaller Olympic, and the smallest Strand. The humour—the practical fun—of Bumbledom does not end here. The Lyceum is rated at nearly £500 a-year less than the Gaiety, though it is practically half as large again, and the Globe and the Opéra Comique are let off, for some mysterious reason, for little more than half the rates levied on the Olympic and the Vaudeville, though their holding capacity is just double. The Adelphi is scarcely fairly treated by being assessed at nearly three times the amount levied on the Opéra Comique or the Globe, as it can hardly claim to be more than a fourth larger than these houses.

There is a grim pleasure in drawing the attention of Theatrical Managers to these beauties of parochial taxation. The new assessments have just been made, and the old assessments were more unequal still. There is no appeal, and nothing can be altered for the next five years. Such is the elasticity of Local Self-Government.

MUSIC AND DANCING.—The European Concert seems likely to end with a Breakdown.

A HOME SWEET HOME SECRETARY.

SIR W. V. HARCOURT will earn his title to be considered a genuine “English Home” Secretary, if he only succeeds in dealing summarily with juvenile offenders, whose conduct ultimately wrecks the happiness of so many homes. The thoughtless lad, who should be whipped soundly, is now made a gaol-bird. The first committals, writes Sir WILLIAM V. HARCOURT in the *Times*—

—“are for comparatively trivial offences. Children of ages between nine and thirteen go to prison for throwing stones, breaking windows, playing at pitch-and-toss, obstructing thoroughfares, bathing in canals, threatening people, common assaults, trampling down grass, &c., though, of course, many of the committals are for more serious offences, which yet in children of such tender years are of a very different dye from similar crimes when committed by persons of riper age.”

And soon afterwards he hints at a simple remedy:—

“It seems clear that the existing restrictions on committals to industrial schools, and on the employment of a moderate personal chastisement for small offences as a substitute for imprisonment require to be reconsidered.”

“Moderate personal chastisement!”—that is what it must come to. And Mr. Punch’s commentary on it is his present Cartoon.

“Vulgar Venice.”

IN Venice the echoes of Tasso no more,
As Lord BYRON remarked, can be heard by the shore.
And now, from the latest reports, it appears
We shall soon see the last of the gay Gondoliers;
For steamboats will ply by each palace and fane,
And RUSKIN will greet them with savage disdain;
At FLORIAN’s still we shall lounge, but, ah me!
We shall scarce know the City that sits on the Sea.

GOOD NEWS.—The man who was under a cloud has got over it.



DR. BIRCH AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

SIR W. V. HARcourt (*preparing the right remedy*). "AHA! MY LADS! YOU'LL CATCH IT PRESENTLY!"

THE BEADLE!

OR,

THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

BY

ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BISHOP'S CHARGE.



"Perhaps," commenced Mr. MATTIX, "if I might——"

"You mightn't," retorted the infuriated dame. "Now, Bishop, are you going to turn this person out, or not?" inquired the indignant dame.

There was a dead pause in the room. How long it had been there it was impossible to say, for it was only at this minute that the three became aware of it. And the Bishop sniffed uncomfortably, as though there were something wrong with the drainage. He sat on his chair twiddling his thumbs, and wishing that the two would fight it out there and then, like two evil Genii, and leave him to benefit by the result.

"Do you know, Bishop, how this person," and she pointed with infinite contempt and aversion to Mr. MATTIX, "has been going on with the female who calls herself the Marchesa di ZAZZEGLIA?"

"The Bishop is in full possession of the facts, Mrs. DOWDIE," said Mr. MATTIX.

"Is this true?" asked the Bishop's wife, facing her husband.

"Mrs. DOWDIE," interrupted Mr. MATTIX, humbly. "His Lordship, like the Admiral in the ballad of WILLIAM TAYLOR, 'has very much applauded what I've done,' and with his sanction and his smile on my work I am happy."

What dreadful words were these that greeted the ear of Mrs. DOWDIE! Rebellion, flat rebellion, or rather upstanding rampant rebellion stirring up the Bishop on his throne, and rearing her hideous head in the Cathedral City of Small-Beerjester! If Rebellion were allowed to rear her hideous head in the city, she would soon rear the hideous heads of a hundred communistic offspring, as plenty as asparagus, springing up from the ground in the night, like fungi, within the very walls of the Palace itself!

"Mr. MATTIX," said the Lady, with slow and dignified voice, measuring out her words as if they were verses at so much a foot, "I beg you will take your notice to quit from me. You are too much a caricature of a man yourself for me to ask you to take yourself off. But I order you to go."

The Chaplain felt that everything depended on the Bishop's firmness. If the Bishop could cut himself adrift from his apron-string moorings, hoist the flag of freedom, and set sail on his own See before his mate could launch out, the wind would bear them away, and the victory would be gained at a single blow.

"Leave the room!" said Mrs. DOWDIE, imperiously.

"If I go I shall certainly not take the room with me," returned the Chaplain, eyeing his patron uneasily.

"My Lord," exclaimed the exasperated Lady, "is Mr. MATTIX to quit, or am I?"

In making it a question of quits, Mrs. DOWDIE was wrong. A drawn battle was as much out of the question as a painted one on canvass. It was real, deadly war. She was boiling over with wrath. Up to this moment the husband

of her choice had answered very well; now he wouldn't answer at all. All compromise was impossible. It would not do for Dr. DOWDIE to discharge the Canon at the enemy's request; that was to waste powder and shot. He had one strategic movement at command, which he had never yet employed against his better half. Quick as thought he opened a drawer and took thence a voluminous and clearly printed pamphlet, which he folded up like a Field-Marshal's bâton, and waving it wildly above his head he dashed forward at his luckless spouse. Horrified at the sight, Mrs. DOWDIE turned ashen pale, and placing her hands to her ears, fled precipitately through the open door which the Canon immediately locked behind her. Having done this, he turned to examine the weapon the Bishop had used with such marvellous effect. One glance at the title-page sufficed—it was His Lordship's Charge.

"Up, Guards, and at 'em!" exclaimed the Bishop, throwing himself back in his chair. "It was Waterloo over again!"

"Charge, CHESTER, charge!" cried the Chaplain, exultingly.

"And I did—rather," said the Bishop; "it broke the enemy thoroughly."

"A splendid charge!" cried the Chaplain; and then they sang together, "*Suoni la Tromba*" from *I Puritani*.

The battle was won. Now all they had to do was to make the best use of their victory before the enemy repulsed, routed, beaten at every point, and utterly demoralised, could steal a march upon them. Capua and Cannae are close together; and a victory may be the prelude to a total defeat. Mrs. DOWDIE has not been portrayed in these pages as an agreeable or an amiable Lady; and no page in her family history that I've seen in the Palace would give her a better character than I have done. She retired to her boudoir, and looked out of her window at her laurels, which had suffered considerably in the recent storm. Should she summon allies to her aid? If so, whom? Who was there in Small-Beerjester but would rejoice at her fall? She had offended the Archbeacon and Mrs. OVERWAYTE by bringing forward Mr. MATTIX as a Candidate for Mr. SIMON SIMPLER's Mastership of Deedler's. But Mr. SIMPLER still held it. Then she had intended her husband's Chaplain for the Precentorship; but Mr. ARABLE was now comfortably installed in that position. MORLEENA hated her, because she thought that Mr. MATTIX had been incited by Mrs. DOWDIE to pay her his odious addresses. Doubtless Mr. ARABLE held the same views. And how was she to call on her former enemies for help to expel her husband's Chaplain from her own Palace?

Had I the pen of an Epic Poet, I might possibly do some justice to the struggle now raging in Mrs. DOWDIE's breast; but I have not, and so will content myself, and I trust my readers also, by simply informing them that at this minute, as Dido DOWDIE sits disconsolate at her Palace-gate, "a darning a hole in her stocking, O!" there appear on the war-path no less a personage than the Archbeacon of Small-Beerjester accompanied by Mrs. OVERWAYTE, and the Master of Deedler's.

Editor to Author.—Sir,—In your own interests, ours, and those of our readers, we must draw your attention to the fact that the doings of Mr. Mattix and the Marchess, the Bishop, and the Bishop's wife in your latest Chapters, so closely resemble those of Mr. Slope and Madame Nerone in *Barchester Towers* as to make us doubt their absolute originality. We request an explanation.

Author to Editor.—My name's DOLLOP, not TROLLOPE, for whom I have the greatest possible respect. If his Mr. Slope and Madame Thrummumy and his Dowdies resemble my thoroughly original characters—so much the better for them. Similar subjects similar treatment. But when you impugn my honesty, I say what the Raven said—"Never more!" So let the Novel Publishing Co. settle up, and I've done.

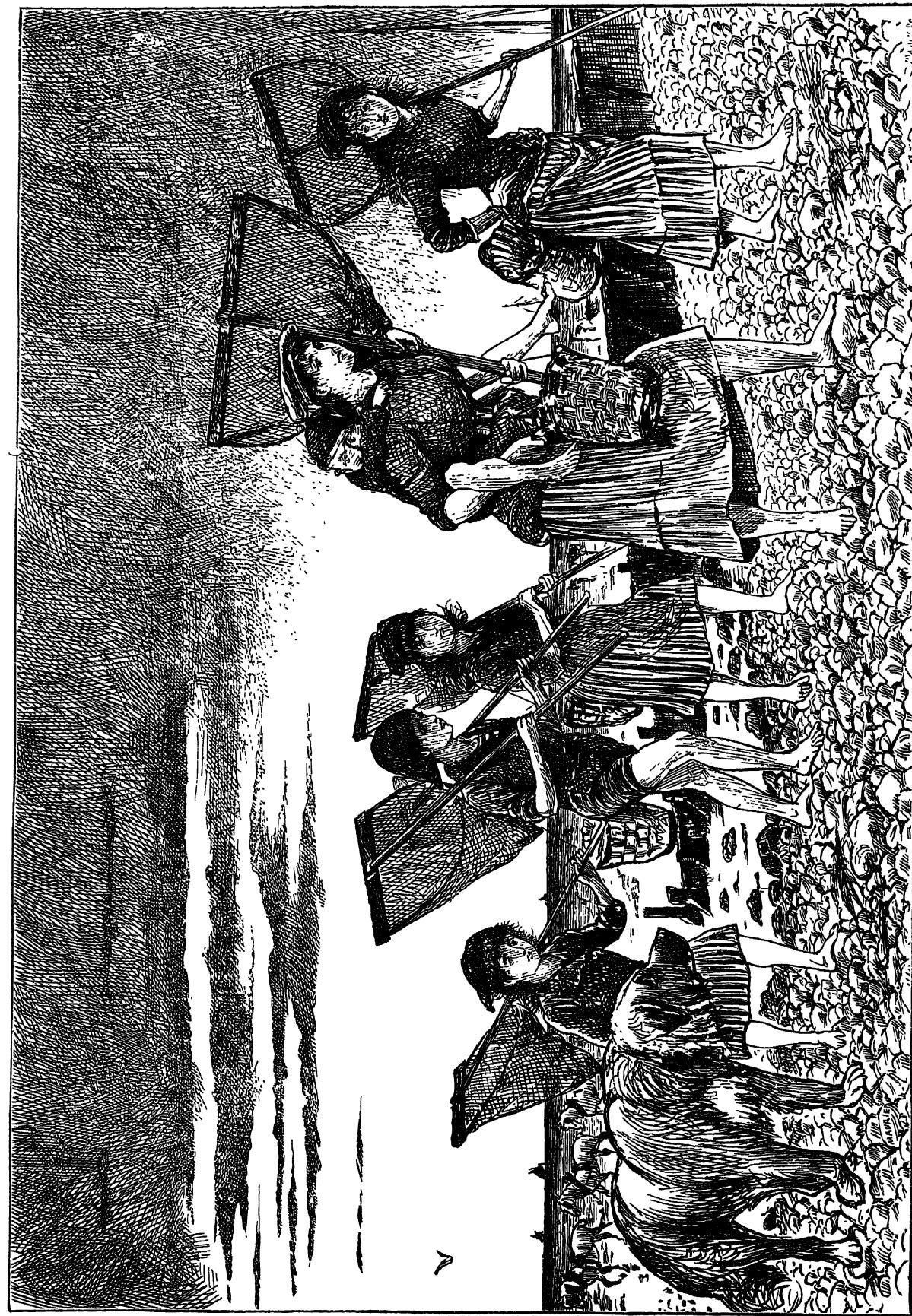
Editor to Author.—Didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Cheque with last Chapter.

Author to Editor.—In that case, last Chapter at once.—A. D.

NAUTICAL NOVELS.

A NEW Sea-Waverley Series, being Romances of Amphibious Life, by the Author of *White Wings*.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 2, 1880.



FAREWELL TO FAIR NORMANDY.

ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM THEIR LAST SHRIMPING EXPEDITION, THE BROWNS SADLY REFLECT THAT TO-MORROW THEY RETURN TO BLOOMSBURY AND—LESSONS !



CONSIDERATE.

Stout Equestrienne (regarding toll-ticket). "DEAR ME, MY GOOD MAN, THIS MUST SURELY BE A MISTAKE. "HORSE AND LOAD, THREEPENCE!""

Tollman. "NOA, NOA, MEM—I'VE STROOK OOT TH' PENNY. I HEVN'T CHARGED FOR THE LOAD."

THE WHEELS OF DEATH.

Ho! Shareholders, assemble and hear with bated breath
The mournful lay I sing to-day, ground from the Wheels of Death.
From city and from hamlet still the sad story comes
Of orphan child and widowed wife,
Of shattered sense and lifeless life,
And swiftly stricken homes.

Hark! at it smashing and crashing and mashing,
Blending them all in one huge gory pile,
First class and worst class, call all a curst class,
Bought by the Vampire of so much a mile.

See, there go eager workers, with eyes made dim by toil,
Beguiled away for one brief day
To see the sunlit waters play,
Or watch the billows boil,

Beguiled by gaudy placard and bill with colour bright,
Come soon, come late, they'll meet the fate
That claims them ere the night.

Hark! at it smashing and crashing and mashing,
Blending them all in one huge gory pile,
Not sent by coercion, but lured by "Excursion"
Bought by the Vampire of so much a mile.

And there parts wife from husband, and there goes friend from
friend;

They little know the road they go,
The fierce and unrelentless foe,
That drags them to their end;
They little know that fate wills so,
They may not meet again.

Hark at it smashing, and crashing, and mashing,
Blending them all in one huge gory pile;
Maidens and mothers, fathers and brothers,
Bought by the Vampire of so much a mile.

Ho! shareholders, directors, who rule the iron way,
Whence dead men cry and vainly try,
To stem the death-wheels drawing nigh,
Can endless slaughter pay?
If so, raise high and higher the holocaust of crime,
Let rich and poor, and old and young,
Into the Vampire's jaws be flung,
For money, money, must be won,
Till the Red Race for aye is run,
And spent and finished Time!

Hark at it, smashing and crashing, and mashing,
Blending them all into one gory pile!
First-class and worst class, call all a curst class,
Doomed for the Vampire of so much a mile!

CHINA AND ENGLAND.

"The foot is so squeezed upward that in walking only the ball of the great toe touches the ground. . . During the first year the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing, and for about two years the foot aches continually, and is the seat of a pain which is like the pricking of sharp needles. With continued rigorous binding, the foot in two years becomes dead, and ceases to ache. . . When once formed, the 'golden lily,' as the Chinese lady calls her delicate little foot, can never recover its original shape."

The Times, Sept. 22, 1880.

OH, benighted Orientals!

"The waist is so squeezed in, that whether in walking or riding, the action of the victim is alike painful and ludicrous. . . Not only during the first year, but for ever the pain is so intense, that the sufferer can do nothing without undergoing tortures. The figure is spoilt, and the damage done to internal organs is of the gravest character. The lungs are contracted, and the heart is grievously affected. . . When once formed the 'wasp waist,' as the English lady calls her delicate little waist, can never recover its original shape."

Any Medical Book, 1880.

COURTSHIP TO BE AVOIDED.—County Courtship.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Tower.

SEEING that Mr. Secretary CHILDERS had announced that he had visited the Tower with "so much pleasure and instruction that he proposed giving even greater facilities to the Public to inspect the National Collection," I thought (wishing also to be amused and instructed) that I could not do better than follow the Right Honourable Gentleman's example.

I consequently arrived on a Saturday or Monday (at any rate, it was a free day) at half-past ten o'clock, and took my place in an enormous crowd which had been marshalled by strong detachments of the Police and the Military, with the assistance of strong posts and heavy chains, into a tail of about a quarter of a mile long. We moved up to the Entrance-Lodge by detachments of thirty. The two or three hours consumed in this slow march gave ample time for the careful inspection of a huge chimney in the precincts of the Tower, which seemingly was supposed by the less washed of our number to be connected with a furnace used for cremating Beef-Eaters. No doubt the wish was father to the thought, as Her Majesty's Yeomen of the Guard appeared to be on the worst possible terms with certain members of the Public.

On entering, I found that the Authorities, evidently foreseeing the inner man would require nourishment after a three hours' wait, had prepared a Refreshment-stall for me. The edibles consisted of Bath-buns, sweet-stuff, and the cheap edition of Mr. AINSWORTH'S *Tower of London*; the drinkables of several ginger-beer bottles in a washing-tub, and two or three mysterious "wines," one of which, no doubt to honourably distinguish it from the rest, was proudly labelled "Grape." With a view, however, to discourage a wild orgie before the Public had received instruction, and yet with a nice feeling for the interests of trade, a placard over the counter bore the inscription—"Visitors can return for refreshment after visiting the Armouries." I had just made a note of this seductive invitation, when I was carried by the stream out of the Lodge into the open air, after a Warder who was wearing an undress uniform strongly suggestive of a "more-than-usually Pretty Page."

"E's got on a Tam O'Shanter 'at," whispered a Lady at my elbow. Then she added, as she regarded, for the last time, the waiting and expectant multitude, "I see why they 'ave only two free days in a week. The whole lot of 'em would shirk their work and come if they 'ad more."

The Warder gazed sternly at the would-be Protectress of the Commerce of London, and pointed at the moat with his umbrella.

"This," said he, in a quick undertone, "in times o' war is filled with water and mud!" This piece of "information" was received with a respectful "Law!" and we hurried on. The Warder walked rapidly a dozen paces, and brought us up with a jerk. "Portcullis!" he said, sharply, and the visitors gazed about them hungrily, as if they were looking for something good to eat. Immediately we were on again. "Bell Tower," he jerked out—"EN-E-RY THE EIGHTH—Prison!"

At this, some of the least wealthy of the Public for a moment paused, and appeared rather ill at ease. Finding, however, that they were not to be taken into custody, they plucked up courage and followed their guide, who was already out of sight.

"Traitor's Gate," he was saying, as they came up with him. "Entrance to the Tower from the Thames. That's the Thames!"

We were one and all delighted with this, and stared at the river as if we had never seen it in our lives before. The Warder turned sharply round and said, with gusto, "This is the Bloody Tower, where the Royal children was murdered."

The information was received with acclamation. Our guide stopped in the trot he had resumed, for a moment, to exclaim, "See them 'inges—all that remains of the 'riginal gate."

We all fought to examine the "inges;" but he was off again, and before we could get breath to murmur "Jack Robinson," we were across a yard, up some stone steps, past a staircase, and into the Horse Armoury. The Warder paused for a moment, but only for a moment. Then he commenced a sort of disjointed lecture, in a rapid mumble, of which I could only catch a word here and there, although I listened most intently. However, I made out the names of "the Earl of Hessex," "Kat-e-rhyne of Angeroor," "Count Odi the Fiddler," and one or two other equally rare historical personages. I heard one sentence, however, in its entirety. "This Prince," said

he, "died about eighteen, although he was not in battle,"—which seemed to imply that the favourite infantile complaint of the Fifteenth Century (when the croup and "teething" were unknown), was a malignant attack of warfare.

For the rest, the Golden Rule of our guide, in dealing with any perplexing article of historical interest, seemed to be, "When in doubt, say it was found in the Spanish Armada." But it is only just to admit that he was very conscientious on one point. He never passed a suit of mail without pointing at it with his umbrella, and telling us to an ounce the weight of the armour. This being the case, it was only natural that the Public should take in one idea firmly. This idea (I am afraid it was the only one) found expression at the conclusion of the discourse upon the Horse Armoury, in a universal murmur, "Oh lawks! Ain't they 'eavy!"

And now we had pulled up, exhausted, to examine the instruments of torture. Here the Warder became more intelligible, and gave us quite a little Polytechnic lecture upon the working of the thumb-screws, with practical illustrations. But the appearance of another party with another Warder, at the other end of the gallery, started him off again like a frightened hare. We hurried past Queen Elizabeth, sneering at us from a wooden horse, rushed by some assegais, tumbled up a staircase, and were brought to anchor in a long, narrow passage. The Warder, having distanced his rival, smiled triumphantly, and appeared quite communicative.

"That," said he—and we all turned our heads eagerly in the direction indicated by his umbrella—"is a door!"

Immensely pleased at the "instruction," we pursued him once more (now in single file) as he galloped away amongst a perfect forest of small-arms. He paused in this pleasant game of "Follow my Leader" to point at a sort of quaint chandelier made of bayonets.

"An exact reproduction of the Prince o' WALES's wedding-cake," he observed in an awe-stricken under-tone. Reflecting that the Nuptial Confection of Royalty must have been unusually indigestible, we were off again at the double. Our race grew faster and faster. Down here, up there, over a bridge, under a window, by a staircase, through a passage, with a "hi ho, and tantiv!" into the open air! Surely one of the finest runs of the Season! At the end of it, our guide told us to go into the Beauchamp Tower, where we should find another Warder to take his place.

And now we came to the greatest curiosity in the whole collection—the angriest Beef-Eater in the World! As we entered a small room, this person from behind his bars (for he fortunately was railed off from the Public), absolutely trembled with passion. He commanded himself, however, sufficiently well to say, "Guide-Books Sixpence." The suggestion meeting with no response, he cried, fiercely, "Give me your attention for about two minutes!" Then he galloped through a "lecture," of which literally I could only catch the words, "five sons of the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND." I should not have heard even these had he not brought them out "smartly," in a defiant tone. At last he stopped before a window. He was a little softened—he had found a joke! He pointed to an inscription on the wall of "THOMAS" above a rough sketch of a bell.

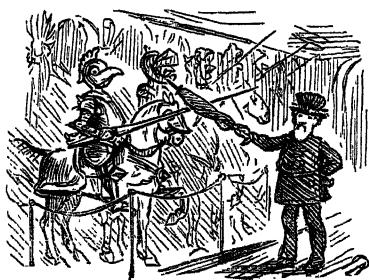
"See," said he, in a milder tone, but still sternly—"THOMAS—a bell! THOMAS ABLE!"

No one laughed. This seemed to lash him into ungovernable fury.

"I shan't tell yer any more!" he shouted. "I haven't time—there's a lot more of yer waiting! I mixes yer up altogether! Be off!"

We were so completely taken by surprise by this sudden dismissal that we immediately tumbled out of the room through a stone staircase, into the open air. Here our retreat was covered by a fresh batch of visitors, who, all unconscious of their impending fate, smilingly hastened to fill the apartment we had just quitted.

But I was quite unnerved. I have but a faint impression of what followed. I believe I saw some jewels. I am almost sure I was invited by a nymph to take some "grape" wine as I staggered away completely unmanned. But of this I am certain. Not all the "information" in the world shall ever make me submit again to a "Committal to the Tower" on a Free Day!





CIPHERING!

Schoolboy (kept in). "LET'S SEE—ONE T'M'S OUGHT 'S OUGHT. TWICE OUGHT 'S OUGHT. THREE T'M'S OUGHT—OH, MUST BE SOMETHING—STICK IT DOWN ONE!"

OLIVETTE; OR, AN ACQUIRED TASTE.

THE present Strand Management has established a reputation for an eccentric musical entertainment, of which the chief features are a few pretty ones on the stage, bright dresses, legs and arms, and excellent scenery.

Those who saw the late *Madame Favart* without Miss St. JOHN and Miss CAMERON, must have wondered at her prolonged vitality. But even with these two Ladies, and other attractions to boot—including high heels—and with the prestige of past successes, the present Company will have to work their hardest to make the Public enthusiastic about *Olivette*. The music, with the exception of a quintette in the last Act, is common-

place throughout; the stage business, for the most part, hackneyed and monotonous; the singing nothing remarkable; the words of the songs more or less unintelligible; and the story confused.

The leading idea of the plot is the same as that of the farce called *The Ringdoves*, where the nephew disguises himself as his uncle in order to marry the lady to whom the latter is engaged. That is really all: "the rest is silence"—we would that it were—or rather the rest is padding, and padding with a considerable amount of stuff. In one respect it can be favourably compared with *Madame Favart*, for the dialogue, at first, is genuinely good—brisk, sharp, and telling. But the fireworks fizzle away with only occasional flashes through the Second Act, and scarcely a spark remains to illumine the Third. M. MARIUS, who we sincerely hope will find an early opportunity for giving up Opéra-bouffe and going in for Comedy—though we admit there are difficulties in his way, as his line on the English



"ONE OF US?"

stage must necessarily be limited—performs a lame part which can only be made to go at all with a boisterous amount of roaring and shouting and excessive play of stick. It is neither true burlesque nor pure comedy, and is but "sound and fury, signifying nothing" to anybody, though of great importance to the Actor. Mr. ASHLEY's shortsighted *Duke* bears a strong family resemblance to his part in *Madame Favart*, only younger; and his sly imitations of Mr. TOOLE's peculiar manner and intonation, like *Mr. Peter Magnus*' signing himself "Afternoon," are calculated to afford his friends in front the highest gratification. More of Mr. ASHLEY himself, and less of Mr. TOOLE—except where the imitation may be construed as intentional flattery of that eminent tragedian—would be, on the whole, judicious—for Mr. ASHLEY.

Mr. COX, in the small part of *Coquelicot*, is quite himself as a thoroughly "all-round Actor,"—at all events, in appearance. He is very funny at first; and this seems to be fatal to him, as he shares the fate of the dialogue, and fizzles away to nothing.

In fact, every one begins too well. It is too bright to last. The ideas are so good, their development so poor. The notion of the *Duke* perpetually conspiring, and always failing, and the notion of his choice of conspirators, form a capital foundation, and yet nothing worth mentioning is built on it.

Perhaps the night we were there was not what is termed at the Covent Garden Concerts a "Humorous Night."

Handsome Miss VIOLET CAMERON went through her part, as if she had just dropped in by accident to sing a couple of not very lively songs, and didn't wish it to be supposed for one moment that she was in any way connected with the plot. The Comic Tenor, Mr. KNIGHT ASTON, would be an acquisition to the Mastodon Minstrels, which *troupe* he could join as the "Elephantine Comique." Miss ST. JOHN, when she did descend to play, played charmingly; but when she didn't, she seemed to be exchanging confidential nods and smiles with the leader of the orchestra, who perhaps needed some encouragement to cheer him at his work; though, by the way, the instrumentation and the orchestral performance must be conceded to the credit side of *Olivette*'s account.

We trust that exceptional success will not make Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN careless.

Awake, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition lounging at "the wings."

The most irritating thing in the whole Opera is the last song "*The Whale and the Torpedo*." After twenty minutes or so of dulness, there was something hopeful in Miss ST. JOHN's announcement that she was going to infuse a little life into the Third Act by singing "*The Whale and the Torpedo*." The title is good and everybody anticipated a real treat, and as the song was encored, we suppose that a majority of the audience must have appreciated it. For ourselves "we could not catch that whale, brave boys,"—in fact, we could not catch a single word from first to last, and this was the more annoying, because everyone on the stage appeared to be so thoroughly entering into the joke, whatever the joke was. There they were winking at one another, putting their fingers to their noses, grinning, grimacing, stamping, dancing, and laughing, and yet for the life of us we could not make out what it was all about. We asked our neighbours in the third row, and they couldn't tell us. It is still a mystery. Perhaps the art was to conceal art, and induce us to go again; but we shan't,—certainly not while the stall accommodation in that third row is so unaccommodating as it is at present. To which subject—not to the stalls—we shall return, as we went, anon.



ADMIRAL SWAYIN' AND COX-SWAIN.



BUM-ANTIC COUPLES.

GOOD FOR A TANNER.

An "Occasional Correspondent" writes to advise us not to travel into Warwickshire without our own food, as there is Nuneaton there.



ANOTHER "SCANDALOUS HOAX."

LAST week a picture appeared in *Punch* entitled "Summing Up." It represented a Sergeant summing up the irregularities of an incorrigible Private by saying, "he might be a horficer." It was drawn at the suggestion of a Correspondent. It now appears that that Correspondent "drew" us, as we have since been informed that this very subject was similarly treated in a "Comic Contemporary" ten years ago.

We admit that we ought to know by heart every joke that has ever been said or written anywhere, and that we ought distinctly to remember every picture that has ever been drawn in every comic periodical that has ever appeared,—in fact we admit that we ought to know Everything. But—we don't.

In this instance, picture and subject were both good, and to the majority new, so—as was the case with the Monks in the *Jackdaw of Rheims*, after the terrible curse—nobody is "a penny the worse," except the misguided person who paid the postage.

It is possible that it may have been a *bond fide* suggestion on the part of the sender, who had recently heard it told as "a fact that had

actually happened." The oldest jokes are generally sent us with this assurance,—very great assurance. However, we forgive him, and those who may recollect it—to use the Parliamentary phrase—"in another place," as far back as the date above mentioned, will scarcely blame us for the reproduction of "a drawing after Ten-years."

** Latest detail and precise verification.—The picture appeared in the *Fun Almanack* for 1867. So it was thirteen years, not ten! The talented individual who took the trouble to work up this hoax, must be a busy man. We should be delighted to hear from him.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.—Prize-Money.



A PALPABLE HIT.

Stout Gentleman (whose play had been conspicuously bad). "I'M SUCH A WRETCHED FEEDER, YOU SEE, MRS. KLIPPER—A WRETCHED FEEDER! ALWAYS WAS!"

Mrs. Klipper (who doesn't understand Lawn Tennis). "INDEED! WELL, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE THOUGHT IT!"

THE GAYMARKET, 1880!

HAD I the power with prejudice to cope,
The breadth of BYRON, or the pen of POPE,
I'd break a lance with Magisterial "rings"
That strain our laws, and muddle licensings.
Men prize of virtue from their judgment seats,
And turn Sin's gutter flush into our streets;
They close Casinos with a blush—'tis true!
But make us curse a Place called—Waterloo!

If Vice must dance or dine, and Scandal sup,
Which is the best? Proclaim? or hush it up?
Can stern Morality her models meet
In Piccadilly or in Windmill Street?
Away with cant! Is Gaymarket less vile
With new Criterion, or old Argyle?
Are cesspools worse for health, do you suppose,
Than garbage rotting underneath your nose?
Wherever flesh is weak and spirit willing,
Which is the best?—sin gratis, or one shilling?
What have you done, you Magisterial Bench,
Raising in perfect innocence a stench,
To cause on England's forehead to be writ,
In broad phylacteries,—Thou Hypocrite!

This you have done—you've closed in summer time
The Garden's purity, the Music's rhyme;
You've crushed, from carelessness, its wit and grace,
And given gutter-worship in its place.
You've raised Law's cannons to bombard the ball,
And left defiled the modern music hall.
On wives' and daughters' cheeks you've raised a blush,
As through the heated streets they drive and crush,
To 'scape contamination as they pass
That Gay old Market where young flesh is grass!

Be wise, you Senators, be wise in time,
Hide from our eyes Society's worse crime;
Pour disinfecting fluid down the sink
At which the public laughs, policemen wink.
Let us be human only, and despise
That Market festering beneath our eyes—
The painted cheeks, hoarse voices, faces fagged,
Of those who, saved from dragging, should be dragged
To silent places where neglect atones
For London's insult on her paving stones!

An American Puzzle.

THIS cutting from the *New York Sun* has been sent us. It is an advertisement, but what on earth does it mean?

S TOUT BOY to work on cake.—Apply, &c.

There must be lots of little New York Sons who would rush to the Office at once. But why "Stout Boy"? Stouter the boy, the less cake? No; it's another Boss's Puzzle; and we give it up—to our readers.

Justin—"Just Out."

HAVE ye never read JUSTIN McCARTHY?
His pen's like a pencil Hogarth.
He's an impartial man
As a Historian—
Now we've praised all that's Just in McCARTHY.

NOW PUBLISHING.

CHOWSER's *Canterbury Tales*.—Evidence at the Election Commission. First Story, *Not Worth a Wrap*, by CLOKE.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



LL us City Waiters has our long Vocation the same as other professional people, and so directly August comes, off I goes to Margate, the Cockney Parydice as sumbody called it, and here I am for a few weeks, hoping to pick up a job or two now and then as usual, and in the society of many of my noble Patrons. I never see Margate so full of Masters and Wardens and Chairmen.

My Life here is very plesent for a time. I breakfasts late and I dines early and makes a good Tea, and then just a

little bit of supper and off to bed. If the weather's fine I takes my bag of shrimps and my *City Press*, and goes to the Jetty, or the Sands, according to suckumstances, and whiles away a nidle our.

I never bathe in the Sea, it don't seem quite consistent with my persition. There's a want of dignity in appearing almost nude in public, that to me is simply intollerabbel!

Perhaps the height of human injymnt would be Manshun Ouse Feeding with a Margate appetite. Here's a Fillysofick sayin'- Them as has plenty to eat has no appytites, and them as has splendid appytites hasn't enough to eat. It reminds me of the remark as was made by the Unfortnit Nubbleman now languishing &c. wich he said about branes.

Feeling yesterday just the least bit in the world tired of setting all day on the sands, eating shrimps and listening to the Niggers, I went for a change on a little egskursion to Westgate. Just the place I thought to spend a appy day. Well I have seen and heard of strange places in my long and waried egsprience, but for reg'lar quiet and sleepness and lazyness, Westgate beats 'em oller. Of course I went and sat on the Beach, and, I hardly expec to be beleived when I say, there warn't a single Nigger, nor a Minsterel, nor no Brass Ban, not even a Organ! No, and hardly a donkey to be seen, the BROWN says that when I was there the hobservashun was souprifus. I can't make out what the People does to amuse theirsels at Westgate. They seemed to be all a reeding or a chating or a larfing, and some on 'em was a setting and a staring at the Sea and the Clouds and the Ships or some such rubbish, and yet they all seemed quite appy and contented.

Ah, it's the old storey, they're quite content because they don't know of nothink better. And yet within 2 or 3 miles of 'em there's all the joys of Margate ready to their hands.

How the gratest blessings of life is waisted on some people, and how thankful ort we to be who are able to apreshiate 'em all.

I went up to town and to Gildhall on Wensday to see the Lord Mare elected. I wanted to see what sort of a Rite Honorable Gent we was to have next year. I was told he was to be a Skothman, and of course that made me rather ankshus. I don't much care for Skothmen as a rule, they're sumtimes dreadful near in small things, and its principally small things as affects grate men. I know several of the Beeduls of the Gills, so I'd no difficulty in getting in, and wen the Common Sergeant told the Common Crier to order every person as wasn't a Liverymen to leave the All on pain of imprisonment, I larfed like the rest on 'em. It was the fust appearance of the new Sheriffs' footmen's Liverys, and they certinly did look gorjus. Why they must ha' had Gold Lace enuff upon 'em to make a Feed Marshall. Some one said that though the Sheriffs borth their Servants Liverys, they only highered their lovely Carridges. I don't believe it. The Sheriff as highered his Carridge lowers his Dignity!

Brown said he was told this was to be the last time as a Alderman was to be Lord Mare; for a Mr. FROTH was a going to pass a Act of Parliment to make a Dook the next Lord Mare!

What rubbish! Why the QUEEN can make a Dook, and all that; but she can't make a Lord Mare. There's about a score of Dooks, I'm told, but only one Lord Mare.

How werry pertickler they are to have the Elekshun all straight. Why they akshally turns out the Lord Mare and all the Aldermen before the elekshun begins, for fear the Liverymen should be afraid to do as they likes while they was a looking at 'em. But they kept the oldest on 'em, Aldmn MACARTHUR, there; and sumbody with a very loud voice asked him a lot of questshuns, some on 'em such preshus long ones, that I wundred how he could remember 'em. But Brown told me it was all settled beforand; and the Alderman knew what he was going to be asked, and the man with the loud voice knew what he was a going to answer. Lor, what a lot of humbug there is in this Mortial World! I'm told if the loud-voiced Gent doesn't ask any werry orkud questshun, he gits asked to dinner wunce or twice.

There was lots of Aldermen as wanted to be Lord Mare, and their names was all put up on a bord, but they don't seem a very poplar set, for some on 'em couldn't get a single hand held up for 'em. Why if I was one on 'em and kep a shop or a warehouse, as they do, I should send all my shopmen and my clerks to voat for me, it seems so very hard not to have a single voat. After the Sheriffs had told us as Aldmun MACARTHUR was dewly elected, the Lord Mare and the Aldermen, which, poor fellows, had been kep waiting outside, were allowed to come in again and see what was going on. Then Sir HENRY BEAK, who I spouse is a Magistrate, asked us to do the rite thing, and so we thanked the Lord Mare, and then we thanked the Sheriffs, and then we thanked somebody else under the Sheriffs, and said as how their never had been such a set afore, which would have all been more satisfactory if I hadn't rekkylektid that we said just eggsackly the same thing last year, and the year before, and the year before that, and then they all returned thanks, just as if we wos at dinner, and said as how it was the proudest day of their lives, but all on 'em looked preshus sorry that their year of glory were over, and went back to their varrus biznissis, without their grand robes and chains, sadder and plainer, if not wiser men.

Well, Hornimenx is Hornimenx, but give me life without chains, sez I.

(Signed) ROBERT.

THE MID-CHANNEL ROBBER.

(*A Suggestion for a Nautical Sensation Drama.*)

"If a detective accompanied the tidal train, I think the robberies would cease.... The public, I think, have a right to the Companies' protection."—Correspondent to a Daily Paper.



CENE — 'Tween-decks on board the good steamship "Albert-Dover-Victor-Calais." Pale Passengers discovered feebly bravng the terrors of the Mighty Deep. A storm raging. Thunder, lightning and rain.

Enter the Chief Steward stealthily. He pauses, opens a large note-book, and is about to soliloquise when he is called away by a Passenger.

Chief Steward (closing note-book, and not unkindly). Yes, Sir?

First Passenger (faintly). I want to tell you that

Chief Steward (interrupting). Good Sir, I know your story! 'Tis indeed a sad one! You would say that the bag you carried on board is gone. Yes—the little all—the produce of hours, nay days, nay years of honest toil—has been taken from you! Oh, shame upon the heartless wretch who robbed you! He has not left you the tickets that otherwise twould have been my duty to demand of ye! Is 't not so?

First Passenger (more faintly). Aye, indeed! But I care not for that (with an effort explaining himself). Just at present I am in feeble health, Steward, and would ask your help.

Chief Steward (heartily). And in good time, honest Sir, you shall have it! I am here to protect ye—to succour ye! Nay, no more I am summoned by another, and must leave ye! Farewell, sweet Sir, for a time farewell!

[Moves off.]

Second Passenger (most faintly). Steward!

Chief Steward. Nay, speak not—I can read your looks! Your poor pale face, your piteous eyes, tell me that you, too, have been robbed of everything. You have lost the wedding-gift of your wife, the cherished love-locks of your little ones! (Weeps.) Ah, sad, sad, sad! (With a tremendous burst of passion.) But vengeance! I swear that—

Second Passenger. Never mind that. Steward! Help me! I die!

Chief Steward (compassionately). Nay, put a good face upon it, fair Sir. Let me call you Messmate. All—all—all shall be restored to ye, Messmate! (Looking off.) Ah! At last!

Enter to slow music, languidly, Mysterious Traveller. He wears an enormous cloak and a slouch hat, and is deathly pale. As he sinks listlessly upon a couch the Chief Steward approaches him and touches him lightly on the shoulder. Thunder-lightning.

Mysterious Traveller (starts feebly, and then murmurs). Steward!

Chief Steward (aside, threatening him). Miserable man! (Aloud—politely.) You called me, Sir?

Mysterious Traveller (bewildered). Did I? Ah! Yes! The storm! The raging sea! I think I am going to die! (Thunder-lightning.) Oh!

Chief Steward (sternly). Have you anything to say to me, then? Have you nothing to confess?

Mysterious Traveller (speaking as if in a trance). I will confess everything (thunder)—anything (lightning)—if you will only—

Chief Steward (taking out note-book and listening intently). Yes, Sir! Only too pleased to do anything for you, Sir! (Aside.) Abandoned creature!

Mysterious Traveller (gasping). You—will—find—bottle of brandy—in right-hand pocket!

[Awful thunder-clap. Feeble cries of terror from the deck above.

Chief Steward. Ah! then I was not mistaken!

Slow Music. The Chief Steward searches the Mysterious Traveller, and finds upon his person a miscellaneous collection of purses, handbags, and other valuables. He seizes him. The storm rages wildly. Fresh shouts. The struggle continues. Mysterious Traveller is pulled about like a log of wood.

Chief Steward. Nay, you do not escape me! You are my prisoner!

Mysterious Traveller (making a last feeble attempt to free himself). Let me go! You shall not take me! Unless you will promise to throw me overboard! I can bear the storm no longer! Oh, that we were on land! (Groans—then faintly.) Who are you?

Chief Steward. Who am I, WILLIAM DE SIKES? (Hurriedly throwing off his disguise and handcuffing his prisoner). Why—



I AM HAWKSHAW, THE DETECTIVE!

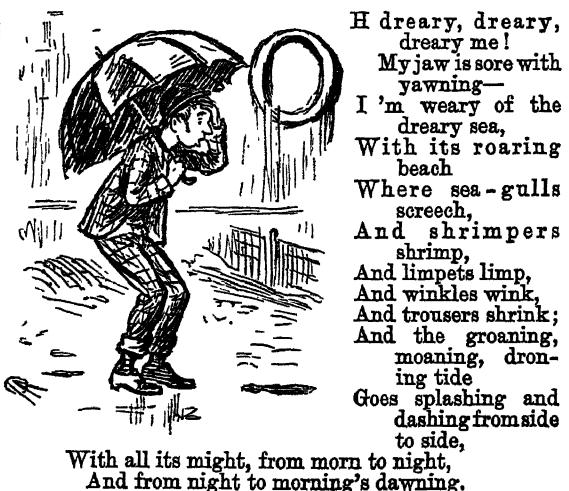
Loud Music in the Orchestra, Tableaux and Curtain.

Sugar and Spice.

DURING all the late discussion concerning the treatment proper for "juvenile offenders," the delinquents so denominated have been deemed as a matter of course to mean little boys. It appears to have been taken for granted that, amongst juvenile offenders, there are practically no little girls. If such is the fact, it very decidedly shows which sex is really, by nature, by far the better half of mankind.

THE LAY OF THE LAST LODGER.

I.



H dreary, dreary,
dreary me!
My jaw is sore with
yawning—
I'm weary of the
dreary sea,
With its roaring
beach
Where sea-gulls
screech,
And shrimpers
shrimp,
And limpets limp,
And winkles wink,
And trousers shrink;
And the groaning,
moaning, droning
tide
Goes splashing and
dashing from side
to side,
With all its might, from morn to night,
And from night to morning's dawning.

II.

The shore's a flood of puddly mud,
And the rocks are limy and slimy—
And I've tumbled down with a thud—good lud!
And I fear I swore,
For something tore;
And my shoes are full
Of the stagnant pool;
And hauling, sprawling, crawling crabs
Have got in my socks with starfish and dabs;
And my pockets are swarming with polypes and
prawns,
And noisome beasts with shells and horns,
That scrunch and scrape, and goggle and gape,
Are up my sleeve, I firmly believe—
And I'm horribly rimy and grimy.

III.

I'm sick of the strand, and the sand, and the band,
And the niggers and jiggers and dodgers;
And the cigars of rather doubtful brand;
And my landlady's "rights,"
And the frequent fights
On wretched points
Of ends of joints,
Which disappear, with my brandy and beer,
In a way that, to say the least, is queer.
And to mingle among the throng I long,
And to poke my joke and warble my song—
But there's no one near
On sands or pier,
For everyone's gone and I'm left alone,
The Last of the Sea-side Lodgers!

Curious Coincidence.

(From a Duke to a Common Councilman.)

DEAR J. T. B.,

DELIGHTED to find you sticking up for the Obstruction on the old Temple Bar site. Capital. When Obstructionist meets Obstructionist, they must foregather. Your name's BEDFORD. So's mine. Have you a strawberry-mark on your left arm? Are you my long-lost brother? Bless you! Go on and obstruct.

Yours, ever,
Mud-Salad Palace, W.C.

BEDFORD.

On a Recent Change of Name.

MONEY takes the name of COUTTS—
Superfluous, and funny;
As everyone considered COUTTS
Synonymous with Money.



LA POLITESSE. (A FACT.)

SCENE—*A French Tramway Car, so full that Mrs. Parker and her sister Maria have to stand the whole way.*

Mrs. Parker (who is tired and rather cross). "I WONDER HOW LONG TWO FRENCH LADIES WOULD HAVE TO STAND, MARIA, IN A PUBLIC CONVEYANCE FULL OF ENGLISHMEN!"

A LAST WORD (FOR THE PRESENT) WITH THE DUKE OF MUDFORD, K.G.

If I were not only a great Duke, but the bearer of a great historic name—the descendant of Patriots and Statesmen—of men who held even their precious lives as nothing when weighed against the public good; if I had been selected by my Queen for the highest decoration it is in her power to bestow; if I had boundless wealth, and all the influence which springs naturally from Money and Title, I would not live a worse than useless life—a pestilential existence; I would not stand in the eyes of my fellow-men—I would not go down to posterity—as the Lord of Muck—the Great Owner of a Leviathan Nuisance; I would try with all my heart and soul to leave this miserable world a little better than I found it; I would cast off my hireling agents; I would turn a deaf ear to parochial and official toadies, who fatten on every public pest and scandal, and leave others, like myself, to bear the blame; I would not eat, drink, or sleep until I had descended into the lowest depths of my filthy property; I would listen to the blasphemy of the struggling crowd; I would smell the stench, I would watch the green and slimy gutters—the vegetable refuse baking in the sun; I would beard the demon Typhoid in my den, and in twenty-four hours, at whatever cost, I would sweep this mass of corruption from the heart of London.

If I closed my palaces, if I discharged my gamekeepers and sold my hunters, if I mortgaged my land and pawned my pictures, if I had to live upon a pauper's diet, I would buy up or strangle "Vested Interests," I would let in light, and air, and water into the darkest corners of my property, and what my ancestors left me as Mud, I would leave to my successors as Marble. I would not use my "rights" and my position to ride roughshod over the population of the largest city in the Universe. I would try to be a blessing, instead of a curse, to London. I would not wait to have things done in a tempest of popular wrath, which I have the power and feel I ought to do myself as a matter of simple justice. I would act, in short, not as a wretched Duke of MUDFORD, but as one who was worthy to bear the greater name of RUSSELL.

JUNIUS PUNCH.

THE MEDICAL MONTH.

(An Ode for October.)

'Tis October. Now the Medical young Students all get ready,
For the Session, not so steady as perchance they ought to be;
But with neither Dons nor Proctors, they turn out expert concocters
Of our "physic," useful Doctors, though they sometimes loved a
"spree."

They will learn the bones and muscles, and have stout mnemonic
tussles,

As each word another hustles—oh, those anatomic names!
And they'll study meningitis, measles, fever, and bronchitis,
For your Medico's delight is to know all about our frames.

From their studies when they start 'em, let us hope that nought will
part 'em,

Till they've learnt secundum artem to do all that in them lies:
Though ars longa vita brevis, yet to win a short reprieve is
All they aim at, to relieve is what a sage physician tries.

So at King's, or "Barts," or Charing Cross, or Guy's they'll enter
sharing

In the lectures, little caring for the wonders that they see;
But when past the preparations for the stiff examinations,
May they win congratulations on attaining the M.D.

WORTHY OF STUDY.

FLOWERS of speech? No; some speeches of FLOWERS', at Bow Street.

THE REAL PIECE AT ANY PRICE PARTY.—The man who pays a
fancy figure for a Stall.

QUITTE OUT OF PLACE IN THE PROGRAMME OF A TEMPERANCE FÊTE.
Performance on a tight-rope.

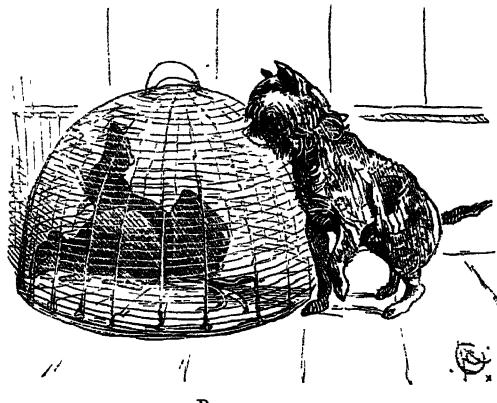


“ARGUMENTUM AD POCKETUM.”

MR. BUL. “IF YOU'D ONLY PAY ONE PER CENT. ON ‘THOSE BONDS,’ YOU'D HAVE THE SYMPATHY OF THE WHOLE OF EUROPE—WHATEVER HAPPENS!!”

THE RATCATCHER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

I've bought you a dog, as I said;
Your taste in this line will be gratified.
Just look at him, JENNY dear maid;
The dog, like my promise, is ratified.



RATTI-FIED.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Crystal Palace.

WHEN an "Intelligent Foreigner" who has never crossed the Channel, talks sneeringly of London, it is always possible to silence him with "Ah! but you know not Syd-en-ham!" In Town the place is regarded with equal veneration. Were it seriously suggested to demolish the Crystal Palace, the papers would be deluged with letters protesting against the desecration. The "Wonder of the Nineteenth Century" would be lauded to the skies as the "School of Nations" and the "Stronghold of the Beautiful and the True." It cannot be doubted, therefore, that the successor to the greatest of Great Exhibitions is an object of respectful admiration both at home and abroad.

Full of this pleasant thought, I ran down to Sydenham, a few days since, to freshen up my intellectual faculties in the midst of the treasures of England's grandest creation. On arriving by the entrance from the High Level Station, the first thing I saw was a sweet-stuff manufactory (presided over by a genial-looking gentleman in a cook's cap) nestling with some stone lions in the bosom of the Egyptian Court. The first thing I heard (spoken by a check-taker surrounded by placards) was "Pay here for the animals—only threepence—the finest Show in the Palace!" Rather shocked by these symptoms of irreverent familiarity, I walked quickly away, and immediately tumbled over a miscellaneous collection of busts mounted on pedestals. These portraits in plaster seemed to be arranged in no particular order. Statesmen, soldiers, lawyers, authors, and savants were jumbled together anyhow. For instance, in one dark corner I found in mournful company, cheek by jowl, Sir

G. CORNEWALL LEWIS, Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, RICHARD COBDEN, the Duke of CAMBRIDGE (at the age of thirty), and the Hero of Trafalgar. In another part of the building colossal statues of Lord LAWRENCE, Sir HENRY HAVELOCK, and a nameless Nobleman who had insisted on being "taken" with his coat-of-arms, were mounting guard over two cases of stuffed

birds and a hair-dresser's shop. Seemingly the Directors had become possessed, somehow or other, with a job lot of "celebrities," and did not know what to do with them. Thus it was that great men gazed at me from all sorts of odd corners. I felt that I could not buy a penny bun without meeting a stucco likeness of PLATO next the Refreshment-counter, and knew intuitively that if I ascended the Water Tower, a bust of Mr. MANN'S, the Musical Conductor, or a full-length statue of Mr. TOMPKINS, the famous engineer, would probably be perched on the summit, waiting to welcome me.

Turning my back upon the "Screen of Kings and Queens," which was serving as an entrance to "a *table-d'hôte* dinner" and a low-priced "tea," I hurried towards the "Courts" that of old

were the attractions of the Palace. I found that some of them had been handed over to tradesmen to be converted into shops as "branch establishments to Town houses." The remainder had been mixed up with cloak-rooms, and were quite empty. I seemed to be walking through a city of the dead. I only met one person—a boy in the Alhambra, who was stealthily eating a jam-tart, imagining, apparently, that in the desert he had chosen he was safe from pursuit.

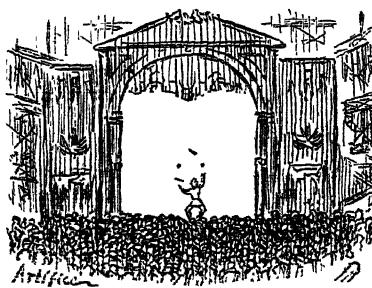
I now left the Palace for the terrace. Here I found evidence that the Directors at one time must have contemplated creating some Zoological Gardens. A vague placard announced "this way to the bear pit," and some cages against a dead wall contained a melancholy eagle, a surly buzzard, and a pair of *blase* doves. Rather depressed by this "very Unhappy Family," I returned to the main building, to make the acquaintance of a morose cockatoo, who received my well-intentioned overtures of "Pretty Dick" with unmistakable ill-will. Hastily beating a retreat, and disregarding numerous invitations on placards to "Please take a ticket of my weight," I ascended a gallery into "the Technological Museum." On entering I found some photographs of battle-scenes, a glass case containing the head of "the Scandinavian elk or moose deer," the model of a lifeboat, an enormous map of the North Pole, a box full of the component parts of "sodium or common salt," and lastly, a window labelled "Illustrations of the Customs and Products of Modern Egypt." Altogether the specimens seemed to have been arranged on the same eccentric plan as the collection of plaster celebrities. The Directors appeared to have said of each exhibit, "Here! the Refreshment Contractor won't have this in his department, so take it off at once to the Technological Museum, and let's have no more bother about it!"

The remainder of the building consisted of one-tenth Picture-Gallery to nine-tenths Soho Bazaar. I found that I could buy toys, soap, ladies' dresses, cartes-de-visite of "professional beauties," books, and crockery. I could also make arrangements in the "Tourists' Court" to be "personally conducted" by Mr. Cook, away from the Crystal Palace at any moment to any other part of the world. However, instead of adopting this inviting but extreme measure, I took a chair in front of the great stage to assist at a performance of the "Variety Entertainment."

As I seated myself, a gentleman in green satin trousers was tossing up some balls, to the complete satisfaction of an overflowing audience. I immediately recognised him as a most talented person I had met in a rival educational establishment to the Crystal Palace—I mean the Royal Westminster Aquarium. Having attained the object of his highest ambition (balancing a soda-water bottle on a breakfast plate) with a slight crash of crockery, he gave place to "Professor de Lure, Prestidigitateur." The new arrival, who appeared in evening dress, good-humouredly put on a pigtail as a preliminary to producing some bird-cages and paper lanterns from an empty hat. Having received gracefully the lavish congratulations of the Public, he also retired, in favour of two Acrobats. These gentlemen were supplied with a chair (upon which were placed placards of weights) and half-a-dozen cannon-balls. Then, to the sounds of sweet and solemn music (kindly furnished by the "Company's Military Band"), the athletes raised the heavy projectiles to their shoulders and balanced them on their biceps. The applause was deafening.

I now thought it time to retire. I had seen enough of "the veritable glory of Old England" and its attractions. I had sufficiently carefully examined "the School of Nations" and "the Stronghold of the Beautiful and the True."

Before leaving, however, I looked at the Entertainment once again, as a burst of tumultuous applause reached my ears. A gentleman in a grotesque costume, with the aid of talented assistants, was standing on the top of a ladder—on his head! This was the last straw! My reverence for the spot, which had been on the wane all day, vanished suddenly altogether, and I came to the abrupt conclusion that the Crystal Palace emphatically is *not* the sort of place it is popularly supposed to be!



TALKERS TIMED.

THE attention of Parliament Out of Session at present, and prospectively In, is due to an admirable regulation on the part of the managers of the Church Conference which lately met at Leicester under the Presidency of the Lord Bishop of PETERBOROUGH. That Right Reverend Prelate, at the outset of proceedings, announced "that 'appointed' speakers should be allowed fifteen minutes to address the Meeting, and 'unappointed' speakers ten minutes, and that the bell would be sounded two minutes before the limit was reached, in order to enable the respective speakers to find perorations." A considerate arrangement this last, to exempt a speaker from the necessity of coming to a lame and impotent conclusion, or of having to be pulled down by his coat-tails. Excellent! But why not apply the rule to Pulpit orators? The Clerk could act as Sworn Time-keeper.

A Cabinet Secret.

THERE is to be an Inquiry into the state of affairs in the East, and the European Commissioners are authorised to take the SULTAN's Deposition. As he will not be allowed to give evidence by deputy, the SULTAN will be compelled to depose himself.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 2.



THE PET OF THE BARLEY
IN HIS CELEBRATED HOP-SCOTCH PERFORMANCE, EXECUTING A
LIVELY MALT-TAX MEASURE.

THE REAL ROUGH'S GUIDE.

THAT we have of Guide-Books enough and to spare, may certainly be alleged with a great deal of truth. There is the aristocratic Guide-Book, from which you learn in half-an-hour more of History, Archaeology, Architecture, and Art than you ever knew before in your life, but which leaves you in profound ignorance as to hotels, trains, or steamboats. There is the severely practical Guide, which orders you hither and thither, bids you pause at this place or that place to admire the view, but at no other, gives you such minute instructions as to your trains that your journey is one long nightmare of *Bradshaw*, but will on no account condescend to bestow on you the smallest scrap of history or romance. And there is the economical Guide, which will take you to Brussels and back for £4 10s., and which dictates the centimes you are to bestow upon the waiters at the Café des Milles Colonnes or upon the flower-girls of the Marché de la Madelaine. But all these are intended for the use of the presumably respectable classes. No Guide-Book has yet been written for the benefit of those who are not presumably respectable. We have therefore thought it worth our while, considering the interest bestowed upon the criminal classes just now, to collect a few cuttings from the daily papers in hopes that the criminal classes may benefit thereby, and that the work may be, as it professes to be, a *Real Rough's Guide*.

Bury.—To this town we can heartily award praise, and can assure our readers that they will find it well worth a visit. For poaching, assaulting a gamekeeper and a policeman, a collier has been recently sentenced to three months' hard labour. When we consider that, for stealing twopennyworth of corn, a boy at Wolverhampton received a similar sentence, our readers will, we feel sure, not accuse us of having extolled Bury too highly. The gaol is spoken of warmly by those who have stopped there.

Leeds.—Upon this important manufacturing town we can bestow an unqualified eulogium. For embezzling twopence a tramway car conductor has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment and one blot on the scutcheon. On the other hand, for knocking down, and kicking while down, a police surgeon and his wife, the former of whom was visiting a patient, two men received a similar sentence as the tramway car conductor, *but with the option of a fine*. The *beautiful*, the paradise of the rough is that spot where human limbs and life are appraised at the lowest commercial value. Now, at Leeds,

FLAGGING CONVERSATION.

A "SIMPLE Code" of international signalling for the Fleet, says the *Times* Correspondent, has at last been decided upon; the British Admiral-in-Chief having determined to limit himself to the very fewest and most palpable signs, and to those only likely to be in any practical request. Here they are:—

A German Sausage.—"Pound 'em into mince-meat."

An Austrian Blanket.—"Give it 'em warm."

A Strip of Russian Leather.—"Now for a good hiding."

A Bottle of French Polish.—"Take the shine out of 'em."

A Pound of Italian Paste.—"Stick to your colours."

A "Britannia" Teapot.—"England expects every man to be upon his mettle."

The Temple Bar Memorial.

City Obstructionist sings—

WHERE stood the Bar, we're building, love,
A something all stone and some gilding, love,
Ah! the best of all ways
Can be stopped up by drays,
When we steal a few feet from the road, my love.

TO HUNGRY CURATES.

City Living in the gift of the Lord Mayor.—REAL TURTLE.

twopence = one month; knocking down and kicking two people = one month. *Ergo*, ditto, ditto, one person = a fortnight, or one penny. A town where you can half murder a woman for a penny speaks for itself. Long live Leeds!

Liverpool.—We do not advise the traveller, unless he has much spare time, to remain any lengthy period in this dull city. For beating a child with the buckle of a strap a man has been sentenced to three months' hard labour. Monstrous! A child travels all over the world at half-price, and taking the Leeds standard, as every rough must do, as the correct one, the punishment in this case,—even supposing that following the injunction of the wise SOLOMON merits punishment—should have been one halfpenny.

Manchester.—A town to be avoided. For half-starving a child a woman has been sentenced to six months' hard labour. Half-starving is not worse than knocking down and kicking, and considering we had to speak disparagingly of Liverpool, words fail us to do full justice to Manchester.

North Shields.—Fairly good. Here a man for refusing to go to sea after signing articles, was fined five pounds. Bad in itself, our readers may say, but not by comparison to Liverpool. There a man for going on board a ship without leave, was sentenced to a month's hard labour. North Shields may be visited in tolerable safety.

Sittingbourne.—By contrast a pleasant enough town. A man was sentenced to three months' hard labour for stealing a funeral pall. The pall, however, was worth seven pounds. The best gaol to stop at is in Maidstone.

Warrington.—To be avoided as the plague. A low hole devoid of interest! When we simply say that for breaking his own wife's nose, and beating her with a rolling-pin till she was insensible, a man was actually sentenced to six months' hard labour, all we can do is to raise our hands and ask, "Are we in a free country, or are we slaves?"

Wolverhampton.—A boy here was sentenced to three months for stealing twopennyworth of corn. This by the Leeds standard would be three months for assaulting two people. We are sorry we cannot recommend Wolverhampton so warmly as we should like.

To sum up, we recommend the following order of merit:—

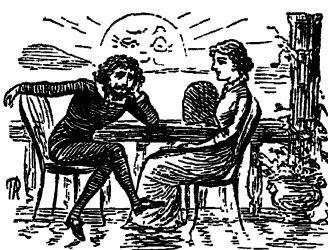
1. Leeds; 2. Bury; 3. Sittingbourne; 4. North Shields; 5. Wolverhampton; 6. Manchester; 7. Liverpool; 8. Warrington.

At a future date we may possibly give a few more hints likely to be of value to the travelling Rough.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

VI.—IN A BELLAGIO BALCONY.

*The Lazy Minstrel hastens to own he
Prefers the "o" long in "Balcony!"*



I'll dream and moon,
O will I not?
My views just now
are somewhat
hazy;
I fancy I am very hot,
I'm certain I am
very lazy!
I cannot read, I dare
not think,
I'm idle as a laz-
zarore;

So in the sunshine I will blink—
In this Balcony.

Mamma o'er Tauchnitz takes a nap,
Papa is reading *Galignani*,
And Loo is conning *Murray's map*,
And humming airs from *Puritani*.
There's Tom-boy Ten in shortened skirts—
Which just reveal her frilled *calzoni*—
And Sweet-and-Twenty, Queen of Flirts,
In this Balcony!

I've nothing in the world to do,
I like the *dolce far niente*;
I love the eyes of peerless blue,
And nameless grace of Sweet-and-Twenty!
I've lunched with dainty VIOLET
Off nectarines and fried *agoni*;
And now I'll smoke a cigarette,
In this Balcony.

I do not think I care to talk,
I am not up to much exertion;
I'm not inclined to ride or walk,
I loathe the very word "excursion"!
Now shall I heated effort make,
And climb the hill to Serbelloni?
I'd rather gaze upon the lake—
From this Balcony.

Or rather gaze on VIOLET,
This sunny day in sweet September:
Her eyes I never can forget,
Her voice I always shall remember!
P'raps lazy lovers oft are slow—
I whispered *con espressione*—
And what I meant to say I know,
In this Balcony!

Alas! that Murray dropped by Loo,
Mamma awakens in a minute!
Papa has read his paper through,
And finds, of course, there's nothing in it!
And Tom-boy Ten is full of fun,
She's off somewhere to ride a pony,
And Vi has gone! So fades the sun—
From this Balcony!



USEFUL LEARNING.

Who was "the Learned Stagyrite"?—He was an eminent classical Philosopher, who used to propose "staggerers" to his pupils. Hence his name, which, if properly spelt, is "The Staggerite."

AN IRISH FIRE-BRAND TO BE EXTINGUISHED.—The Brand of KANE.



A REACTION IN AESTHETICS.

Pilcox (the rising Aesthete, gazing at his last work, which represents Mrs. Cimabue Brown sick of Lilies, and trying to smell a Sunflower). "I'M AFRAID IT'S ONE OF MY FAILURES!"

Mrs. Cimabue Brown, "OH, BUT YOUR FAILURES REMIND ONE OF MICHAEL ANGELO AT HIS BEST!"

Pilcox. "NOT QUITE SO BAD AS THAT, I HOPE!"

ON THE LOOSE.

(*Diary of the Missing Lion.*)

Thursday.—Van turned over this morning. Commotion. As usual, not a policeman to be seen. Crowd only in the way. Cleared the lot. Off!

Friday.—Pleasant day in Richmond Park. Surprised a party of the *nicest* little deers. Finished with the Ranger. Best dinner I've had since I left Africa. Up to town in the evening. Frightened out of the Haymarket. Supped on, I think, a "Waverly's Mastodon Minstrel." Excellent. To bed in the area of the Athenaeum.

Saturday.—Charing Cross. Family portraits of our noble race not bad, but wanting in expression. Wouldn't give a Beefeater for the whole four of 'em! Fish breakfast at the *Aquarium*. Left a card on FARINI. Lost my way in Covent Garden Market. Seen nothing like it since the jungle swamp of the Fifth Cataract. Made one quite hungry. Wish I had met the Duke. Late dinner on a Volunteer Band in Long Acre. Thanked by the neighbourhood, and to bed in a Cabman's Refuge.

Sunday.—Passed morning in city church. Reminded one of the desert. Sermon capital. Eat the bellows-blower: then on to the Zoo. Poor beasts! Went down East in the evening. Savages quite dangerous. Glad to get home on the roof of a Whitechapel Omnibus. A melancholy day.

Monday.—Eat a Member of Parliament by mistake. Row in the *Times*. Captured by ten regiments of Guards and brought before Sitting Magistrate at Bow Street. In for it. Lodged in House of Correction. Supped on Chaplain, but much depressed.

Tuesday.—Glorious! Let out the first thing by order of the Home Secretary! Juvenile offender! Off again! Hooroosh! Here goes for Hampstead!

THE BEADLE!
OR,
THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.
BY
ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XVIII.
UPSETTING THE CART.



HE Archbeacon and Mr. OVERWAYTE found Mrs. DOWDIE in the drawing-room of the Palace. I honestly confess I do not like Mrs. DOWDIE, but in her present distress I must say I pity her. To be turned out of her husband's room, to be deposed from authority in the presence of the man whom she herself had introduced to the Bishop, whom she herself had patronised, and who had professed himself at one time her devoted slave—it was too much. It was too bad. The Bishop should pay for it when he came to his senses. But how? And poor Mrs. DOWDIE fumed and fretted, but could not get at the solution of the difficulty. In this manner nearly a day passed without her seeing the Bishop.

"Let him come and humble himself to me," she said to herself.

"I don't catch myself going to him." And so she sat in solitary grandeur, and took her meals alone; but the Bishop did not appear.

Mrs. OVERWAYTE was triumphant. "My dear Mrs. DOWDIE, you've heard the news, of course?" she began.

The Bishop's wife regarded her curiously.

"What news?"

"What news! Why, all Small-Beerjester's ringing with it. The walls are placarded. The pictures are out."

"Pictures!" gasped Mrs. DOWDIE. And then what she had seen through the keyhole of the *Crumpet and Crozier* suddenly flashed across her.

"Pictures—" commenced the Archbeacon.

"Hold your tongue!" said his wife. Then turning to Mrs. DOWDIE, she went on—"Pictures of Canon MATTIX and La Marchesa. She has eloped with him!"

Mrs. DOWDIE smiled bitterly. The Canon had gone off, and the report had been heard all over Small-Beerjester. So much the better. It was an enemy out of her path.

"I'll go and tell the Bishop," said the Archbeacon.

Then the two Ladies counselled together, and for the first time came to something like an agreement. I am not saying that, as MORLEENA's sister, Mrs. OVERWAYTE was wrong in proposing Mr. ARABLE for the vacant posts of Dean and Canon and Bishop's chaplain. It is probably what any one of you would have done. Mrs. DOWDIE was meditating whether Mrs. OVERWAYTE's alliance was of sufficient value, when the Archbeacon returned, pale and flurried.

"Have you seen a ghost?" inquired his wife.

"I wish I could see even the ghost of a chance of finding the Bishop," he replied.

"What!" screamed poor Mrs. DOWDIE.

"He's not to be found—not to be seen anywhere," said Dr. OVERWAYTE, mopping his forehead.

In less time than it takes to tell, Mrs. DOWDIE had rushed down to the study. It was in utter disorder. The desk was open; the purse, cash-box, and cheque-book all vanished. They ran to the dressing-room. Not a vestige of the Bishop, except a tattered apron, a third-rate old shovel-hat, some worn-out gaiters, and lawn-sleeves much the worse for wear.

"His bag! his portmanteau!" cried his wife.

All gone! He had taken all his boots, leaving only a rick behind!

At last, over the chimney-piece, on the diocesan notice-board, which served as a professional memorandum of dates for visitations, sermons, ordinations, and so forth, a note caught Mrs. DOWDIE's eye. She tore it open, and read—"Off on tour with ZAZZELIA and Canon.

Not back for three months. After that time, diocese business as before, and Orders punctually attended to."

Mrs. DOWDIE uttered one cry, and fainted in the Archbeacon's arms. When she recovered consciousness, the Sheriff's officers were in the place, and a shabby individual introduced himself to her as the man in possession. Realising the situation, and making as much as she could out of it, with some assistance from a distant relative who luckily wasn't at all near, she went to the Station, determined to follow in her husband's track. From information she received at the Detective Office, Mrs. DOWDIE went off in a wrong direction; and here, with deepest sympathy, and regretting that an Author's duties will not allow him to accompany a lady alone on a voyage of discovery, I must leave her, and return to Small-Beerjester.

The Archbeacon at once telegraphed up to the Prime Minister—

"See vacant. Sale to-morrow. Sic transit."

The telegraph Superintendent, however, being a sharp fellow, corrected the spelling, and put his own interpretation on the despatch, so that the message read thus:—

"Open sea. Sail to-morrow. Rough passage."

And the Prime Minister, unable to understand it, sent it to the First Lord of the Admiralty, who, on going out of office, left it to the next person who came in. Owing to this clerical error, MORLEENA, who was determined that her sister should not have it all her own way, went up to Downey Street, attended a Cabinet Council, and the result was that the Clerk of the Course issued the following instructions:—

ARABLE	1
SIMPLER	2
ARCHBEACON	3
THE FIELD	0

This decision was, on the whole, favourably received in Small-Beerjester, and Mr. ARABLE was made Bishop, with a Canonry, Deanery, Percentorship, Beadledom, and Mastership of Deedler's in his gift, of which preferments the two first he divided between his father-in-law (Mr. SIMONY SIMPLE) and Dr. OVERWAYTE, keeping the others himself; but on the recommendation of the *Penny Prometheus*, with whose Editor he particularly wished to keep on good terms, he conferred the Beadleship, reduced to less than fifty pounds per annum, on JOHN BOUNCE, who, after holding the office for some years, I may here say, was so ill treated, on account of his cocked-hat and old-fashioned dress, by the small boys of Small-Beerjester on Guy Fawkes' Day, that he took to the only spare bed in Deedler's Hospital, and ended his days under the roof—in a top attic—of the very place he had so energetically attempted to destroy.

A FAREWELL.

(To the Australian Cricketers.)



GOOD-BYE! You are off to your dry swarzed South
From the premature fogs of our watery West,
Leaving praise of your prowess in every one's mouth.
Good-bye! Here's your health in a bowl of the best.
We must pack up our willows, our wickets must draw,
For one can't play the game in a mist on a bog;
Vain the bat-skill of GRACE, or the ball-sleight of SHAW,
'Gainst the dolorous rule of King Fog.

But you—all the taste of our Winter you'll get

Is the rich turtle twang at the Mansion House feed.
We must make a bad best of our gloom and our wet,
You to sunshine and Spring take your skill and its meed.
You have taken the shine out of some of our lights,
And when worsted played up with invincible pluck;
"Won" or "honours divided" seems most of your fights.
So bon voyage, my boys, and good luck!

Trump'd.

A MOTTO was wanted for the Card-Room of the Eclecticon Club. As there was so much unnecessary chatter, one eminent whist-player proposed "*Silentum*." A riper scholar suggested "*Pax*." It was adopted as appropriate and comprehensive.

A NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH OF WRONG INTELLIGENCE.—A *Faux Pas*.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

Madame Tussaud's.

AMONGST the many educational establishments of the Modern Babylon, the far-famed "Show" in Baker Street holds a proud and prominent position. What the Polytechnic used to be to Science, Madame TUSSAUD's Exhibition is to History—Ancient and Modern. The Heroes of the Past and the Present are therein represented in a state of wax "materialisation." Those who visit the Gallery are enabled to understand the hidden meaning of many State secrets—the unsuspected peculiarities of not a few noted individuals.

Full of this solemn consideration, I passed the turnstile, and was greeted with a stern cry of "Leave your umbrella!" I looked up, and found that I was apparently being addressed by the late CHARLES DICKENS, who had given up literature to attend to the "sticks and umbrellas." The great Novelist held out his hand for a fee. Respect would have made me comply with this request, had not a *Commissionnaire* repeated the order even in more peremptory terms, looking the while over his shoulder at a policeman standing in the doorway. Then I rebelled, and walked angrily away with my property regardless of the consequences, which were not serious, as the constable was only a tailor's dummy. The Representative of the Civil Power turned out to be a suit of clothes surmounted with the head of a half-forgotten Somebody—I think Lord LYTTON, for I found him, with General HAVELOCK, Sir CHARLES JAMES NAPIER and Lord CLYDE, erased from the Official Catalogue. And such is Fame!

I now commenced my researches, as a Student of History, in earnest. I had not far to go before I came upon an "incident" full of interest to those who love Italy. GARIBALDI was complaining to VICTOR EMMANUEL that HUMBER had stolen his pocket-handkerchief. The charge was an unfounded one, as the useful article was reposing in a glass-case under the hero's very feet. For all this, so accustomed was the present King of ITALY to these accusations of petty larceny, that he was not taking the trouble to defend himself. VICTOR EMMANUEL, convinced of his son's guilt, seemed to be vigorously upbraiding him in a forcible speech, which apparently ended with the words, "And if you must take *something* from your Country's Friend, why didn't you choose his cloak?" Passing by Lord HARTINGTON (who apparently uses hair-dye) I came to an illustration of the Great African Puzzle. CITERWAYO (attended by a couple of wives, who were not laughing, because they had heard all his jokes a thousand times before) was smilingly asking Sir GARNET WOLSELEY a riddle which the modern WELLINGTON was on the eve of giving up. In the background Lord CHELMSFORD, in a rich uniform, was seen muttering "how utterly impossible he had found it to have anything to do with a fellow who *would* put on a blanket when he was asked out to dinner!" In the next group costume was again the subject of angry controversy. Lord BROUHAM and O'CONNELL were quarrelling over the respective merits of their long velvet-collared cloaks. They had called in, as arbitrators, Mr. JOHN BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN. The former, much annoyed at being mixed up in such an unpleasant affair, was explaining that really, "as a member of the Society of Friends, he knew absolutely nothing about dress," while the latter was attempting to create a diversion by saying, "Fancy talking about *your* cloaks! Why, they are not a patch upon the one worn by Lord BYRON in another part of the building! And though *you* may be proud of your shirt-frills, you should just see *his* diamond pin!"

I was now met with a murmur of "It isn't a bit like him!" and "I shouldn't have known him again if you hadn't told me who it was!" and found that I was standing in front of a portrait-model of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. The poet was a prolific writer, but probably would have given many more works to Posterity had he not seemingly, from this presentation of him "in the habit as he lived," spent three-quarters of his waking hours in the arrangement of his hair! Turning my back upon "the Indian Group," which was only remarkable for the longing gaze bestowed upon it by Mr. BRADLAUGH, who seemed to be tempering his regret with the consideration that, "after all, if he joined it he couldn't be of much use, as he had given up swearing," I sat down in front of an incident in Palace life, which roused my loyalty to fever heat. It was the Court of Her Majesty during an evening party. The Bishop of LONDON was explaining the figures of a little dance, of his own invention, to the Duke of EDINBURGH, the Princess of WALES, the Duke of CONNAUGHT, and his charming bride. The latter seemed quite ready to



begin, although the former appeared to be rather uncertain whether they *quite* understood all the steps. The Prince of WALES, standing by the side of his August Mother, was saying, "Pray excuse me. I really can't join you in this enormous cloak; and I don't like to take it off, as I am suffering from influenza!" Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, was vainly trying to persuade Lord STANLEY, in a corner, to make a side couple, as "dancing was excellent exercise when you couldn't get any wood-cutting!" The one discordant note came from the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, who was talking to Lord LORNE "like a father." "No, my son," the noble Earl was evidently saying, "you shall not partake in this frivolous amusement. I have a great respect for the Church, but, for all that, I cannot help emphasising my extreme displeasure at the whole affair by turning my back in the most marked manner upon the Bishop of LONDON! As we say in another place, the Right Reverend Prelate is old enough to know better!" "The incident" seemed likely to be closed by the "saraband" being given up in favour of a hornpipe "kindly favoured" by the late Viscount NELSON. In fact, the Hero of Trafalgar had evidently "shivered his timbers" as a preliminary to a vigorous double shuffle. The scene was as charming as it was unconventional!

Leaving this pretty picture of Palace life, I approached ABRAHAM LINCOLN and General GRANT severely upbraiding "President JOHNSON" for having come to dinner in "correct evening costume" (with the sole exception of the shirt), when they had "told him not to dress." Pleased with this Republican characteristic, I walked away to the other side of the room, and "assisted" at a practical joke illustrative of the "habits and customs of the Court of Russia." Briefly General MELIKOFF was bitterly complaining that the Grand Duke NICHOLAS had taken away his helmet, leaving in its stead a plain white cap in marked contrast with his otherwise handsome uniform. The CZAREWITCH was immensely amused at the pleasantry, and was backing up his relative not to return the General's helmet, but to keep it on his own head where it now was placed. The late Emperor NICHOLAS, seeing that the warrior was *really* angry, seemed to be pouring oil on the waters by offering his hat as "he had no further use for it." The Czar was keeping out of the quarrel by saying that he had "lost his helmet too," while the Grand Duke MICHAEL, with an enormous whip, was evidently of opinion that the best way to settle the dispute would be "to give them a good knouting all round!" This savage scene, so different from the picture of our own peaceful Court, made me feel that I had acted wisely in being born a Briton.

If I were not confined by space, I could point to a score of other highly interesting historical episodes. I could tell how MARTIN LUTHER and JOHN KNOX quarrelled with one another—the first defending himself with an enormous pen, the last with a huge book—while poor CALVIN bitterly lamented that he could not with justice to himself enter into the argument, because he had failed to bring with him a "really serviceable carving-knife." I could hint that LOUIS PHILIPPE's intense melancholy was caused by the reflection that he was next destined for the melting-pot. I could suggest that Sir WALTER SCOTT's unreasonable joy was attributable to the consideration that his Highland costume included "fleshings." I could express astonishment that HANNAH DOBBS had been put in "the Golden Chamber" as an addition to the "Napoleon Group." But I refrain, and satisfy myself by asserting that "the Congress" must really be seen to be appreciated. Apparently the Ambassadors did not meet at that Historical Gathering to consider the Treaty of Berlin, but to have supper. Then it was that BISMARCK, with his usual love for rough wagery, tried to persuade the Turk that two cocked hats and some paper were the usual ingredients of a European Banquet. The rest of the company, it is now certain, backed him up in this *mauvaise plaisanterie*, Lord BEACONSFIELD laughing heartily the while to encourage the belief amongst his colleagues that he was intimately acquainted with the subtleties of the French language. But want of space prevents me, and I am silent.

Madame TUSSAUD's Exhibition is extremely amusing. It has, however, a blot, and a bad one, the Chamber of Horrors. I hoped to be able to say a good word for it, but after the most superficial glance at its unsavoury contents, I was forced to give up what would have been a pleasant task in despair. The proprietors, for their own sakes, should close it at once. It is not only nasty, but demoralising.



"BAS-RELIEF" FOR TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL PEDESTAL.—Take it away. "For this Relief, much thanks."



"LES ENFANS AU DESSOUS DE SEPT ANS PAYENT MOITIÉ PLACE."

"OH, YOU SPEAK ENGLISH, DO YOU? AND WHAT IS YOUR AGE, MISSY?"
"VICH AGE? MAMAN SAYS I HAVE TWO AGES. VEN I AM IN ZE RAILWAY, I AM SIX AND A ALF; AND VEN I AM AT OME, I AM EIGHT!"

SCHOOL-BOARDS OR FOOL BOARDS?

THE men who undertake to teach or regulate the teaching of the multitude, should not require teaching. It should not be possible, for an impartial looker-on, like *Punch*, to write them down asses, and something worse. Who is the Rev. H. M. SORLEY? An influential member of the Tottenham School-Board, regulating the educational affairs of Would-be-Green. Would-be-Green is blessed or cursed, according to the view you take, with a rival educational establishment, or sink of iniquity, called the Alexandra Palace. This palace, unlike most palaces, pays enormous rates and taxes, instead of consuming national money, and employs a number of children. How does it employ them? The Rev. H. M. SORLEY (it ought to be printed "SURLY") thinks very badly. He understood "that one young child came on at the Palace as Mr. Gladstone, another as Lord Beaconsfield, and a third as Napoleon Bonaparte. They ought to be learning to spell instead of being allowed to represent such exalted individuals, the doing of which would have the effect of puffing them up with such notions of their own superiority that they would come to the conclusion that they could do without education altogether."

Surely the spirit of the late lamented *Bumble* inspired this speech. Is there no "puffing up" in the School-Board scheme of education? Has the Rev. Mr. SORLEY, who carried his point with the aid of another Reverend, instructed the Would-be-Green schoolmaster to avoid all historical and political teaching, all allusions to JULIUS CESAR and OLIVER CROMWELL, for fear of "puffing up" his pupils? Has he been told to go back to the rustic simplicity of the "three R's," and to avoid everything which the School-Board was established to teach?

There are School-Boards and School Bores, the latter having been dragged from Vestry-Halls and obscure pulpits to administer a system they neither understand nor appreciate. Having brought

Local Self-Government into contempt, and made the Gospel unpopular, they are now doing their best to strangle compulsory education. They know nothing of life, of human nature, of the struggle for bare existence in the homes of the multitude. They count the crammed heads, and care nothing for the empty stomachs underneath them. The famished child may come and go as long as he can aspirate his h's. They are great at prosecutions, and undinching in the application of their bye-laws. They have no elasticity—no give and take in their disposition; and if they fail in exacting fines from the poorest of the poor, it is due to the superior humanity of the Stipendiary Magistrates. If Compulsory Education is to live and move and do its work, it must first be applied to the minds and hearts of its Directors.

THE MEMORIAL OBSTRUCTION.

(Discussed Thursday, October 7, in Court of Common Council.)

SAYS MR. BEDFORD, "Cost? Oh, I expect Five thousand, say, or six, to be correct—At least so states the City Architect."

They call the City Architect, and then Says he, "This work of Art, O Council Men, Cannot be done at all for less than ten."

Some loudly cry, "Rescind the Resolution!" More shout, "No! that's against our Constitution! We sinned at first, we know; to that we're pinned, Never shall it be said that we re-sinned."

FORM OF TELEGRAM TO YOUR SHOEMAKER.—Make me another pair exactly like my last.

LECTURETTES.

"At the annual meeting of the Worcestershire Union of Clubs and Institutes, Sir EDMUND LECHMERE suggested lecturettes in the place of lectures."

WE know that lectures are a bore,
And often make folks fret,
But now it seems they'll soon be o'er,
For here's the Lecturette.

Long letters take too long to read.
We speedily forget
What they contain, and so we plead
For LAMB'S Epistletoette.

'Tis very hard to read at ease
Long columns, therefore let
The leader henceforth, if you please,
Be just the Leaderette.

And lengthy sermons take up time,
With scant attention met.
Oh, preachers! here's a thought sublime!
Give us the Sermonette.

Novel Anticipations.

The Sour Gooseberry. By the Author of *Cherry Ripe*.

Between Two Paving-Stones. By the Author of *Under Two Flags*.

Photographed at the Creation. By the Author of *Taken at the Flood*.

Old Boots. Sequel to *Dead Men's Shoes*.

Walk to Skye. By the Author of *Run to Earth*.

The Black Bottle. A companion to *The Love that Kills*.

NEW SONG.

"WINTER Begins," by the Composer of "Autumn Leaves." Also "The Bungler," a companion to "The Bugler."

TWO OPPOSITION ELECTION AGENTS.—"Par NOBBLE-Y Fratrum."



A REGULAR TARTER.

Yankee (who had "cleared off" all the Pastry from the Counter). "I GUESS THE NEXT FELLOW THAT COMES ROUND, MISS, 'LL GET SOMETHING FRESH—WHA-AT?"

"OH, SWALLOW! SWALLOW!"

An esteemed Foreign Correspondent sends us the following extract from the *Jornal do Commercio*, the leading Lisbon journal:—

"FESTA DE BANQUEIROS.—Na festa dos banqueiros dada no palacio Alexandre, de Londres, consumiram-se: 720 duzias de frascos de aguardente, 470 duzias de garrafas de vinho, 1:600 duzias de garrafas de ale, 350 barris de cerveja, 30:000 chavenas de chá, 22 toneladas de alimentos, 60:000 pasteis, grande quantidade de saladas e 42:000 pães. Esta estatística faz honra à robustez dos estomagos britânicos."

"The Bankers' Festival" evidently means a Bank Holiday. This Festival the readers of the paper are informed was celebrated at the Alexandra Palace, where it is supposed the GLYNNS, LUBBOCKS, ROTHSCHILDS, and others met and imbibed seven hundred and twenty dozen of brandy, &c., &c., and twenty-two tons of eatables. Then the writer naturally compliments the English Bankers' capacity for victuals and drink. Why, if their readers swallow this—Bankers and all—they'll swallow anything.

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

Our Commissioner. What are the duties of the Town Clerk?

Town Clerk. Very arduous.

Our Commissioner. I am sure of it. Name them.

Town Clerk. He has to be at the office at eleven every day, if possible.

Our Commissioner. Poor fellow!

Town Clerk. He has to stay there till he leaves.

Our Commissioner. Very hard. When does he leave?

Town Clerk. As a rule, when he likes.

Our Commissioner. What tyranny!

Town Clerk. Thank you for your sympathy.

Our Commissioner. What else is required of him?

Town Clerk. He must be able to read aloud distinctly, write fairly, and spell sufficiently for all practical purposes.

Our Commissioner. Requirements involving immense study. Continue.

Town Clerk. He must be ready to dine at any hour with any City Company, and to say civil things of everybody in a neat after-dinner speech. He is expected to represent the City as one of its Ornaments in the best Society, and, as extra work, to attend all first night theatrical performances.

Our Commissioner. You have not mentioned any holidays or vacation.

Town Clerk. Alas! I have not more than three months in the year at a time, though, of course, my onerous duties compel me to take my Saturdays and Mondays and some other days for absolutely necessary recreation.

Our Commissioner. I had no idea that so much was required. And for this stupendous labour what is the salary?

Town Clerk (in tears). Only two thousand five hundred per annum.

Our Commissioner (hardly able to restrain his emotion). Only that! Bless me, is it possible! (Aside.) I know an active youth in my office who'd be glad to do it for half. (Aloud.) Very much obliged to you for the information. You may stand down.

[Town Clerk having stood up for himself pretty successfully lately, stands down—till he is wanted again.]

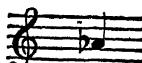
After the Antique.

THERE were some Cits of London town,
In fit of wisdom rare,
They pulled an Ugly Nuisance down,
And cleared a thoroughfare.
But when they found the road was cleared,
With all their might and main
An Uglier Nuisance they upreared,
And blocked it up again.

By a Naturally Sharp Agent.

A SUITE of apartments over a recently-built Musical Publisher's shop is to let. It could be appropriately advertised thus:—

To Let



A FLAT.

A CHILD OF MOLIERE'S.—What does SARAH BERNHARDT live on? French rôles.



IMPERIAL, ROYAL AND ACADEMICAL.



"KATHLEEN MA-VAUGHAN-EEN."

which will probably figure in every Christmas Pantomime. Miss VAUGHAN's graceful dancing has seldom been seen to greater advantage—we beg Mr. REECE's pardon, we should say ad-Vaughan-tage—than in the *Half-Crown Diamonds*. Mr. ROYCE is lovely as usual. The stalls at the Imperial are comfortable, and when a visitor can sit comfortably, he is more easily—beg pardon, we should have said more Reece-ily—pleased. The Royalty stalls are also comfortable; but on this subject generally we will not forestall—not even by one stall—the report of our Inspector who is going the rounds in disguise.

Mr. BYRON's *Bow Bells* is a variation on the same "Retired Tradesman" theme, which he has been so fond of harping—or 'arping—upon since the success of *Our Boys*. In *Courtship* Mr. ANSON was a Retired Tradesman, with the Buttermilk's difficulties as to his aspirates; and so is Mr. TOOLE in the *Upper Crust*. What suits Mr. DAVID JAMES and Mr. TOOLE does not seem to fit



"COUNT DE CAMPO" WITH
A "FARREN" ACCENT.

Mr. RIGHTON in *Bow Bells*; or perhaps the character, funny and well drawn as it is, is beginning to pall upon play-goers. The Third Act is the best; but here, unfortunately, the interest seems to commence, instead of culminating. There are "Our Boys" Dick Sycamore, well played by Mr. FRANK COOPER, and Fred Latham (Mr. H. KELSEY), and "Our Girls" Effie (Miss LAWLER), and Bessie (Miss EMMA RITTER); but they are feeble folk, at the best—mere shadows of their former selves. Mr. BYRON, with bushels of ideas to spare, seems to have just sketched out this one, and then chucked it away.

Mr. WYATT is artistically made up, as *Sloggs*, the surly Gardener, with a high light on his nose, that wants toning down.

The Adventuress, *Mrs. Percival* (Miss MAGGIE BRENNAN), and her brother, the bogus Captain, (Mr. PHILLIP DAY)—who assumes a manner and tone rather suggestive of how Mr. BANCROFT might play a Swell after some severe attack of rheumatism which had affected his legs and voice—bear a striking resemblance to the Adventuress and her military brother in *Home*, the English version of *L'Aventurière*.

By the way, the swindling, *Captain Basil Bagot's* real name turns out to be that of our good old villainous friend of ancient Melodrama—the familiar "*Brandon*"—some relation, no doubt, to *Black Brandon in Poll and Partner Jo*. How many bad people in melodramas and novels have been christened *Brandon*! Why? What is there so specially criminal about *BRANDON*? Yet so it is; and the name of *BRANDON*, until some daring Dramatist pluckily converts



"THE ROYCE-TERER."



THE RIGHT' UN IN THE WRONG PLACE.

him from the error of his ways, and places him in respectable society as a virtuous hero, will be associated with all that is worst in human nature on the Stage to the last hour of its existence.

What *Popsy Wopsy* (libretto by Mr. GRUNDY, and music by Mr. SOLOMON) is like we must discover another time, as on this occasion a distinguished foreigner insisted on our taking him to the Oxford, which our friend imagined was somehow or other affiliated to the University as an Academy of Music. Undergraduates, however, are not in the habit of behaving themselves as decorously at entertainments in their University town, as do the audience at this Music Hall. They are not taking their pleasure sadly, but soberly, and seriously. A mixed but generally respectable audience sits, smokes, and refreshes itself contentedly, thoroughly appreciating Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, who, in his peculiar line, is a real artist. He sang five capital songs, assuming and sustaining a different type of character—caricature of course—on each occasion. He was steadily applauded, but ROBERTS and REEVES don't approve of *encores*.

Then came on an imitator of birds—the best we've heard since the days of the famous HERB VON JOEL, in the salad days, that is the GREEN days, when EVANS's was EVANS's—as, perhaps, it may be again on certain very necessary conditions, of which we shall probably hear something at licensing time next week. In the public interest—not in the interest of a public—we are decidedly in favour of giving every support to properly superintended and respectably conducted Music Halls—and we cannot arrive at any satisfactory solution of the problem why a licence for dancing should be refused to the superior class of Music Halls, and granted to the inferior. The Collective Magisterial wisdom is possibly specially inspired to draw some fine distinction between Tweedledum and Tweedledee—or rather between Bumbledom and Bumbledee, and the more there is in future of Bumble dumb the better for the Metropolis and its amusements.

Jacques Offenbach.

DIED IN PARIS, OCTOBER, 1880.

LIGHTLY lie the turf upon him! Muse of Music he possessed,
He of melody was master, let us sing him to his rest.
Friend of long ago remembered! you were girl and I was boy,
When he took our hearts to Paris, and he sung to us of Troy.



Tell him—*Dites Lui*, remember—
we recall the storm and stress
Of the nights Napoleonic, and
the jewelled *Grande Duchesse*
We behold as in a vista, art su-
preme and fancy free
Struck to song, by golden
SCHNEIDER, and to wit by
quaint DUPUIS!

Classic days of merry music on
the memory remain
With *Eurydice*, and *Orpheus*,
with *John Styx*, and *Belle Hélène*.

Gods in high Olympus revelled
on the mimic stage in France,
When King Jove let loose his
thunder, and Queen Juno led the
dance.
Magic charm was yours, my
master, for we tripped at your
command
Through the dreamy valse, the
galop, and the maddened sara-
band.

Evöe! cried jovial Bacchus, little Cupid loosed his bow,
In the Paris of the Empire, in the days of long ago.

Ah! my merry Gipsy maiden, *Périchole* with Spanish eyes,
Sing your letter song; then take us to the tender "Bridge of Sighs,"
Where romance was set to music; ah! but sweeter let it flow
Chanson matchless of DE MUSSET! song of young *Fortunio*!
With a *répertoire* exhaustless, classic fable, folly, fun,
Cruel Thanatos gave signal, and the overture was done—
Still he won in competition, but his equal where and when?
For his life's success was Paris—yes, *La Vie Parisienne*!

Drape the orchestra in mourning, wreath the violin and bow,
Leave the *bâton* where he placed it—tis the final beat, you know;
Gather up the parts, 'tis over, come, dismiss the band you can,
Death is now the *Tambour Major*, and he rolls his rataplan.
Stop the dancing for a moment, take your partner to the stairs,
And together, in a dreamland, hear his operatic airs.
Mirth has ended! and a spirit full of melody has fled
To a land of sweeter music—merry OFFENBACH is dead!

Art-Class.

Inspector. What is a "Landscape Painter"?

Student. A painter of Landscapes.

Inspector. Good. What is an "Animal Painter"?

Student. A painter of Animals.

Inspector. Excellent. What is a "Marine Painter"?

Student. A painter of Marines.

Inspector. Admirable! Go and tell it them. Call next Class.
[Exeunt Students.

TWINS.

THE Election Commissions show that in the matter of bribery and Corruption Liberal and Conservative agents are alike as two peas;—in fact, quite *Corsican Brothers*,—*Louis* and *Fabien de FRANCHISE*.

FROM LORD SH-BR-KE TO W. E. G.

WHY is a Bycycle like the Queen's Prerogative?
Because it's a power to wield.

TABLE-BOOK.

THE most useful book for the table is one from which you can always take a leaf.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



Y^e youngest boy
was allus my
faverit, so
when he was
about 10, I
wanted what
I calls a good
school for him,
that is, where
everythink's
found and no
think to pay.
So I kep my
ears opun, and
soon heard
what City Gills
had gotschools,
so I was xtrar
civill to some
Masters of
Kumpennies,
an known in
their week
mominx, soon
got my boy
into a school
where he
didn't korst me
a shillin for
sivin yeer.

An yet some narrer minded peopple abuse the Gills! and say their money belongst to the Lower Orders. What rubbish! I dispise the Lower Orders. What good are they to us Waiters? BROWN says, and I agrees with him, that if you gives one on 'em a crust of bread, he wants somebody to butter it for him, and someboddy else to lend him a knife to cut it with. They've no self-dependence and no reverens and no respect.

I sumtimes wunders what all this here talk about Eddicashun means. What's it a goin to do for us? Shall we all be happier and better, or miserabler and wussey? Will Gents be more libberal to us poor Waiters, or wisey wussey? Will Waiters be more respectful and kontented, or powder and ortier? That's the questshun, as the man says in the Play. Most of my noble Patrons in the City haint had much on it, so I'm told, but they seems to get on werry well without it. BROWN and me quite shudders when we sees one of the Lunnattix as has gone mad on the subjek, such as a School Boarder, or a Littery man or summut of that sort, get up to say somethink after dinner. Lor, what a diff'rens that makes. Instid of a short sharp jolly sort of speech, that all can injoy, Waiters and all, and as sets us all a grinnin, we has to lissen to a parsel of stuff that verry few on us undustand, and noboddy cares a bit about, as you can see by the looks on 'em.

A eddicated man allers makes a long speech.

One as ain't, allers makes a shert one.

One to us as ain't!

A eddicated man is allers dissatisfied with everythink, Institootions, Kustum, Dinners, Gills, Waiters, everythink.

One as isn't, isn't.

One more to us as isn't!

The natteral hinfrince seems to be, that Eddicashun means Change for everythink, and, As you are, means Contemnunt with thinx as they is.

Then I for one proposes a Toast—"Thinx as they ar, root and branch, and may they flurish for ever!"

I don't know much about Rates and Taxis myself as I never pays none, but I'm told by them as does, that there's no Rate as they pays in the City with grater grumblin and growlin than the School Rate, and quite rite too. Why can't people be let to do as they likes, and why should a man be made to pay for what will some day make his man-servant and his made-servant and even his own children larf at him for his ignurinse of what they nose?

Proper Eddicashun don't mean Schoolin, but should teach us all, whether Waiters or otherwise, to learn and labour truly to get a good Livin, as the poor Curit said to his Bishop.

I sumtimes takes my walks abroad in Common Garden Market,—which were it as it ort to be, wot a parrydies it mite be, but as it is its a horful disgrace to the Muddroppliss—and when I stands a gazin at the butiful Grapes at 25s. a pound and the very early Strorbrees at 2s. 6d. aounce and the lovely Old English Pie Nappels at two Gimizs a peice, I smaks my lips an' says to myself, says I, I knows who'll have a good share of them this blessed evnin. Everythink comes to him as can wait!

(Signed) ROBERT.



UNSETTLED POLITICAL CONVICTIONS.

EVER SINCE HE WAS SNUBBED BY THE TWO DUCHESSSES, LAST SEASON, TODESON HAS BEEN AN ADVANCED LIBERAL, AND DEVOTED HIMSELF TO THAT FAILE DEMOCRAT, LADY CLARA ROBINSON (*NÉE VÉRE DE VÉRE*), WHO TAKES SUCH AN INTEREST IN THE WORKING MAN, AND WHOSE GILDED SALOON IS THE RENDEZVOUS OF ALL THE TITLED RADICALS OF EITHER SEX, AND THE GENIUSES AT WHOSE FEET THEY MAY BE SITTING. UNFORTUNATELY FOR POOR T., WHENEVER HE RECEIVES AN INVITATION FROM HER LADYSHIP, IT IS NOT TO MEET THE TITLED RADICALS AND CO. IN THE GILDED SALOON, BUT TO TAKE TEA WITH THE WORKING MAN AND HIS FAMILY IN THE GARDEN, AND "HELP TO AMUSE THE DEAR CREATURES."

HE SERIOUSLY THINKS OF TURNING CONSERVATIVE AGAIN, HANG IT ALL !

PURITY OF ELECTION.

The Briborough Election Commission commenced yesterday before Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C., Mr. BALLOT (C.), and Mr. BOX (L.)

The case having been shortly opened, Mr. BALLOT said the first witness he would call would be Mr. TOADY.

Mr. Box said his friend might call Mr. Toady till he was black in the face.

Mr. BALLOT said he was perfectly aware of that fact, and should avail himself of his rights if he thought fit. He would call Mr. Toady.

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C., said that if the witness didn't turn up soon, he would make it lively for him. Where was the man Toady?

Mr. Box understood that he had left the town on hearing of these proceedings.

Mr. BALLOT would like to know who instigated him to that dastardly course of action.

Mr. Box wanted to know what his friend meant by that?

Mr. BALLOT said if the cap fitted his friend, he might wear it.

Mr. Box intimated that there were certain persons who would be worse fitted by a cap than a strait-waistcoat.

Mr. BALLOT appealed to the Chief Commissioner for protection.

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C., threatened to commit everybody unless something was done. He wasn't going to sit there all day. He wanted his lunch.

Mr. SLIME was then called:—

Mr. BALLOT asked him if he had received £200 from the Liberal Member?

Witness. Yes.

Mr. Ballot. Yes? Oh, you have, have you? Now then, be very careful. What did you do with that?

Witness. I put some on *Robert the Devil*—

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. If you dare to swear at me, and use that bad language, I'll let you know where you are!

Witness. It is the name of a race-horse, Sir.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. Then keep your low stable jargon for somewhere else. What did you do with that money?

Witness. I bought beer, Sir.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. Beer! And are you not ashamed of yourself to stand up there in that box, and say you've drunk two hundred pounds' worth of beer?

Mr. Ballot. He means that he bought beer to bribe Liberal voters with.

Mr. Box. I protest against my learned friend's putting words into this witness's mouth.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. I don't want your protestations; and I can assure you, Mr. BALLOT, I can understand the meaning of the English language as well as you can. This man has spent two hundred pounds in beer. He is evidently a notorious drunkard. He is not sober now.

Witness. If you please, Sir, I am a teetotaller.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. Of course you are—of course. I don't think, Sir, you are to be believed on your oath. Leave the Court, and don't let me catch you here again.

Witness. It is very hard—

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. It will be very hard labour, if you don't go.

Mr. Box. With your permission I will ask this witness a few questions.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. Oh, all right—don't mind me. I am nobody here. Ask him a thousand, and I wish you joy of his answers.

Mr. Box. The two hundred you received from the Liberal Member was a loan?

Witness. No, it was not alone.

Mr. Ballot. You hear that, Sir? It was not a loan.



RIVAL ROGUES.

COMMISSIONER PUNCH. "GENTLEMEN, YOUR CANDOUR IS CHARMING. NOT A PIN TO CHOOSE BETWEEN YOU. YOU BOTH DESERVE—PENAL SERVITUDE. (*Aside,*) AND I HOPE—SOME DAY—YOU'LL GET IT!!!"

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. Do you think I am deaf, Mr. BALLOT?

Mr. Box. It was not a loan! Now, be very careful! —was it, or was it not, a loan?

Witness. No, it wasn't alone, because there were some other sums with it.

Mr. Ballot. Even at the risk of offending the Chief Commissioner, I must congratulate my friend on the admirable manner in which he has conducted this examination.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. But you have offended the Chief Commissioner.

Mr. Box. And I don't want your congratulations. Keep them for yourself; they must be rather scarce with you.

Mr. Ballot. I would ask the Chief Commissioner whether that was the language for one gentleman to use to another?

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. When I hear one gentleman use that language to another gentleman, I will let the persons engaged in this case know. Are you going on?

Mr. Box. Now then, Mr. SLIME, what did you receive from the Conservative Member?

Witness. A little over five hundred pounds.

Mr. Box. Five hundred pounds! And a very nice sum too.

Mr. Ballot. If my learned friend is going to give us his opinions on arithmetic, we shall be here for ever.

Mr. Box. I will not be put down by the envious carpings of an ignorant mind. Now what did you do with that money?

Witness. I spent it in beer.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. I will not stand this any longer! Do you mean to say on your oath, Mr. SLIME, that you have had seven hundred pounds' worth of beer in a public-house?

Witness. Not in one public-house, but several.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. Several? How many?

Witness. Twenty-two, Sir.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. Twenty-two. Twenty-two times seven hundred is naught naught, and seven times two is,—what is seven times two?—oh, fourteen, and carry one, fifteen. You declare, on your oath, that you have drunk beer to the value of fifteen thousand four hundred pounds?

Witness. I hadn't a drop. I gave some to the Conservative public-houses, and some to the Liberal, for the voters.

Mr. Ballot. You may step down, Sir, you may step down.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. You may do nothing of the kind, Sir. And I should like to know who is the Chief Commissioner here—I, or you two. How came it, Mr. SLIME, you took money from both sides?

Witness. I knew the town well, Sir, don't you know?

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. How do I know? I never saw you or your town before. You have nothing to say, Gentlemen, I hope.

Mr. Ballot. As a matter of logic—

Mr. Box. I am sure we don't want to hear my learned friend chop logic.

Mr. Bumptious, Q.C. No, nor logic chop. And that reminds me that my chop will be overdone if I listen to you fellows talking any longer. I am going to lunch. The Court is adjourned. I want some refreshment.

[Exit Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C.]

Mr. Box. Refreshments! And what of refreshers, BALLOT, my boy?

Mr. Ballot. Likely to last, Box—likely to last. And we had better lunch, too. Where's the best place?

[Exeunt omnes.]

(Thirty days, passed as the above, elapse.)

Mr. BUMPTIOUS, Q.C., Mr. BALLOT, and Mr. Box, the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the circumstances of the Briborough Election, have reported that gross and corrupt bribery prevailed upon both sides.—*Morning Papers.*

Oh! Oh!

TENNENT is an Irish name. Did any one ever hear of an O'Tennent? There's very often a Left Tenant, who might call himself the Owe Landlord. The O'Landlord seems a very popular title just now.



"DISTURBANCE!"

Country Banker (to *shaky Customer*). "ARE YOU AWARE, MR. SOOLIVAN, THAT YOUR ACCOUNT IS OVERDRAWN A HUNDRED OR SO?"

Soolivan. "CERTAINLY I AM, SIR. DON'T BOTHER ME ABOUT SUCH THRIFLES! I DON'T GO HOWLING ABOUT THE COUNTRY WHEN YOU'VE A HUNDRED OR SO OF MINE! YOUR INFORMATION IS SUPERFLUOUS EITHER WAY! GOOD MORNING, SIR!"

A FELLER IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

In discharging the two offices of FIRST LORD of the TREASURY and CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER as well, Mr. GLADSTONE obviously resembles a performer at a Circus riding a pair of horses. That is as much work as can be expected of any Statesman. It would hardly be possible even for our PREMIER to ride, as it were, three horses at once. Otherwise, it were to be wished that Mr. GLADSTONE had also undertaken the Chief Commissionership of Works. Then he would not have sanctioned or suffered any subordinate indiscriminately to fell about a thousand magnificent trees that were lately growing near the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, *teste* "T. C. F." in the *Times*. The comparatively few trees out of all that number that required to be removed, because they were decayed or damaged, he could have dealt with himself in person sufficiently well, during intervals of recreation, by the occasional exercise of his abilities in the capacity of an amateur woodman. As such he would have cut down only those trees which, by their rotteness, were typical of political and social abuses. That Woodman would, of course, have spared all those other trees—the sound and healthy timber corresponding in condition to our truly valuable and venerable institutions, which WILLIAM, as sincerely as anybody, desires to keep standing.

A PEN NIGHT FOR HIS THOUGHTS.

THE Marquis D'IVRY, a contemporary tells us, is just completing another Opera, "the libretto of which is from his own pen." What a clever pen! Why doesn't Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN buy a dozen of 'em?

SUGGESTION.

WHY not make the New Law Courts into a Hospital for Memorial Obstruction Sufferers? Then the figures on the pedestal might represent "Patients on a Monument"—only not smiling.

AT OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN BENTLEY AND SON'S List two advertisements appear in curious proximity. The first is *Adam and Eve*, by Mrs. PARR—surely it ought to have been by Parr and Ma!—and immediately following it is *Thoughts in my Garden*. Evidently an undesigned coincidence.

Messrs. WARD AND LOCK announce the Twenty-First Season of BEATON'S *Annual*. A very hardy annual this—never crushed, though always beaten. The same firm publish, among its "Health Manuals," a treatise called *Sleep, and How to Obtain it*. Price One Shilling. Can this be an advertisement for the Polytechnic Entertainment?

Messrs. RIVINGTON & Co., the *Athenaeum* informs us, have in the press a new Novel entitled *The Glen of Silver Birches*. Of course dedicated to the Home SECRETARY and the Juvenile Offenders when caught in a new Act.

By our Double-First.

THE "Schole Cancellarii" at Lincoln. "It is necessary," said the Bishop of LINCOLN, while expressing his sorrow for the change at the Universities, "to supply the deficiencies by such institutions as the "Schole Cancellarii." Literally translated, these evidently are "The Schools for What's Cancelled" at Oxford and Cambridge.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 3.



A SANDWICH MAN.

WILL HE BE THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO SHAKE HANDS WITH HIMSELF,
AND SAY TO HIMSELF, "EM-BRASSEZ MOI"?

THE ITALIAN MANŒUVRES.

(From your Military Correspondent.)

DEAR SIR,

HAVING at your special request, and at great inconvenience to myself, attended the Military Manœuvres of Germany and France, I thought I might as well go down South, and see how the Army of Italy was progressing. I do trust that my reports of *Die Deutsche* and *les Francais* reached you, but foreign posts are seldom to be depended upon. There stands a post, and the letters generally remain standing in it. This, for safety, I send by hand, and the boy will wait for an answer. Travelling abroad *en prince*, as befits your Representative kostet sehr theuer, and I appeal to your soft head, appreciative heart—pardon! your appreciative head, your soft heart, and your strong right hand—please don't cross it—to reimburse me at once.

You have doubtless read accounts of these Manœuvres in the daily papers. From internal evidence, I don't believe the writers of those accounts were ever in Italy at all. I didn't see them there. They were a great success—the Manœuvres, not the accounts, they were rubbish. The King was looking very well, and highly pleased to see me again. He said he had derived much benefit from his recent sojourn at the watering-place of —, but I told him that name could only be mentioned as an advertisement, twenty-four words for sixpence, and six insertions for half-a-crown. He then turned on his heel, or, to be more accurate, on both heels, and left me. Such is the niggardly disposition of Italians. The boy will wait for an answer.

I will not trouble you with the military details of the Manœuvres, greatly doubting your ability to understand them. Suffice to say that the main body enfiladed *en échelon*, the right wing throwing out two bastions as the left, forming into demilunes, permitted the advanced guard to make a forced march of a mile. Simple as this sounds, it takes strong steady men to do it; and the manner in which it was done brought down loud applause from all good critics. The men are a fine serviceable set of soldiers, and will be heard of in the event of a European War. First and foremost comes that crack corps the *Imagieri*, so called from their head-dress, which consists of a flat top, like to our own Lancers' head-gear, but much larger,

made of wood, and surmounted by a little white image. Each battalion has a distinguishing mark, some wearing, as an image, the portrait of the King, others a boy bearing a basket of flowers, and others a fac-simile of the Venus de Milo. Fine dashing men are these; but for troops that are as steady as our own Guards, give me the *Organi Grindieri*, whom nothing will make move on. Indeed, for refusing to stir I give them the preference over our own Line; but their uniforms, though picturesque, are ragged, and their music is, without any exception, detestable. Some amends are, however, made by the bright little *vivandières* who accompany the *Grindieri*—dark, dusky maidens, clad in the picturesque garb of Southern Italy. I had a little flirtation with one, and her quaint answer, given in the rich mellow *Lingua Toscana*, so tickled me, that I must give it you. I had been admiring her eyes, and she replied, archly, "Arrah, get along wid ye! sure you're fhlathering me." Fine bold soldiers, too, are the *Cipaisis*, the sight of whom, with their mitrailleuses, which look like blocks of tin standing on four legs, would make the bravest men on the hottest day feel cold. Of the minor corps I will not trouble you with an account. But, assuring you of the extreme regard and affection in which I hold you, and reminding you that the boy will wait for an answer,

Ho l'onore d'essere di sua Signoria,

L'umilissimo e divotissimo Servo,

Il giardino di Attonio, MARLBOROUGH WELLINGTON.

Il montagne di Saffronio.

[Our confidence in our Military Correspondent is somewhat shaken. We never got those letters from Germany or France. We pass over the military terms—they may be right. But *Imagieri*, and the description of their helmets, remind us of the Italians who sell plaster images—and a light bursts upon us; the others are organ-grinders, and the *Cipaisis* are the sellers of cheap ices. We have looked up our map for the address, but cannot find it. Working it out in the Dictionary, we have come to the conclusion that it is "Hatton Garden, Saffron Hill"! We have been hoaxed. The boy may wait for an answer, but he will be an *anserous* boy if he does.—ED.]

IDIOMATIC.

"By the pow'r's!" has hitherto been a peculiarly Irish exclamation. Henceforth it will be adopted by the Turks.

POPULAR POLKA.

It is called *Le Premier Pas*. It is not a dance specially written for Mr. GLADSTONE, but is *Le Premier Pas qui Coote*—don't pronounce this "Kick Coote"—published under the flag of Admiral HOPWOOD AND CREW. How appropriately a Naval Demonstration song would come from this firm. Coote and TINNEY's band is in this Crew, we believe; and, if the Crew were asked the question and wouldn't reply, then there'd certainly be a Mute-Tinney among them.

Hard upon H.R.H.

THE Old Temple Bar Memorial, it is now said, is only to be a column—nothing more—with the Prince of WALES on the top of it. But why connect the Prince with Obstruction on a column. Surely, if this is so, His Royal Highness will consider himself much columnnated. The Turtle-Soupers will of course change the Prince's motto of "Ich Dien!" to "Ich Dine!"

Oxford Electors' Chorus.

OH, my colour is so red,
And my heart it is so blue!
I'm a cheating leary cove—
I'll be bribed by Two!

A STARTING POINT—a pin's, when sticking out of a young Lady's girdle. (Yes; but when?)



"BUT ALL HATH SUFFERED CHANGE."

The General (back from India after forty years' absence). "DASH IT ALL, SIR ! YOUR GRANDFATHER USED TO FIT ME BETTER THAN YOU DO !"

THE CRISIS IN THE EAST.

[From our own Special Correspondent, at present floating somewhere about the Adriatic on a beer-barrel. This he calls "demonstrating," and says he's keeping up the dignity of Europe; but we doubt it. However, his information can always be relied on as scrupulously correct.]

I HAVE the *very best* reasons to believe that the following telegrams and despatches, or something uncommonly like them, have recently passed between the Powers. For obvious reasons I suppress names; and I need hardly say that I give this information *under all possible reserve*.

The Sultan to United Europe.—Why this Demonstration? Do I deserve it? Take the nasty thing away, and I'll do everything you want, or rather everything that appears to me to be right, which of course is the same thing. Can you possibly doubt my promises, or my good intentions?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Prince B-sm-rck.—This is monstrous! What are we to do now?

Prince B-sm-rck to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Haven't the slightest idea. What do you propose?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Prince B-sm-rck.—Obviously three courses open to us. Blockade Bosphorus, bombard Constantinople, or—cave in. Former much the best. What do you say?

Prince B-sm-rck to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Last much the best. No end of torpedoes in Bosphorus. Let's have another Conference! What do you say to Balloon Demonstration above Constantinople? Good practice for discovering North Pole.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Prince B-sm-rck.—Can you be serious? "How ill grey hairs," &c. Let's consult Austria.

Baron H-y-m-e to Prince B-sm-rck.—Quite agree with you. Conference evidently the only thing left. Nothing like talk when you don't want to act. When in doubt, play a Conference. Let's consult France.

M. B. de St. H-l-re to Baron H-y-m-e.—Oh, don't ask me. Have it your own way. I'm not going to put my finger in the pie. What's the good of consulting France—poor, downtrodden, mutilated France? Besides, we're busy watching Germany. Ask Russia.

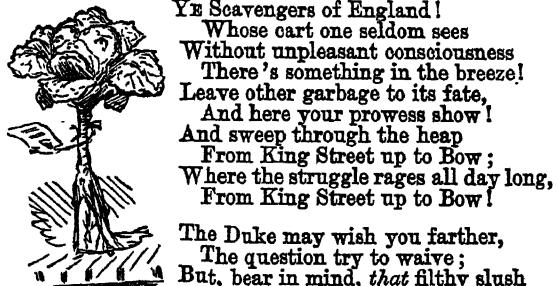
Prince G-rtch-k-ff to Prince B-sm-rck.—Ready for anything. What would you like? Black Sea Fleet to anchor off Pera? Revolt in Roumelia? Massacre of Mussulmen in Macedonia? Combined attack by Roumania and Servia? Anything to oblige.

Prince B-sm-rck to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Hm! What do you think of Russian alacrity? Suspicious—eh?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Prince B-sm-rck.—Not a bit. The cheerful confidence inspired by a good conscience—that's all. "Let us imitate Russia's good deeds!" as I observed at Blackheath. Blockade the right thing.

At this point, I'm sorry to say, my beer-barrel floated away from the wires—I'd been *tapping* them, you understand, but don't mention this on any account—so must stop now. Hope to "gather up the thread of my communication" very soon again.

YE SCAVENGERS OF ENGLAND.



Ye Scavengers of England!
Whose cart one seldom sees
Without unpleasant consciousness
There's something in the breeze,
Leave other garbage to its fate,
And here your prowess show!
And sweep through the heap
From King Street up to Bow;
Where the struggle rages all day long,
From King Street up to Bow!

The Duke may wish you farther,
The question try to waive;
But, bear in mind, *that* filthy slush
Might prove his Grace's grave!
And should he, by some chance, go down
Himself, he'd swear you're slow,
As ye sweep through the heap
From King Street up to Bow;
Where the struggle rages all day long,
From King Street up to Bow!

We boast we need no bulwarks
Our social rights to keep;
Yet, if we wish to purchase plums,
We do it—ankle deep!
And though we often, through the *Times*,
Our indignation show,
The while we roar, the loads still pour
From King Street and from Bow;
And the struggle lasts the whole day long,
From King Street down to Bow!

The dirty flags of Mudford
At last shall have their turn!—
No more for rotting refuse prove
A putrid public chum!
So up, ye British Scavengers,
A decent garden show,
Where Duchesses henceforth may—leap!
From King Street up to Bow,
And thank their stars you've made a sweep
From King Street up to Bow!



MUDFORD, K.G.,
AS HE OUGHT TO BE.

"MERIVALE v. WARD."—Lord COLEBRIDGE'S *Genevieve* award is clearly wrong in principle. Dramatic Authors have the remedy in their own hands, as they can *write themselves*.

THE BEADLE!

OR,
THE LATEST CHRONICLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.
BY
ANTHONY DOLLOP.

CHAPTER XIX.

CONCLUSION.

TR tale is now done, and it only remains for us to pull the threads together, and say farewell to our readers.

The Archbishop of Canterbury happening to visit the Westminster Vivarium one evening, saw Canon MATTIX going through some hoops, flying on the trapèze, and hanging from the roof by a cord. He did not wait to witness the performance of ZAZZEGLIA flying from the Canon. He had seen quite enough for him; and returning to the shades of Lambeth Palace, his Grace at once wrote out the following mem.:—"Canon MATTIX last seen hanging on to a slack wire. No more rope. MATTIX suspended."

As for Bishop Dowdie, he was followed by his wife through the provinces, and though he tried to secrete himself inside the big drum which was on the platform, he was unable to elude her vigilance. The scandal, however, was too much for Small-Beerjester; and partly owing to his wife's influence, and still more to the generally expressed wish to get this excellent lady out of the country, the Bishop accepted

a Chaplaincy on the Guinea Coast, where the fees are never less than one pound one.

Mr. ARABLE makes a capital Bishop, and MORLEENA appears delighted at being his wife. What her real sentiments on the subject may be, it is impossible to ascertain, and, at the end of a novel, needless to inquire. The sorrows, sins, and virtues of our heroes and heroines are your delight, my public! Nothing is so difficult as to finish well. 'Tis true of a novelist's work to say,

"Nothing in his work became him like the leaving of it."

And if some critic who can cut this up will only cut this finish down, I shall be obliged to him. But I don't see my way; and so, having told you about most of my characters, I will simply add that Mr. SIMONY SIMPLER still lives happily in the cathedral town, playing the imaginary Hebrew harp every night; that Sir ISAAC ALLFREEZE was never paid his bill in full, and often comes down to Small-Beerjester in the hopes of getting some of his fees, but at present, as the Aged Card-Sharpers still keep up their practice at the Jeremy Deedler's Hospital, it is Sir ISAAC who comes back out of pocket and out of spirits, leaving Mr. SIMPLER all the better for his visit. The OVERWAYTES go on much the same, and have a row every night. Once Dr. OVERWAYTE playfully pretended he was rehearsing the last Scene in *Othello*; but Mrs. OVERWAYTE, jumping up quickly, brought the pillow down on his head with such a thump as made him sue for pardon, and promise never to try the same amusement again.

Of Mr. JOHN BOUNCE I have already spoken. Suffice it to add that after his decease the office to which he had succeeded after the abdication of Mr. SIMPLER, was abolished by special Act of Parliament, which at one swoop brought to an end

THE BEADLE OF SMALL-BEERJESTER.

LE SPORTMAN.

As sung by Alphonse with terrific applause at various English Country Houses.



I DEARLY love *Britannique*
sport—
J'aime beaucoup your
crusty port;
Parfaitement I can stalk
zee fox—
I am first-rate to fist *le*
boxe.
I ont zee *faisan*, poach zee
hare,
At steeplechase, I drive a
pair;
I play zee crickets very
well,
And drink your *portare-*
biere—*pellel*!

O yesse! I climb your
gay polo,
I back your odds, quite
comme il faut:
So "mine your eye," I
say, "ole chaps,"
Ven I put on my handi-
caps!

I am a yotman, brave you
know,
Your fourhand yot I often
row;
I scull your tandem very
quick,
Your skiff I drive, just
like a brick.

I paint zee badger, box zee cock—
I ride zee 'ounds like one o'clock:
I learn to reef zee shandy-gaff,
I love zee foaming aff-and-aff!

O yesse! I shoot, I ride, I row,
I bawl out, "Well pull! Tallio!
O yoicks! Dis is zee time o' day,
No eel-taps! Bravoo! Ipp-ooray!!"

ROD V. QUOD.

To the Rite Onnerable Sir WILLIAM HAROURT, Secretary of State for the Ome Department.—Onner'd Sir:

As the Parient of a uncommon wicious Child I am appy to say I fully approves of yure ideer of orderin wot yer calls jewvenal offendars, insted of being Quodded, to be wel whipt by a Boby with a Birch Rod. But I begs to state I don't no ways apprrove of the notion, weather you as that hallso in view or not, of infliction of a fine to be Levy'd by distress on the Goeds of the unhappy Parient. I ham quite agreeable to anny amount of birchin as may be neces-sairy for to kepe my Orfspring Out of the Paths of Wice. But me to be fined for his jewvenal offendars I say isn't fair. Bein the Father of a evle disposed Sun I ain't the same responsible as if I was the owner of a savidge Dorg. I can get rid of the Curr if I likes, but I can't get rid of the Kidd, so the 2 don't nohow go upon all 4's. Wen the Missus had twins, we was fooced to keep both on 'em of which this here bad un is the survivor wus luck, and her Faverit in course, but now it won't be no use for her to think to bullyragg the Pleace-man wot will be sentenced to charstize im for thievin or doin mischief.

In course nobody won't give anythink for a good-for-nothink Boy, but if you could put me up to eny way of getting im orf my Ands, you would very much oblige, Onner'd Sir, your most obegiant umbel Sarvant to Comand wot they calls a Prolytaryian, and my name it is

SAM CADMAN.

Muggins's Mews, Micklemus Day.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.

Head Nurse—Miss-Management. "Remember, remember the Fifth of November," and let difficulties be settled before that date.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

A Gresham Lecture.

It is no secret that of late the City Institutions have been very roughly handled. The Companies have been accused of spending too much upon eating and drinking, and too little upon technical education. It has been said that they have squandered their enormous funds upon the most useless objects; that, in fact, they are utterly valueless. Hoping in some degree to disprove these humiliating charges, I attended a Gresham Lecture.

On reaching the corner of Basinghall Street, a few nights since, I found a Beadle in the hall of the College, apparently impatiently awaiting my arrival. He seemed heartily pleased to see me, and directed me to ascend a staircase leading to the theatre, in a tone that suggested he would not have me miss a word of the Lecture to save my life. Invigorated by his cordiality, I rushed up the well-lighted stairs, and on the landing was received by another Beadle. The second official was less cheery than the first. He pointed to a door and informed me "that was the way in." As I passed him, he seemed to me to sigh (but this may have been an idle fancy), as if he would murmur in my ear, "Beware! Beware! Beware!"

My first impression of Gresham College was that it rejoiced in a plethora of gorgeously-attired Beadles. My second (after entering the theatre) was that a Lecture upon Rhetoric, at six P.M. on a cold October evening, in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's-le-Grand, was not considered by a majority of the British Public as an "overwhelming attraction." There were about twenty people present.

I entered in a solemn silence. The Lecturer was pausing in his remarks to gaze earnestly and sternly at a gentleman who was wearing his hat. For some moments the discourse seemed to have come to a complete standstill. This gave me time to look around me. The Lecturer was attired in Academical costume. He wore a gown and an Oxford hood, and a College cap was resting beside him. In fact nothing could have been more impressive than what I may term his "upper man." It is only just, however, to admit that the effect was slightly marred by a habit he had of keeping his hands in the pockets of a pair of light-coloured trousers. It may appear a little hypercritical to unduly insist upon such

paltry details, and I should shrink from doing so were not the costume of the Lecturer in strict keeping with the character of his harangue. I can only describe the bearing of the learned gentleman as an assumption of state in an atmosphere of "Oh-anything-will-do-for-this-sort-of-thing-don't-you-know." The ancient origin of the Institution was represented by the Academical costume, and the comfortable "little certainty" by the *dégage* attitude and the light-coloured trousers.

The Lecturer was addressing rather a mixed audience. There were two or three lads with MS. books, more or less successfully attempting to take notes. One was very industrious, and I really was forced to wonder what he could be writing. The others were calmer, and only grew excited when they got hold of a date. In the midst of these lads sat a very old man, whose education possibly may have been neglected. I say "possibly," as, from the moment of my entering to my departure, he scribbled away as if his fate depended upon his preserving every syllable that fell from the lips of his instructor. He seemed to be making up for lost time with frantic haste, as if he could not die in peace until he had learned—something! There was a strong-minded female in one corner, and a pretty-looking girl in another, and a few uninteresting loungers were scantly spread over the background. These last reminded me forcibly of the crowd of idlers who make it a daily task to march from Wellington Barracks to St. James's Palace to the martial strains of the Guards' Band. I do not think that any one of them cared about Rhetoric—particularly!

So much for the audience, and now for the lecture. The offending hat having been removed, the orator resumed the thread of his discourse. He spoke in a low and melancholy tone, and apparently had some difficulty (at times) in collecting his thoughts. Occasionally he seemed to be speaking in his sleep. As I settled down into my seat, I understood him to be disagreeing with "Mr. HALLAM" upon some point or other, while he claimed for "HOBBS of Malmesbury" a high place in the literature of the Past. The subject, however, could not have been of absorbing interest to him, as he once confused the modern author with the ancient writer, calling the first

plain "HALLAM," and the last, respectfully, "Mr. HOBBS of Malmesbury." Then he paused, and slowly drank a glass of water. Having partaken of this slight refreshment, he continued with renewed energy to talk about "what he had said last night." But the "spurt" was soon exhausted, and he quickly resumed what I may term his "trance" state. Once more he seemed to be lecturing in his sleep, making long pauses now and then, as if he had entirely forgotten what he was speaking about. I tried my best to understand him, and have reason to believe that he jumped from "Mr. HOBBS of Malmesbury" to the orators of the time of HENRY THE SEVENTH. After some little pause, he disappointed us all by dismissing that reign with the remark that no oratory of that epoch had been handed down to him. He then came to HENRY THE EIGHTH, and our hopes of learning something "really good" were again aroused. The more sanguine of us may have even expected that the Lecturer would now throw off his lethargy, pull himself together, and do wonders with a piece of white chalk upon the black board that stood invitingly behind him. But, alas! it was not to be! He merely observed that he "should say nothing about the oratory of the time of HENRY THE EIGHTH." Why he elected to be so sternly reticent, did not appear. Perhaps it was because there were Ladies present! We forgave him, however, the disappointment he had caused us, because he had secured our deepest commiseration. He seemed so very bored and tired. Apparently, he had set himself a task which he nobly intended to perform. That task, I cannot help thinking, was to lecture for an hour. Probably in furtherance of this design, he kindly intimated that he was going to read us a speech. "It is forcible in style," he observed, "and tolerably intelligible." He added, that it was delivered by Sir JOHN CHEPE to the "Levellers." "The crimes of the Levellers," he continued, "were something like agrarian outrages." Then he paused, and corrected himself. He was not quite sure that this was exactly accurate; but, after all, the crimes of the Levellers had nothing to do with Rhetoric, and therefore he would pursue the subject no further.

It occurred to me once or twice during the Lecture that the learned gentleman was "not sure" of several things, and rather shrank from entering into unnecessary particulars. He continued:—"This speech was addressed to one TANNER of Kent." Then he paused, and again corrected himself. The speech was not strictly a speech, because it happened to be a proclamation. Still, it might have been spoken if any one had liked to read it aloud, when of course it would have been a speech!

Having settled this point to his own satisfaction, he commenced. The harangue may have been "forcible" in style when originally addressed to Levellers, but on this occasion it certainly did not gain much by the delivery. The Lecturer read slowly on in a perfunctory manner—once losing his place, and "trying back"—until he came to the line, "a marvellously tanned commonwealth." Here he paused with an air of languid triumph—he had caught a pun! He reminded us that the "speech or proclamation" had been addressed to the followers of a TANNER, and that here was an allusion to a "tanned Commonwealth." The play upon words was as obvious as it was pleasing! For a moment he seemed to be inviting us to join him in a wild burst of almost delirious merriment, but no one laughed, and he almost immediately relapsed into his normal air of melancholy. But I could not help fancying that he was "a little hurt," for, after reading two or three words more of the speech in a tone of resigned disappointment, he observed, rather abruptly, "I need not continue this further." As he seemingly paused to consider leisurely what he should do next, I seized the opportunity to turn round and regard the audience. Judge of my horror and my shame when I found that there were sleepers present! As I tried to recover from so severe a shock to all my better feelings, I noticed two of the audience making stealthily for the door!

They had scarcely quitted the theatre when others quickly followed their example. I gathered from this that there was something going on on the platform which was evidently causing profound emotion. I turned sharply round, and found the orator reading with an energy that argued that he had at length discovered something that exactly suited him. In a moment more the mystery was solved. The Lecturer on Rhetoric (with the assistance of Bishop LATIMER) was preaching a sermon!

As I hurriedly left, the First Beadle, cheery to the last, informed me that "it was generally over by about seven." But no, I would not stop—I had had enough! I may be wrong, but I cannot help fancying that quantity, rather than quality, is the distinguishing characteristic (in some instances) of a Gresham Lecture!



THE REAL OWE DE COLOGNE.—The Debt on the Cathedral.

THE METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS.

AIR—"Keep in de middle ob de road."

*First Common Councilman (solo)—*Obstructionists dis is our plan,
Keep in de middle ob de road.*Second Common Councilman (solo)—*From a Duke to a Common Councilman,
Keep in de middle ob de road.*Duke of M-df-rd (solo)—*With bars I'll block the ways from my Squares,
And make 'em all wild with "No Thoroughfares,"While the Mud-Salad carts full of odorous wares
Keep in de middle ob de road.*Chorus.*So we'll block up de middle ob de road,
So we'll block up de middle ob de road,
Just find a good place,
And we'll bar all de space
Oh—right in de middle ob de road.**"Drink! Drink! Drink!"**A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "WILFRID," sends us the following advertisement cut from the *Standard*:—**DIPSOMANIA.**—A Gentleman REQUIRES the LOAN of 500*l.*, for the extension of this good work.

Evidently an Anti-teetotal Crusade is afoot. A good deal in the way of extending Dipsomania can be done for five hundred pounds.

Hooray! Old Times Revived!

WE'RE to have the Four Men in Armour at the Lord Mayor's Show this year. Why not have Real Knights? They've got 'em in the City. The Gallant Sir MONK-TOWN-CLERK, and the Magnificent Sir CHARLEY! What ho! NATHAN, Costumier, thou son of Isaac of York, bring out your reach-me-down armour, and your "flat King John helmet!" Let the two warriors have the run of the gauntlets. What ho! Within there!

THE RIGHTS OF AUTHORS.

(Vide Correspondence in the Times.)

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD, of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, cut out from the play *Forget-me-not* the character of *Rose de Bressac*, a widow, whom the Manageress considered useless, and the Authors essential. Lord COLEBRIDGE gave judgment against Messrs. MERIVALE and GROVE.

DID ye hear of the *Widow Bressac*,
The sack
She got, and she's not been put back,
Good luck!

Did GENEVIEVE
A small salary save
By bidding the *Widow Bressac*
To pack?
By omitting the *Widow Bressac*?

The Authors complained—well they might,
Oh, quite.
With GENEVIEVE they did fight
For right,
But COLEBRIDGE thought
That they shouldn't have fought,
That is, judging by his legal light,
Not bright,
He hoped 'twould be "all right at night."

Let law books remain on the shelf
With self,
Each dramatist writing for self,
Poor self!
To Miss WARD can say,
"If in want of a play,
You can sit down and write it yourself,
Yourself!!
You may sit down and write it yourself!"

Wanted, Immediately.

THERE is already in existence a "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language." Might we suggest the speedy formation of another "Society"—for the preservation of the Irish Landlord?

A PINT.—So the Cesarewitch has been won by Mr. BREWER. Very appropriate, in the (second) Old October week.

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

(Containing specimens of Letters suitable for all possible or impossible Occasions.)

BY JOHN RUSKIN, Esq.

A few extracts are subjoined:—

To the Secretary of a Working Man's Constitutional Association.
on being requested to become President of the same.

MY DEAR SIR,

MAY I politely inquire of you what, in the Devil's name, you mean by calling yourselves a "Working Man's Constitutional Association?" You are working men; and as such have no more to do with the Constitution—of which, by the bye, T. C. and myself are the only true guardians and supporters left in all broad England, especially myself—than you have to do with the fine old sport of bear-baiting. I am a Constitutional, and the best of the lot; but, dash my buttons, if I see what right you have to put yourself on a level with me and T. C. Read my books. If you say you can't afford to buy them, I beg to remind you that by abstaining for five years from bread, beer, spirits, and tobacco, you will be quite able to afford a volume of *Fors Clavigera*. If you go on to observe that you don't know where it is sold, and that no respectable bookseller seems to have a copy, you disclose your ghastly and brutish ignorance of the geographical importance of a Kentish village called Orpington. If, further, you cap your insolent folly by saying that when you do get a volume of my works, you don't understand it, I can only say that your mind must be as defective as that of those two poor creatures, GLADSTONE and DISRAELI. Ten thousand demons! Not understand me! But I will be quite calm, and subscribe myself

Yours most faithfully,



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

"MAMMA, ISN'T IT VERY WICKED TO DO BEHIND ONE'S BACK WHAT ONE WOULDN'T DO BEFORE ONE'S FACE?"

"CERTAINLY, EFFIE!"

"WELL, BABY BIT MY FINGER WHEN I WAS LOOKING ANOTHER WAY!"

To the President of a Conservative Club, on being asked to stand as a Parliamentary Candidate for a Borough.

MY DEAR SIR,

Who the deuce are you? However, passing over that question for the present, I beg to assure you that you have about as much right to ask me to stand as a Candidate as you have to make the same request of the Prince of Darkness himself. But I will stand, and you can consider your corrupt little hole-and-corner borough honoured by my consenting to represent it. Mind, if I don't get in, I'll bring down a Commission, and disfranchise the place. You are far too corrupt to deserve a Representative; but if you return me triumphantly, why—deuce take it!—I'll say no more about that.

N.B.—Not more than £30 a head for watching poles. That ought to bring me in at the head of the poll. Do you see the joke, stupid?

Yours devotedly,

On being invited to accept the Freedom of a City.

MY DEAR MR. MAYOR,

CONFFOUND your impertinence! Beelzebub—who, by the way, was quite a gentleman—is modest and unassuming compared with your entirely dastardly impudence. Ask me to receive the freedom of your City! Let me tell you I consider you a dosid deal too free in making such a request. Your city has always been distinguished for two characteristics—unblushing mercantile rougery and inveterate artistic imbecility. Besides which, I hear that you personally believe in the filthy pseudo-science which calls itself Political Economy. Political Economy, indeed!—Political Lunacy, Political Suicide, Political Death! Bah! Take yourself and your city and your freedom away. Pack yourselves all off to the only place fit for you, which I need not further particularise, and believe me to remain

Always affectionately and cordially yours,

WILLS'S MIXTURE; OR, ALL IN THE DOWNS.

(At the St. James's.)

WILLS'S Mixture is not strong. The Messrs. HARE and KENDAL wanted a new version of DOUGLAS JERROLD's old play, and they took the Wills for the deed. Mr. WILLS has re-versioned it, but has not succeeded in giving the public a reversionary interest in the new drama. Mindful of the success of *Olivia*, Mr. WILLS was very naturally selected by the late manager of the Court Theatre for similar work, under similar conditions; but Poet, as Mr. WILLS undoubtedly is, he is no more a practical dramatist than the author of *The Falcon*, and rather less of a humorist than the Laureate, whose rollicking fun and original jokes in the above-mentioned "idyll" were the theme of universal admiration. One whit less well acted than it is, and its fate would have been sealed within a week, in spite of the hysterical gush of a first-night audience, whose sentimental sobs have evidently influenced professional criticism. Why will not critics determine to avoid a first night, when, at certain Theatres at all events, it is absolutely impossible to form an unbiased judgment?

The First Act is dull; and even the touching episode of old *Dame Green* asking after her dead son is only one snivel more, quite unnecessary, as having no bearing whatever on the fortunes of the piece, and, therefore, a blot—unless—good heavens! it has just struck us—this episode was intended by Mr. WILLS as "the relief!" Where an ordinary dramatist brings in the laugh, Mr. WILLS finds relief in tears. But the snivels are fully discounted in the opening; after the *Green* episode, the fountains dry up.

Never, emphatically never, has Mrs. KENDAL been seen to greater advantage. She is the very model of *Susan*, black-eye'd, or blue-eye'd, the honest sailor's wife. Without gush, without affectation, without even her little mannerism of a jerky walk (which must have been born of high heels and put off with them), she is the realisation of the Tar's sweetheart, the heroine of all nautical ballads from DIEBIN down to the author of "*Nancy Lee*." She looks the embodiment—the full embodiment, too—of all that is pure and homely. In her last two scenes she is admirable, not a gesture too much not a tone wrong, not a note misplaced, all true to nature, all the perfection of the art of domestic drama.

The prayer in the last scene is a mistake, because so evidently lugged in for the sake of "doing something" in a situation where literally nothing remains to be done, where the less said the better, and where the *dénouement* should be brought about as speedily as possible. It seems as if the managers had said "Hang it all! we've laid out so much on this scene, and made it such a perfect model of an old man-of-war, it's a pity to chuck it away in two

minutes, before the audience have time to look at it. But what can we do? We can't have a dance. . . . No—happy thought—let's have a prayer! Now, Mr. WILLS, pipe all hands to prayer. Belay!" And so down goes *Little Billee*, very much as his namesake did in THACKERAY's ballad, when he begged so piteously—"Oh! let me say my Catechism, which my poor mother taught to me!"

Mr. KENDAL is dressed as a sailor, but looks every inch—the gentleman. He is a Junior Lord of the Admiralty in disguise. He is the ideal of the *William* of romance—a handsome, graceful, perfect ideal, but, by the side of the Tar's wife, the homely *Susan*, he is only a "very superior person"—in fact, to adapt the evidence of one of his own messmates, he dances and sings "like a Angel." His dancing, too, is so evidently the result of lessons at a guinea a quarter when he was a boy, and his style of singing shows that he has had half-hours with the best masters, and, in all probability, a stall at the Opera. The song itself is a drawing-room song, and ought to have a young lady at a piano to accompany it. Did *William* wear a beard in NELSON's time? And such a very little pigtail? Why, *William*'s miniature pigtail must have come from a very little pig indeed—the wee pig that "wouldn't go to market"—but it can be detected with strong glasses.

Mr. HARE is Admiral—we mean Admirable—but he is thrown away, and there is nothing for him to do. He has chosen to be an Admiral, and there he is. Whatever interest the audience feel in the character is a purely personal one. We are inclined, however, to take our own view of what that unconscious humorist, Mr. WILLS, meant by introducing the *Admiral* to decorate *William* with an old bronze medal which he has had by him for years, and which he

hasn't been able to get rid of anyhow till now. We fancy that the nameless *Admiral*—he is only "The Admiral," like the title of a song, in the bills—merely made the twopenny-halfpenny old medal a cunning excuse for coming on shore to see *Susan*, of whose

beauty he had heard so much from the sailors and *Captain Crosstree*. The old sly boots—why not *Admiral Sly-boots*?—seizes the first opportunity of squeezing *Susan's* hand, taking care to allay any suspicion by intimating that there is a Mrs. Admiral at home who has her eye on him. Old *Slyboots* evidently doesn't believe in domestic happiness from his own experience, and can't understand *William's* preference for remaining at home to going to sea. He wouldn't—no, not for worlds.

He gives us to understand that when Mrs. Admiral, with tears in her eyes, begs him to stay on shore, he buttons up his coat, clasps his three-cornered hat firmly on his head, and exclaims, "No—I must go—England expects, &c., &c.," and he is off, leaving Mrs. Admiral with a small cheque for the next month's expenses, and promising to write to her from Gibraltar.

Mr. BARNES's *Captain Crosstree* is decidedly good for such a brutal character. Mr. WILLS takes care to impress us with the fact that the *Captain's* passion has been bubbling up for three years, and now in two minutes it boils over—and there's an end of him till the last Scene, when, with two very evident dabs of powder on his cheeks to represent a state of convalescence, he rushes on deck, and delivers the stolen letter and *William* at the same time.

The villain *Truck* (who is *Hatchett* and *Raker* and *Doggrass*—three single villains rolled into one), though cleverly played by Mr. WENMAN, is, after all, only *Captain Pigeon* of the first piece—*Old Cronies*—in another dress, retaining the same mannerisms with a spice of villainy and an unconscious imitation of Mr. JOHN RYDER's peculiar action with his right hand. A very important impersonation in the piece is *Susan's* child, to whom we have alluded above.

"And the youngest he was little *Billee*,"

whose appearance in the first Scene is strongly suggestive of what *Master Bardell*, in *Pickwick*, might have been had he joined some nautical Garibaldians, and been treated to a red shirt. The back view of little *Billee* becomes a trifle monotonous. Only once we were permitted to see the cherub's full face. *Susan* has brought that boy up admirably; and his discretion during the interview was wonderful for his years.

There is a trifle too much of Rule Britannia in the music, and it must have been a very queer sort of day when Messrs. GORDON and HARFORD painted their peculiar view of the sea from "A Common near Deal," as the horizon, owing perhaps to having had a very rough time of it overnight, appears to be dreadfully upset, and inclined to take an uphill course in the direction of the stage left. Perhaps the cloth was not correctly hung, or perhaps this is really how the two artists together actually beheld it. Phenomenal of course; and the Scene should have been described as "Un-common near Deal." Perhaps it isn't Deal at all, but I-deal.

One last word about *Little Billee*. When his father and mother have sent him out of the cockpit, and he makes a dignified exit in the care of "NOT BEFORE THE FIRST LIEUTENANT, there is heard, immediately after his disappearance, a tremendous explosion. Bang!! The pop of the ancient weasel is nothing to it! "What is it?" asks the startled audience,—and a mysterious whisper goes round the stalls, "It's the Boy!" "The Boy!" they exclaim under their breath, shudderingly. "Yes," is the very natural explanation, "he's got in the way, and been blown up by the *Admiral*." He has, then, been a Powder Monkey in disguise. Sympathy for the untimely end of *Little Billee* behind the scenes distracts attention from the sorrows of *William* and *Susan* in the cockpit, and were it not that the Boy reappears on amicable terms with the *Admiral* in the last scene, no audience would ever go home satisfied. By the way, what becomes of the villain *Truck*? Perhaps he becomes *Captain Crosstree's* butler. Nobody knows—and nobody cares.

THE "HEALING CLAIRVOYANTE."—On reading the report of this case, a very superior person observed, "Healing! Bosh! It's more like Anwell." He was right.



"NAVAL DEMON TRATION."



"TAKING UP A LITTLE BILL."



"SMALL BY DEGREES."

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

VII.—THE MERRY YOUNG WATER-GIRL.

AIR—“*Obvious.*”

I WAITED last Monday at Medmenham Ferry, well—
Anxious for some one to ferry me o'er:



The man was at dinner, and I
could tell very well
He would not return for an
hour or more.
So I sat me down and smoked
so steadily.
What should I do?—I could
not tell readily.

A maiden rowed by who had
soft sunny hair,

Whose dimples and eyes were beyond all compare:
This Water-Girl was so uncommonly fair!

But only to think, as I pondered there wearily,
And gazed at the Abbey, and thought it a bore,
She leant on her sculls, and she
offered most cheerily

To row me across to the oppo-
site shore!

I said, “How kind!” She
pouted capriciously!

I stepped aboard, and she
smiled deliciously!

And rowed off at once with so
charming an air,

And feathered her sculls with such neatness and care,
This Water-Girl was so delightfully fair!



For once I’m in luck—there is not the least doubt of it!
Alas that the voyage is concluded so soon!



The skiff’s by the shore, and
I slowly get out of it,
And wish the fair damsel “a
good afternoon.”
I raise my hat, and she looks
so thrillingly!
I thank her much, and de-
part unwillingly!

She smiles, and she ripples her
soft sunny hair;

And leaves a heart broken beyond all repair!
This Water-Girl was so surpassingly fair!

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

(From our Edinburgh Correspondent.)

In the Fine Arts Section Mr. DOODLE read a Paper on Hearthstones as materials for Public Buildings. Mr. DOODLE said that when they looked around and saw the dirty, begrimed condition of London houses—

Mr. NOODLE wanted to know how he was to look around in Edinburgh and see the London houses.

Mr. DOODLE said he wrote his paper in London.

Mr. NOODLE apologised.

Mr. DOODLE continued, that when they saw the dirty condition of London houses, they must come to the conclusion that bricks and marble and granite were quite unsuited to London air. London was very dirty. Look at the blacks.

Mr. FOONDE had looked at the blacks. He had seen them at the Aquarium throwing assegais, and he quite agreed with his honourable friend, Mr. DOODLE, that if they got throwing their assegais at public buildings, the blacks would be very destructive.

Mr. DOODLE said his friend had misunderstood him. He meant blacks that came on your nose.

Mr. POONDE said that if a black came on his nose, he would knock him down, assegai or no assegai.

Mr. DOODLE didn’t mean that either. He meant things that came down from the sky.

Mr. FOONDE thought that if his friend had said balloons at once, it would have saved a lot of time.

Mr. DOODLE implored his hearers to think of blacks that came out of chimneys, and fell down on your nose.

Mr. COOPDE said that was very true. A black fell on his nose the other day in Regent Street just when he was passing a very pretty girl.

Mrs. COODLE was glad to hear it.

Mr. DOODLE wanted to know what Mr. COODLE’s doubtful anecdotes of debauchery had to do with hearthstones.

Mr. DOODLE asked to be allowed to get on. They all knew that hearthstones were the embodiment of cleanliness. They knew how white and glistening hearthstones and water were. Well, if houses were built of hearthstones, every shower of rain would but purify—

Mr. NOODLE said you might as well build houses of soap.

Mr. LOODLE thought that Mr. DOODLE was an ass. (*Carried nem. con.*)

In the Hygienic Section, Mr. BOOZEY read a paper on Alcoholic Stimulants.

Mr. SNOOZEY thought that this was a paper which might be advantageously treated with experiments.

Mr. BOOZEY said that that was his intention.

Mr. LOOZEY judged from the personal appearance of Mr. BOOZEY that he had already carried that intention into considerable effect.

Mr. BOOZEY despised insinuations—he would say insinuations of a base and revolting charakter. Now, in regard to Alcoholic Stimulants, all the leading medical men were agreed that the safest, purest, and most healthy drink was wiskey—he would say whiskey.

Mr. DOOZEY said it was curious that Mr. BOOZEY had only come to that conclusion since his brother failed on the Stock Exchange and set up as a spirit merchant. The safest of all drinks was Madeira—old Madeira—such as he drank himself in his own house.

Mr. SNOOZEY said that his friend might drink old Madeira himself, but he gave his friends uncommonly new Marsala.

Mr. DOOZEY said Marsala or Madeira, it was at any rate a better drink than the Port-wine bought round the corner, at one-and-three the bottle, which Mr. SNOOZEY poisoned his friends with, and said he had had in the cellar over thirty years.

Mr. LOOZEY said give him claret.

Mr. SNOOZEY said his friend might say “give him claret” all day long, but he could assure him nobody was going to give him any.

Mr. COOZEY said that the worst of claret was, that if he drank four bottles it made him as giddy as anything.

Mr. LOOZEY had noticed that too, and had thought of writing a paper on it.

Mr. SNOOZEY was very glad he hadn’t.

Mr. COOZEY said he would stand by champagne for ever.

Mr. SNOOZEY thought that if he was going to stand champagne for ever, it would be more to the purpose.

Mr. DOOZEY wanted to know what had become of Mr. BOOZEY.

Mr. BOOZEY was understood to say that whenever he wanted to do full justice to the reading of a Paper, he always lay under the table. Would any gentleman sing a song?

Mr. LOOZEY volunteered, and the meeting hastily broke up.

In the Fiddle-Faddle Section, Mr. JOINER read a paper on London Fogs. The reader said that it was impossible to overrate the evils which these November visitors brought to the Metropolis. He himself lived in the country, and the discomforts he experienced when he went to London were enormous.

Mr. JOINER wondered why Mr. JOINER didn’t stop in the country, then.

Mr. JOINER said that London Fogs were extending to the country, that they had reached as far as Manchester.

Mr. JOINER would take the liberty of saying “Walker!”

Mr. JOINER said that Mr. COINER might add “Hokey” if he liked, but it would have no effect on him. The fact was undeniable that hundreds of aged persons had been killed last winter simply through fog. Now, wasn’t that a fearful thing?

Mr. MOINER, having lost a grand-aunt, from whom he had inherited property, last winter, implied that he didn’t think it was a fearful thing.

Mr. JOINER said the remedy was in Londoners’ own hands. He should propose a heavy tax on fire-places, and the substitution of gas-stoves.

Mr. COINER said he would never give up his fire-place, and he wouldn’t pay taxes on it.

Mr. MOINER remembered having tried a gas-stove, and everything cooked on it tasted of gas, until luckily the beastly thing blew up.

Mr. JOINER also remembered having tried a gas-stove; only owing to a want of confidence between himself and the Company, they cut the gas off.

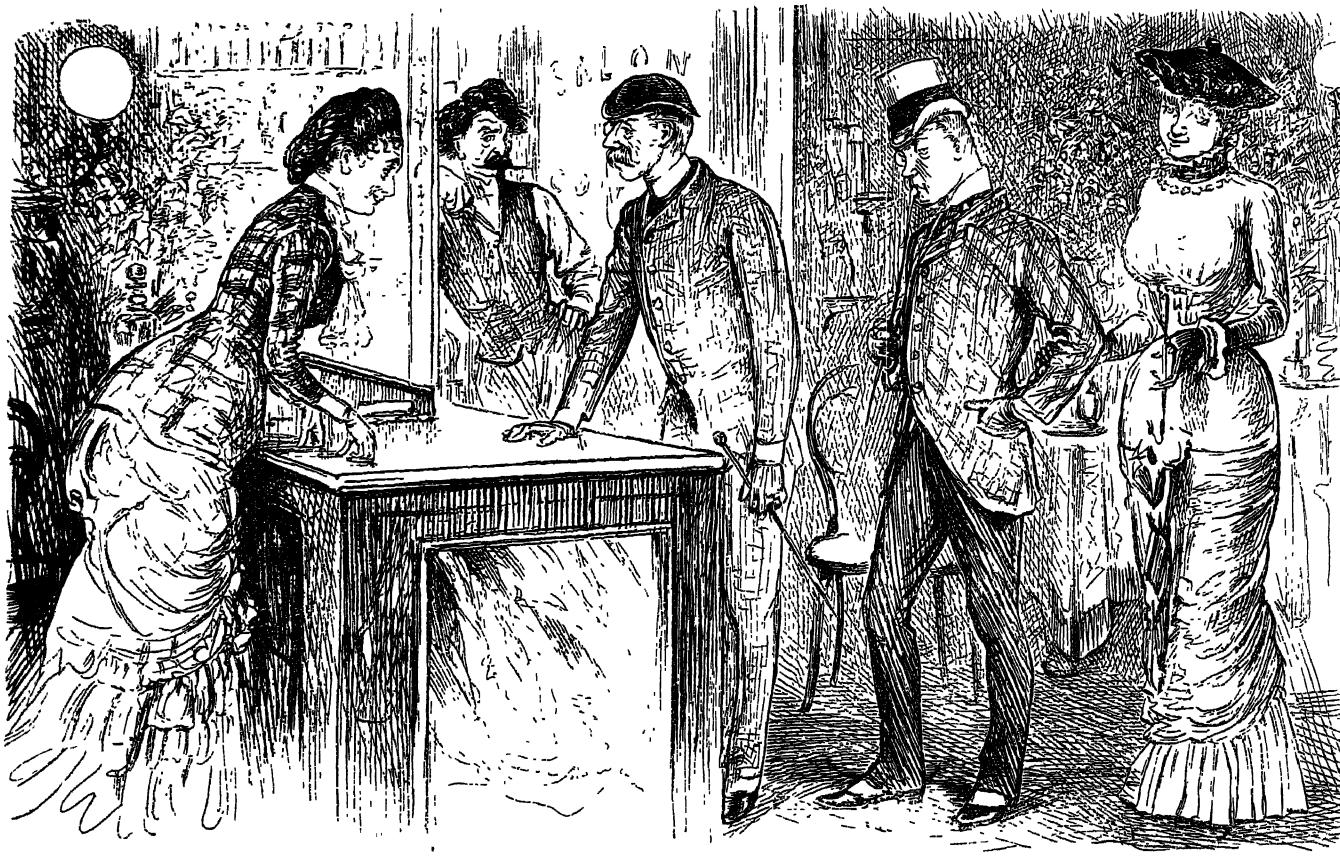
Mr. JOINER said that as all persons with taste were now abandoning gas, and adopting wax candles, it was hardly likely that they would consent to be poisoned by stoves.

Mr. PONNER thought if a few directors of gas companies were hung, it would do some good.

Mr. JOINER thought the discussion growing irrelevant. They had met to discuss fog.

Mr. COINER assured his honourable friend, Mr. JOINER, that no one could be in a greater fog than he was at that moment.

The meeting then broke up angrily.



AT BULLONG.

Mr. Belleville (who likes to air his French before his friends). "Avvyvoo la PARFUME DU—ER—DU JOCKEY-CLUB?"
Fair Perfumer. "O YES, SARE! VE HAVE ALL ZE ENGLISH SMELLS!"

A FEW LETTERS.

1. *H—n M—e to G—e W—d.*—Got a splendid piece for you, one of the best even I ever wrote, and you know what that is. You are the wife of a Colonel of Hussars, and a Bishop is madly in love with you and would persuade you to elope, but for the timely warning of a pious Bargee. Safe to be a hit.

2. *G—e W—d to H—n M—e.*—First-rate idea. Send it along.

3. *H—n M—e to G—e W—d.*—How's the piece going? Grand?

4. *G—e W—d to H—n M—e.*—Superb business. There's millions in it!

5. *H—n M—e to G—e W—d.*—How's it going now?

6. *G—e W—d to H—n M—e.*—Better than ever. We have cut out the Bishop and the Bargee and the Colonel of Hussars. No end of salaries saved. It's going splendid.

7. *H—n M—e to G—e W—d.*—You just put the Bishop and the Bargee and the Colonel of Hussars back again. You've spoilt the piece.

8. *G—e W—d to H—n M—e.*—Shan't put them back. The audiences say they prefer the piece without the Bishop and the Bargee and the Colonel of Hussars.

9. *H—n M—e to G—e W—d.*—What! are the audiences so sunk and degraded that they have not torn the house down at the omission of those splendid characters of mine? I'll go to law and write to the *Times*.

[Does, and doesn't seem to get very much by either proceeding. But—ha! ha! "a time WILL come! GENEVIÈVE, beware!" Exit to Write.]

A SILVER MUG IN THE SKY.—The face of the Moon.

THE NEW COLONY.

'Tis a scheme that is truly gigantic
 Tom HUGHES has just started, for he
 Is now taking across the Atlantic,
 To settle in far Tennessee—
 A new colony, people by dozens—
 Male settlers the young and the old,
 With their wives and their sisters and cousins,
 Are all gathered into the fold.

They're to sow on the fair mountain ranges,
 To reap, and to trade in the mart,
 While through all Fortune's troublesome changes
 They're still to be English at heart.
 Quoth the wily American, "Thank'e,
 Though now of Old England you're types,
 In a very few years you'll be Yankee,
 And swear by the Stars and the Stripes!"

Grievous Want at Guy's.

FROM a letter, penned by Mr. R. CLEMENT LUCAS, Assistant Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, it appears that the Management Committee of that institution does not include even one medical practitioner! Such a Hospital Committee exhibits a pretty close resemblance to a Board of Admiralty, once possible, consisting exclusively of landsmen, who, in their official capacity, must be necessarily often at sea. A Committee charged with the management of a Hospital ought to be in some measure capable of understanding matters of medicine and surgery; but how can it, when it does not comprehend a Doctor?

MOTTO FOR THE DUKE OF M-DF-RD (*à propos of the barriers on the Mudfordbury Estate*).—"BARS magna fui."



“A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT!”

SHADE OF O'CONNELL. “EVERY MAN WHO IS GUILTY OF THE SLIGHTEST BREACH OF THE LAW IS AN ENEMY TO IRELAND. NO POLITICAL REFORM IS WORTH THE SHEDDING OF ONE DROP OF BLOOD.” (See JUSTIN McCARTHY'S *History*, Vol. I., Ch. xii.)

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

Exciting Scene in Court! Examination of a Sheriff!!

Our Commissioner. You are, I believe, a Sheriff of London?

Sheriff. I am a whole Sheriff of London, and half a Sheriff for Middlesex.

Our Commissioner. Good gracious me, how's that?

Sheriff. I must request you to ask my Under-Sheriff; he is a lawyer, and bears me harmless, and answers all bothering questions, and takes all my fees, and keeps 'em for his trouble.

Our Commissioner. Are your fees of large amount?

Sheriff. Somewhere about a "thou" more or less—but I'm not quite clear on the subject, and I don't believe any Sheriff ever is.

Our Commissioner. Have you any salary?

Sheriff. Yes, the Corporation allows me about £300 a year, some of the items being rather curious. For instance, the Common Council in the time of PHILIP and MARY kindly granted the Sheriffs of that day 20s. each, which amount we still receive. In 1577 they granted for Wax, Herrings, and Sturgeon, £5 6s. 8d. I don't use wax myself, and I don't like herrings or sturgeon, but I receive my half of the £5 6s. 8d.

Our Commissioner. What strange items! Anything further of a curious kind?

Sheriff. Yes, I am also kindly presented with some very handsome Fire Buckets, which, I believe, are intended to enable me to extinguish any fire that might be accidentally caused, shortly after my return home from one of the many sumptuous repasts I have to attend officially.

Our Commissioner. What paternal care the City Fathers seem to display towards you. Anything further?

Sheriff. Yes; they allow me Nine Pounds to pay the tolls on London Bridge, but as there is no toll on London Bridge now, I—

Our Commissioner. Yes, quite so. Very natural. Anything further?

Sheriff. Well, I wear a peculiar costume—which I think rather becoming,—and I have to swallow a great deal of green fat with my turtle. I ride in a carriage of resplendent beauty. I am waited on by domestics arrayed more gorgeously than those of Royalty itself. I am allowed to address the House of Commons from the Bar of the House. I go to Court, attend State Balls and Concerts, and have always before me the possibility of a Knighthood.

Our Commissioner. Pray what are your principal duties?

Sheriff. Dining, Flogging, and Hanging.

Our Commissioner. Will you describe them more in detail?

Sheriff. Certainly. Whenever and wherever the Lord Mayor dines, there I dine; wherever the Lord Mayor goes, there I go; whatever the Lord Mayor says, I repeat, with a difference. In short I am the Lord Mayor's shadow. "We come like shadows, so depart." I emerge from obscurity into the brilliant sunshine of Corporation life. I bask in that sunshine for twelve short months, and I then return into the obscurity from which I emerged, I trust, a wiser and a better man.

Our Commissioner. Never mind the rest. Very instructive. You may retire, Mr. Sheriff.

THE WAGS OF WATERLOO.

THE London and South-Western is usually esteemed a "safe" railway, both as regards its dividends and its exemption from accidents—the Nine-Elms disaster notwithstanding. Nevertheless, the Directors of this Company may justly be considered as holding high rank among the Practical Jokers of the age. The mention of a few of the witticisms expended upon the traveller by them will indubitably confirm this assertion:—

1. The Waterloo Station is so constructed that no voyager of ordinary intelligence can determine the precise point of his departure. With rare humour the Directors have so arranged the various platforms that it is quite possible to be at Waterloo and yet to be some hundreds of yards away from the spot whence any particular train will start. A craftily-devised medley of barriers, bridges, subways, and iron ways, after the Hampton Court Maze model, moreover, generally succeeds in baffling the stranger in the Waterloo Wilderness. The only successful plan for escaping is to propitiate one of the natives (or porters). And even these are often at a loss to determine the *right* platform five minutes before a train starts. With equal jocularity the Directors have scattered seats few and far between. Several of these resting-places are judiciously placed over the gratings of the kitchens connected with the refreshment-rooms, so that the imaginative traveller may refresh himself economically on the savoury odours. The walls of the Station are carefully, and, it may be added, generously adorned with the announcements of other Railway Companies. The careful explorer will discover some few time-bills of the London and South-Western in odd nooks and corners. An arrangement whereby those who are arriving and those who are departing from the "Loop-Line" Terminus meet in friendly conflict, is a touch of the genuine pantomimic fun.

2. Horse- and boat-racing are sources of great revenue to the Waterloo wags, and also of infinite pleasure. Whenever there are meetings at Epsom, Ascot, Kempton, or Sandown, or aquatic contests at Putney or Mortlake, the fun is fast and the jokees (or ordinary travellers) furious. The uncertain hours of arrival and departure have all the charm of constant variety. But, furthermore, the monotony of the journey is repeatedly broken by abrupt stoppages at not generally appreciated spots of interest, commanding splendid views over wild expanses of tiles and chimney-pots, or embracing vistas of ploughed fields

interspersed with telegraph poles and unfinished mansions of the lower order. In addition to these jests, ordinary fares between the Metropolis and the place where the equine or aquatic sports are being held are abolished for the time being—not to the traveller's advantage, nor with his consent. Lastly, a splendid Communism is very often established, especially during the Ascot and Derby weeks. On these occasions any well-organised band of roughs can eject a party of Ladies from a first-class carriage, and establish themselves without the unnecessary ticket, for the South-Western Directors and their merry *employés* humorously treat such scenes as the fortune of uncivil war.

3. It is evident that the Directors must be great rabbit-fanciers, for the number of hutches scattered over their "System" is enormous. It is only by experience that the traveller can appreciate the irrepressible propensities of the South-Western Company when he finds out that these hutches are not for rabbits, but for human beings, and that they are technically known as "Country Stations." Most of them are adorned with texts, but every one has a pigeon-hole for the reception of the customary tribute. A long wait in any of the South-Western hutches is one of the most exasperating jests which any Company of Practical Jokers could practise. However, Christmas is coming, so Clowns in want of a few comic scenes would do well to visit this rare field of Waterloo.

THE BREWERS AT ISLINGTON.

A BREWERS' EXHIBITION, one would think,
Should be a show peculiar to the Trade,
Chiefly of every sort and kind of drink

From malt and hops through fermentation made;
Beer under all its forms, of local fame,
Or popular by individual name.

Burton and Kennet, Welsh and Scottish ales;
Barclay and Perkins's Entire—the best
Which they and firms whom space to mention fails
Brew likewise—Truman, Hanbury, and the rest,
Merchants of porter, heavy wet and stout,
Aloft the sky whose tavern-legends flout:

Materials used in brewing too; those twain

In making genuine beer employed alone.
None of your shams; no produce of the cane,
No quassia, by true British Brewers shown.
No drugs; nought save the ingredients of pure beer,
Sound, unadulterated, and sincere.

Models and plans of "Plant" you might expect,
In order, to behold disposed or hung;
Boilers, and vats, and tuns withal, select
Utensils; barrel, tub, and tap, and bung.
And ah, 'midst all that good old-fashioned gear,
The modern beer-engine that mars good beer!

And carved or moulded forms of Brewers' men,
Types of the Drayman famed in comic song,
And those big Brewers, to the Upper Ten
Thousand, as Brewer Princes, that belong;
The legislative Brewers, who represent
Beer's interests in Britannia's Parliament.

But who, at any Brewers' Exhibition,
Could ever have expected to appear
All manner of beverages in competition,
As non-intoxicants, with Brewers' beer,
Such as of late may have been viewed, on call,
In Islington, at Agriculture's Hall?

Can Brewers have taken Temperance Drinks to brew,
Meeting the times, to suit the taste of such
Good folk as those malt liquor that eschew,
And, in their cups, can't take a drop too much?
As well as beer, do breweries now supply
The draughts that not inebrate, for the dry?

Or do the Men of Beer design to show
How little they the opposition dread
Of mineral waters, lemonade, and so
Forth, to the potions that excite the head;
And do they back beer still to hold its own
'Gainst mimic fizz, and pop and zedone?

A "RELIEVING OFFICER."—General ROBERTS.

THE KURDS IN PERSIA.

OF course this has o-kurd to everyone—at all events, we have received a bushel of jokes on the same subject, more or less ok-kurdly expressed—namely, that, according to latest advices, “the Persians are giving whey to the Kurds.” Also, “What is the word of command for ‘Halt!’ among the Kurds?—Whey!” “The Kurds ought to mend their wheys,” is another favourite one. We have also received two hundred and fifty plays on the words “whey” and “weigh” appropriate to the same subject. “The Kurds,” writes another esteemed correspondent, “are a savage race; and all have con-kurd in hoping they’ll be speedily con-kurd.” No—no more to-day, Baker—take them away—we have only re-kurded the fact, and so make our kurdsey, draw the kurdin, and retire ac-kurdingly, for what can’t be kurd, &c., &c. Avant!

Our Own Patent.

NEW Invention to assist the present Ballot-Box System, which will record the vote and take a portrait of the Voter. Albums of Votographs will thus be kept for reference—one for positives, another for negatives. The Votographic apparatus will reproduce an exact fac-simile of the Ayes and Noes of every Voter.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 4.



BARON HENRY DE WORMS.

BAIT FOR 'BAIT; OR, THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

WHO'S GRIFFIN?

THE Bronze Griffin which is to surmount Temple Bar Memorial was last Wednesday fixed in position. The *2 P. M. Gazette* adds, “It has been executed by Mr. C. BIRCH, A.R.A.” Executed! Serve it right. We saw the scaffold, and the poor thing was covered up—after the execution, of course. The Griffin is a fabulous animal, and cost a fabulous price. This is the first application of BIRCH to a juvenile offender. Alas! poor Griffin! [Since the above was in type, our boy has run round and informs us that the Griffin is still there. Impossible! What! after execution? It must be his double!]

A Nod's as Good as a Wink.

CITY of London School. First stone laid last Thursday. Mr. WALFORD, Chairman of the Committee, stated that “the School originated from the gift of JOHN CARPENTER, Town Clerk of the City about 1442.” Hallo! Sir JOHN, Town Clerk of 1880, here’s a chance of immortalising yourself now. Why not do likewise—and then apply for another fifty per cent. rise of salary, eh? (No commission on this suggestion.)

APPROPRIATE ADDITION TO THE CITY ARMS.—A (Temple) Bar Sinister!

THE SOCIETY FOR THE EXTERMINATION OF MUSIC AND DANCING.

THIS Society held its one hundred and thirtieth Annual Meeting at the Sessions House, Clerkenwell, on October 14th and 15th, under the presidency of Captain MORLEY, who was supported by Major LYON, Mr. SHARPE, and about fifty out of four hundred other Meddlevex Magistrates. The representatives of the four millions of Londoners appeared with becoming humility before this August, or rather October, assembly, and asked meekly for permission to occasionally sing a song, or play upon the flute, or dance a dance, or witness others dancing.

The Society, not being quite clear as to whether its powers applied to the public as dancers, or the public as witnesses of dancing, wisely fenced with that part of the question, but expressed a strong conviction that no person ought at one and the same time to indulge in the luxury of music, dancing, and singing. Having all the police inspectors from A to Z in one box before them, they took the opportunity of scolding these gentlemen for not watching and reporting upon any infringement of this and similar rules. Being somewhat irritated by their own remarks, they then took away a music and dancing licence from a deaf old gentleman that had been granted probably for the last eighty years, and refused another licence because certain technical “notices” had not been properly served on churchwardens, overseers, clerks of peace, clerks of vestries, clerks of petty sessions, houses, station-houses, cheesemongers, trunk-makers, bill-stickers, and paper-hangers.

After granting a licence to Exeter Hall, without a word about its notoriously dangerous exit, they raised a discussion about a trumpery staircase at the Scapegoat Music Hall. Having swallowed such a camel as the Polytechnic, where “Stage-plays,” so called, are nearly always being represented without authority, they strained at such a gnat as a representation of African warfare at the other end of Whitechapel, and patronisingly granted a licence for Music to the Royal Academy of Music, whose Directors, by the way, if they only knew it, are quite independent of this Society for the Extermination of Public Amusements. One member of the Society thought that it would be better if all persons could be sent to bed at nine o’clock, but he did not press his conviction; and another member insisted that the refined and refining Soldier should be admitted without

scruple to every entertainment. This last idea was received with great enthusiasm; but no suggestion was made as to who was to pay for the Soldier. The Press were ordered to take notice of the idea, and we obey the order.

After a fruitless attempt to get the Royal Aquarium into hot water, and to prove that the only thing fishy about it is its management, the Directors were given another year’s grace; but the Town Hall of Shoreditch was warned that it had committed a crime by allowing the *Stabat Mater* to be played on an Ash Wednesday. When it was pointed out that the Meddlevex Magistrates had no power to bar such a performance, or any performance, on that particular day, Mr. SHARPE, who is as sharp as vinegar, seemed to indicate that the will of the Magistrates was above all law—

You mustn’t do sich
Near the bells of Shoreditch,

though you may do it at the Albert Hall, and on the Surrey side of the water.

After a few dozen music licences had been granted to “coffee palaces”—the new pets of the professional philanthropists—a licence was refused to the *Trocadero Café*, and a chance lost of partly clearing the top of the Gaymarket. Such is the difference between coffee and *café*. EVANS’s was once more restored to life after a year’s trance, but the owner was not to have the privilege accorded to the late Paddy GREEN of entertaining duchesses unawares. It is now to be a strictly monastic institution.

Having inflicted as much inconvenience as possible on the public, the Meddlevex Magistrates adjourned for a year. The beauty of this Licensing System is that if any wrong is done, it cannot be remedied for a twelvemonth. On the other hand, if any licensee abuses his licence, he cannot be punished for a twelvemonth. The Act of Parliament (25 Geo. II. cap. 36), having been passed about 1750, is admirably suited, of course, to the wants of 1880.

Will these Meddlevex Magistrates meet again next October? Unquestionably. Will it take twenty years’ agitation, a riot, and the march of one hundred thousand men to Westminster to get rid of this society, and put our Licensing System on a sound and sensible footing? Probably. The ancient Assyrians worshipped the Bull, and other nations have adored a variety of animals. In England we worship the Jackass.



"LISTENERS NEVER HEAR," &c.

Old Chickory (of Crutched Friars) had lounged into the Garden with his cigar. He was on a visit to his brother-in-law, and had been potting about his Preserves for a day or two with the Keeper—(the Squire wouldn't go). He hears voices round the corner—it was

William (talking to his Master). "WE GOT ON BETTER TO-DAY, SIR. BUT A CHOKE-BORE AIN'T NO USE TO HE—HE WANT A GUN AS 'LL COVER A WHOLE BARN, SIR, HE DO!" [The Alderman returns to London at the end of the Month, a wiser if not a better shot!]

THE CLOCK AND THE DRAGON.

A Dialogue in Fleet Street.

Clock (expressing as much astonishment as a blank countenance is capable of). Hillo! why, who are you?

Dragon. Oh! I'm a Dragon.

Clock. Hump! didn't twig you with that canvas bag on.

Who stuck you there?

Dragon. Those City sumphs.

Clock. How funny!

Dragon. Ah! and I cost a jolly lot of money.

Clock. What are you going to do?

Dragon. Why, stand and ramp,

Exposed to London soot, and mud, and damp,

Till dirtier than my types in ancient time,

Who fought and wallowed in primæval slime.

Clock. Disgusting destiny! As bad a mine is.

Dragon. Ah! I was going to ask you what your line is.

Clock. Ah, I'm a clock.

Dragon. The deuce you are! How curious!

And with no hands?

Clock. There, don't! You make me furious.

I'm Fleet Street's butt.

Dragon. I'm sure I am no use;

And as for beauty, Mr. STREET's abuse—

Clock. Don't mention him, I've cause to doubt his taste.

Who fashioned you?

A MR. BIRCH.

Clock. What waste

Of honest metal! BIRCH deserves the rod.

An ugly useless pair, our fate is odd.

Dragon! You are a type of Civic folly.

That puts the drag on progress.

Dragon.

Melancholy

But pregnant pair. And you are London's mock,
A hideous, handless, time-ignoring Clock.

No blame to us, for could we choose our lot—

Clock. Mine were oblivion.

Dragon. Mine the melting pot.

[Left lamenting.

A Cologne-ial Grievance.

WHAT do the papers mean by announcing "The Opening of Cologne Cathedral," as if it were a startling novelty? I've been to Cologne five times within the last five years, and always found the Cathedral open. Once, very early in the morning, as I was returning from an evening party, I saw the "Swiss" opening the Cathedral by himself. But there was no ceremony of any kind on that occasion, except a mere passing nod on my part, which he acknowledged most civilly. If you don't believe me, I refer you to the little English Cologney of residents.

Yours,

COAL OWNER.

Sweets for the Shameless.

IN evidence given before the Gloucester Election Committee, the other day, a witness incidentally mentioned that—

"The popular name for bribery money was 'Sugar,' and a place where it was distributed was known as the 'sugar shop.'"

Not alone in Gloucester, but in corrupt boroughs generally, amongst electoral rogues, the "Thieves' Latin," or slang synonym for a pecuniary bribe, is "Sugar." In this country of Free Trade, the sums distributed amongst corrupt constituencies to venal voters are the only payments which can be pointed at with the finger of disgust under the name of "Sugar Bounties."

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



URE enuf, one of the best dinners as I ever assists at is what they calls "the feast of Love and Peace," at the Merchant Taylors. From what I can understand from the Wash-uppool Master's speech, it seems that the Tailors and Skinners had a jolly fight in Cheapside, ever so many underd years ago, and lots on 'em was killed on the street of batel, and all about which should go fust in the Lord Mare's Sho! Well, they was all had up before the Beak, and he must have been somethink like a Beak, for he ordered 'em not to make such tools of themselves again, but to take the leed one after the other on diffirink years, and to ask each other to dinner every year like Xtian Gents. And so they did, and so they have done ever since, I think the Master said 396 times each, and so they does now, and so I hopes they'll keep on doing till Waiters is no more! The Master of the Skinners replied like a Man, that he hoped both Kumpennies would shew their good sense and usefulness by givin as many dinners as posibel. Ah that's the sort of Master for my money. BROWN whispered to me, "Amin to that sweet prare," I heard the Amerikun Ambassidoor who was prisint, say, "he was blowed if that jolly fight mustn't have took place before Kristifer Klumbus diskruverd his grate Country, and he wished as all batels was follerred by such jolly results, only it might inkuridge people to go to war if it came to be known that a little scrimmidge in Cheapside had perduced nearly 800 scrumpshous dinners such as this here one."

Ah! how many things is changed since that time! Hempires is cum and gone, Taverns is changed, and Eddicashun is become ginrul.

What I loves, almost as much as Old Madeery, is to see the gushin and affectionet Loyalty as is shown when any of the Royal Family dines with the Copperation. It isn't only that they stands and stares at 'em with hor and admirahsun wile they're there; for BROWN says, in his imperent way, "The Swells does that as well as the Snobs," but, direktly they goes, there's such a rush of Loyalty to the Tables when Royalty has had its dinner, as almost draws tears from my eyes.

They sits on the Chairs where they sat; they gobbles up the bits of fruit left on *their* plates; they snatches up the Flowers *they* smelt at, and runs off with the Menos as *they* handeld. BROWN, with his usual bad taste, says it's all Flunkysm; but I says it's true ginine Loyalty to the Throne and Haltar; and while them noble Principals is thus shown, Old England has nothing to fear from swearing Demi-Gogs.

I often thinks from what I sees, that it must be very trying to one of the very Middling Classes to have to go through his dooties as a Master of a Great Compenny. I wonder what his feelings is after entertaining, say, a Royal Prince, and a couple of Dewx, and a brace of Bishups one day, and the next day having to serve in his shop.

I don't know a better bit of fun than to see some immint Swell, praps a Lord or a Barrinit, a larffing and a chatin and a drinkin away, and thoroughly enjoying hisself, and presently up I goes to him and I says, says I, please Sir you will have to rispond to the next Toast but 2. Oh to see the suddin change! Why some on 'em's so took a back that they seems reddy to feint and almost grasspin for breth. No more larffin for them, I can tell you, but capital fun for BROWN and me to watch 'em.

On the other hand them as is used to it, likes it, and is as savage as Bares if they ain't called on. Only the other nite at the Manshun House one of the Guvernment asked me what he would have to do, and when I said nothink Sir this evenin, he got up and went away quite pail with anger.

Such is Life! Them as wants somethink don't get it, and them as gets it don't want it.

HYGEIA.

(*A Sanitary Lyric, imitated from Edgar Poe's "Ligeia," and dedicated to Dr. Richardson.*)

HYGEIA! Hygeia!
Most exigent one!
I have an idea
Thou pokest thy fun.
Oh! is it thy will
To make noodles of us,
By urging us still
So to worry and fuss
Concerning our bodies,
What's eaten, what's drunk,
Until we're mere noddies
In chronic blue funk?

Hygeia, thou'rt clever;
But, 'twixt you and me,
To fidget for ever
Is fiddle-de-dee.
We mustn't eat this,
And we mustn't drink that,
Lest sound health we should miss,
Grow too thin, or too fat,
Must go in for analysis
Of all "grub" about
Lest we court cramp, paralysis,
Fever, or gout;
Mustn't travel by rail,
Must shun riding in cabs;
Must,—but time would quite fail
To tell half of thy "fads."

If a mortal (I think)
Could such vigilance keep,
He would ne'er eat or drink,
He would ne'er toil or sleep.

Sanitas sanitatum
Is all very fine;
But my ultimatum
Is this—I must dine!
And if I stop grubbing
Till all's fair and clear,
I shall do nought but "tubbing"
For many a year.
Esculapius' daughter,
With thee I agree,
Pure air and cold water
Are needful to me;
But perpetual worry
'Bout stomachs and nerves,
And this, that, and 'tother,
No good purpose serves.
"Nine Systems," Hygeia,
Perhaps I possess,
Though I'd an idea
The number was less.
But to square work and feast
By the rules thou art giving,
Would take nine lives at least,
And not one much worth living.

FRIENDS IN LEEDS.

SIR.—You told me to go to Leeds, and I told you to go to Jericho. You didn't go to Jericho, and I didn't go to Leeds.

Who needs
To go to Leeds?

when he can do as I did, and always intend to do in future. I simply—very simply—sat in my little second-floor back-room, with one end of a Telephone fitted up to my study-table, the other being attached to Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who went off with it to the Leeds Festival, and took it with him on the platform. Did you ever hear of a Telephone being attached to a person? They do, I assure you, become deeply attached—like cats, however, more to places than persons. Of course it was a brilliant idea of mine—you, Sir, never thought of it—to put the Telephone into ARTHUR SULLIVAN's head—in at one ear and out at the other—because, as everyone knows, he is such a perfect Conductor of sound. It succeeded marvellously. I heard everything; and was charmed with BARNETT and BENNETT, and *April Fool* and *Shipping the Builder*, and that ancient Conservative musician, the *Hoary Tory O!* Where all was so good, and so much was Osgoon, and where one thing was as good as another, as the Telephone said—I heard by Telephone all the jokes, made *sotto voce* on the platform, but shan't tell of one of 'em—it is impossible to discriminate. Dr. SULLIVAN's prescriptions, for an opening symphony to a tonic, were most successful. The learned author of *Pinafore* did the words of the *Martyr of Antioch*, and the Telephone gave me a few particulars which the general public was not privileged to hear.

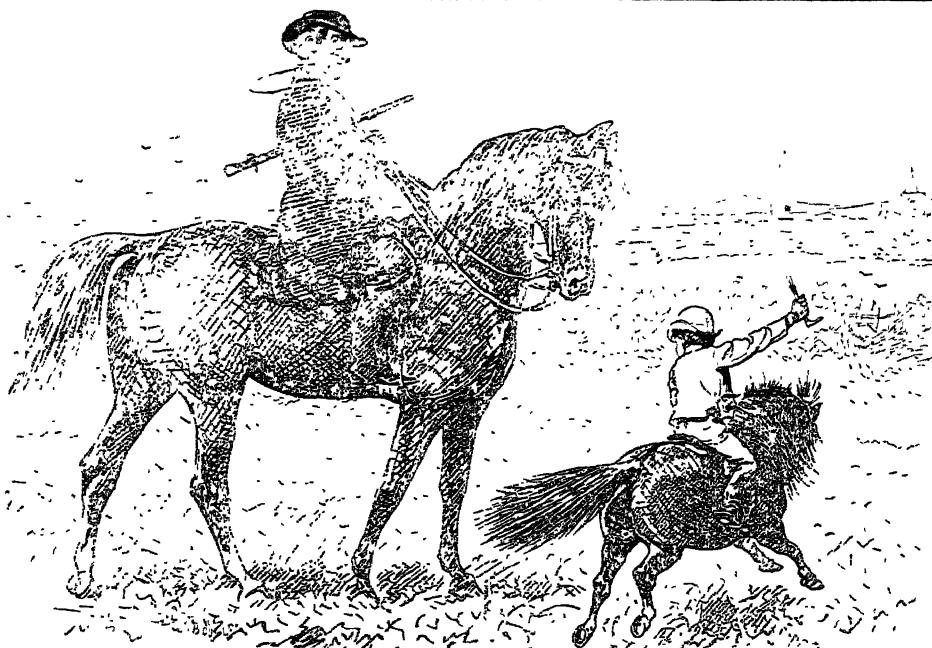
The great song rather reminded me of something in *Trial by Jury* and *Pinafore*; it is called "*I'll tell you how I came to be a Martyr*," with chorus. The refrain of the next most popular number is

"In spite of all temptations
From some denominations,
I remained a Christian.
(Triumphantly) I remained a Christian."

This, with the magnificent accompaniment to which it is set, created a profound sensation—

"A most profound sensation
From the grand instrumentation
Of Doctor Sullivan—
Of D-o-o-o-octor Sul-ul-ul-i-van."

Well, if Sir ARTHUR—is the Telephone correct, or did it say Dr. ARTHUR? Odd! I thought it whispered "Sir,"—but perhaps it said "Sir" to me)—if Dr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, isn't satisfied with the result of our spirited telephonic experiment, he ought to be. But if everyone can hear musical festivals by Telephone, why go to Leeds, or anywhere else?—except as an excuse for an outing—out on the Leeds. Adoo!



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Young Shaver. "BET YER TUPPENCE, I'M HOME FIRST!"

MYSTERIOUS WIRES.

A very slight idea of the dissensions at present raging amongst Her Majesty's Ministers can be gathered from the following telegrams, forwarded to us by an esteemed Conservative Correspondent. We don't believe for a moment that he would send us any information that wasn't strictly authentic; yet as he has only just returned to Town from Dartmoor, and his imagination sometimes is known to run away with him, we are a little bit surprised how he has got hold of the subjoined most important documents. However, we suppose it's all right:

Earl Gr-nv-lle to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Very sorry to bother you, but unless I clearly understand how far you intend to carry this idiotic Naval Demonstration, I really must resign.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Earl Gr-nv-lle.—Can you clearly understand anything?—that's the question. Everything will come right. Leave it to me.

Earl Gr-nv-lle to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Just what I refuse to do. Am I Foreign Secretary, or not? Usurpation of three Offices by the Head of the Government is an unheard-of and unconstitutional anomaly. Wire back whether I'm Foreign Secretary or not, and whether I can use my own discretion in Eastern business.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Earl Gr-nv-lle.—Of course you're Foreign Secretary—look it up in *Whitaker*. Use your own discretion by all means, but come to me before you do anything. That's all.

Sir Ch-r-l-s D-like to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—I don't like making a fuss, but really must resign unless we punch the SULTAN's head *instanter*. G-MB-TTA quite agrees with me.

Mr. Br-ght to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Rumours of Coercion and Bombardment. Wire back if true. If true, I resign. Can't stand *quite* all that, you know; must keep up appearances, "peace at any price," &c.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Mr. Br-ght.—Just so—"piece" (of Turkey) "at any price"—quite agree with you. We'll get it too—jolly large piece—so'll Russia—so'll Austria. You leave D-LIKE to settle SULTAN—all's going well, couldn't be better.

Mr. F-rst-r to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Unless you call Parliament together at once, and get Habeas Corpus suspended all over Ireland, I really must think about—resigning.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Mr. F-rst-r.—"Et tu, Brute!" Ireland not half so bad as you imagine—distorted imagination—wait for Irish Land Bill—prosecute PARNELL, &c., if you *must* do something.

Mr. F-rst-r to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Am I Irish Secretary or not? Which is most likely to know about Ireland, you in Downing Street, or I in Phoenix Park?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne to Mr. F-rst-r.—I guessed your riddle at once. I'm in Downing Street, of course. Try another.

Lord S-lb-rne to Mr. Gladstone.—I say, how about the Land?

QUITE TIP-TOP.

THE Topographical Society met at the Mansion House on Thursday, the LORD MAYOR at the top of the table. The arguments were entirely superficial. All sorts of Tops were discussed, and several sorts of Tops exhibited, including Humming-Tops and Whipping-Tops. But among all the specimens the Turnip-Tops attracted the most attention. On the subject of Whipping-Tops Sir VERNON HARCOURT would have read an interesting paper had he been present. Competent critics to whom it had been read in private pronounced it "a regular Topper." "Top-dressing" was illustrated by a Vegetable Gardener; and, after the LORD MAYOR had said "summit," the members put on their Top-hats, and the meeting was adjourned.

SUPPLYING A WANT.

THE British Museum Authorities are going to move the Zoological specimens to another part of the building, and the vacated gallery is to be made a refreshment-room for visitors. They can now advertise "Good Accommodation for Man and Beast."

No revolutionary changes, please. Don't mind CAIRNS's old bills—but, a step further! and—I resign.

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n to Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—Hope you're going on with Land Bills for next Session. Give it the landlords *hot*. Don't mind old S-LB-RNE; he's a reactionary. Buy up all the land in the country—that's the plan—and sell it again to people. Buy cheap, and sell dear; thus you combine Statesmanship and true commercial principles. If you don't do this, I need hardly say that I shall be forced to—resign.

After this, the PREMIER quitted Downing Street hastily, our Correspondent informs us, and left strict injunctions that no letters or telegrams were to be forwarded to him for the next month. His present whereabouts is unknown, even to his nearest and dearest friends.

OCTOBER 20, 1880.

GET out all the warmest of wrappers,
Soft sealskin, opossum, racoon,
The animals hunted by trappers,
Each fur in the winter a boon,
For skies they are "ashen and sober"
(E. POE has suggested that rhyme),
Here's snow in the month of October—
Too early a time!

Is this the commencement of winter,
With snow and with sleet and with
fog?
Ho! Gardener, bring in the splinter
Of oak, for the festive Yule Log.
And surely as *triplex et robur*
His heart must encompass, who'll
dare
To calmly behold an October
With snow in the air.

Sad Tale of a Comet.

A SCIENTIFIC Contemporary says:—

"HARTWIG's comet is now not far from a Ophiuchi; it is receding from the earth and becoming rapidly fainter."

Poor creature! "Becoming rapidly fainter"? Why doesn't it get some relief from the Milky Whey? Or—why doesn't HARTWIG look after it himself! Dash his wig! But perhaps he hasn't got one or a heart either. Then why call himself HARTWIG? Bah!



THE SIX-MARK TEA-POT.

Esthetic Bridegroom. "IT IS QUITE CONSUMMATE, IS IT NOT?"*Intense Bride.* "IT IS, INDEED! OH, ALGERNON, LET US LIVE UP TO IT!"

BY SPECIAL PHOTOPHONE.

(Ray-reported from Olympus.)

Mercury. "Nothing new under the sun," eh, Phœbus? What do you think of *this*?*Phœbus* (screwing up his treble string). Pooh! Mole-eyed mortals overlook a plain fact for a few thousand years, and then, accidentally stumbling over it, crow loudly about "progress" and "novelty." A snail, slowly and slimly trailing over a garden, blundered unwittingly against a strawberry. "Heavens! how clever am I!" cried the snail. You can make the application for yourself.*Mercury.* Well, I know Prometheus is getting proud of his *protégés*. And I say, Phœbus, aren't they just making use of *you*?*Venus.* Disgusting! The preposterous *parvenu*, Man, is getting *too* impertinent. First he makes you take portraits of terrestrial tag-rag, from professional beauties to *endimanche* pork-butchers; now, forsooth, you're to carry messages for traders and those solemn idiots called—what is it—diplomatics?*Mercury.* Diplomatists, my dear Goddess. You are confounding deliberate burlesque

with that which is unconscious. The latter is far the funnier.

Venus (crushing an unoffending amaranth blossom with a rosy but restless foot). To you, cynic, not to me. Too heavy! I can stand OFFENBACH's *soufflé*, but not BISMARCK's "stodge," or GLADSTONE's Cabinet-pudding. But, Phœbus, *très cher*, why do you let the mannikins make a sort of tenth-rate Mercury of you? Why don't you serve them as Jupiter did that forward minx Semele?*Phœbus* (twangling the air of "*I am an Artless Thing*"). Hump! It amuses them, and doesn't hurt me, you know.(Sings.) Let EDISON and BELL
Do as they will, badly or well,

I am a genial God!

I am a genial God!

Ma foi! le jeu ne vaut
Pas la chandelle, pas la chandelle,
Although "tapping" Phœbus de omnibus
rebus

Perchance seem odd.

Man's proud of his Photophone;
Let the poor little midget alone.
To coil and reflector I'm not an objector—
I am such a genial God!*Mercury.* Doubtless. But that's hardly the prevailing opinion among your "midgets" just at present. On the contrary, they think you get less and less genial every season—in London at least, where indeed they see little of you in the summer (?), and nothing at all in the winter.*Phœbus.* Bah! The latter loss at least is mainly the fools' own fault. "Against dulness"—especially in the form of London fog—"even the Gods fight in vain!" Let Prometheus's latter-day pet, Science, teach them to make a better use of their stolen fire, and banish darkness as well as utilise light.*Venus.* Pooh! Men are born *Cimmerii*, all of them, and fog is their native element, *ne'est-ce pas?* I once saw a London *Beauty* in November, with red eyes and a smut on her nose! Eugh!*[Rubs her own tenderly tip-tilted organ in unconscious sympathy.]**Phœbus.* Well, if the Cockneys don't soon set themselves seriously to the task of banishing the Smoke Fiend, I shall not be of much more service to them.*Mercury.* They may light, they may lighten the town as they will, But the pea-soupy fog-pall will hang o'er it still.*Phœbus.* Precisely. (Sings.)I really don't desire
Their stolen fire should light their pyre,
I am a genial God, &c.But 'neath the yoke of smoke
If they will choke—nor Science invoke,
It's no use to halloo for help to Apollo,
Or ask Jove's nod.I'm willing quite my light
Should carry their messages right,
If they only won't clog up its pathway with
fog—

I am such a genial God!

BY JOB TROTTER'S BROTHER.

WHEN is it possible to mistake a horse for a hypocrite?

When you take him for a canter.



NON BEN (LOMOND) TROVATO.

Rory (fresh from the hills). "HECH, MON! YE'RE LOASSIN' A' YER WATTER!"

Aungus. "HAUD YER TONGUE, YE FEUL! ETT'S LATT OOT TO STOAP THE LADDIES FRAE RIDIN' AHINT!!"

DIARY OF A BURGLAR.

Monday.—Yesterday's rest and attendance at my favourite place of worship, has wonderfully refreshed me. Feel fit for anything. Lay in a little more gunpowder, as people are getting so absurdly suspicious and will insist on keeping loaded firearms in their bedrooms, a most dangerous practice. Also inspect my jemmies, knuckle-dusters, and skeleton-keys, and clean my favourite revolver for night-work. Think about purchasing some dynamite. Would it assist me? Fill up my list of engagements for the week, which includes some pretty little pieces of business in the suburbs.

Tuesday.—Good swag yesterday. Rather unpleasant work, though. Found five bull-dogs in the hall, who flew at me. Shot them all, then with last barrel was obliged to shoot a youth, who very injudiciously displayed objections to my being in his room at 2 A.M. with a revolver and blackened mask on. No accounting for tastes. All my co-pals say I look extremely well in the mask. What shall it be to-night? One of the new steel-plated burglar-proof villas at Blackheath, I think.

Wednesday.—Easily got into the burglar-proof villa—pretty house inside, tastefully furnished, called "Rose Villa"—pretty name, too. A curious incident occurred. I had collected several watches, clocks, valuable pictures, bracelets and other jewellery, on the grass-plot in front of the house, when who should come by but a policeman! Never so astonished in my life. Hadn't seen one for years. Quite taken aback. He immediately evinced a desire to make my further acquaintance—which, considering how occupied I was at the moment, was in excessively bad taste, I thought. However, I put two bullets in his leg, carried off my booty in a cart which was waiting for me outside—never mind who was driving it!—and arrived at home, I regret to say, rather tired, owing to the labour of collecting so much material. Shall rest to-morrow, and send to inquire after the policeman, whose number I took before leaving.

Friday.—Last night did a very stylish little piece of work. Robbed SPURSON's house! Not so much for the swag, as to create a sensation. Have always been a follower and admirer of his, but

shouldn't have been if I'd known how precious few valuables he keeps on the establishment. Nothing but tracts, and reports, and "Notes for Discourses"! Returned these, of course, after reading one or two—especially one very eloquent discourse on "Theft." Returned the whole lot,—with compliments on the admirable language of the one I have mentioned,—apologising for their temporary abstraction. Shall really think about giving up my pew—quite disgusted.

NEIGHBOURS.

"While cherishing the fact that 'his house is his castle,' a London resident should consider the comfort of others, and remember that he should not conduct himself quite as if residing in the country, with no one within a mile of him."—*Queen, Oct. 16, 1880.*

My house is my castle, of course, well then come,
Little WILLIE, and play on your whistle and drum;
Tap the dish-cover, dear, if you like with a spoon,
Let the dog loose to-night, for he howls at the moon.
I always liked music, and don't understand
The objections folks make to a big German band.
Give the dear organ-grinder a penny to play,
Our piano, of course, will be going all day.
Call as loud as you like on the steps, we rejoice
As a family should, in our loudness of voice.
Buy as much as you can at the door, while the shout
Of the vendors of merchandise echoes about.
Let us get some more birds, with the earliest light
They will sing, putting invalid slumbers to flight.
A fig for my neighbour, his nerves, and his ease,
My house is my castle! I'll do as I please!

THE DANCING SCOTCHMAN.

An institution that ought to have been kept up specially for the Caledonian Ball—*All Macs.*

MARY AND MABEL.

We were congratulating ourselves on having seen everything worth seeing in London just now in the theatrical line, when a couplet suddenly whizzed through one ear and out of the other, and then back again. It was something about—

"She may walk in gay attire,
And Schiller hae to spare."

We may be wrong in the quotation, but the jingle reminded us not of Mr. IRVING as *Louis de Franchi* at the Bal Masqué, but of LEWIS DE WINGFIELD's adaptation of SCHILLER'S *Mary Stuart* at the Court Theatre. *Mary Stuart* is a Tragedy in Five Acts—the last axe being the clim-axe—and, with the exception of the cheerful play of *The Gamester*, it is one of the tragediest tragedies we ever remember to have seen. The only gay thing in it at all is Fotheringay-gay, and that exists but in the name. It is gloomy, but it is never dull. If the blank verse seldom rises above an ordinary level, it is at least neither pretentiously stilted nor sentimentally gushing.

As is the dialogue so is the acting throughout. It is well played all round, but no one is great. Madame MODJESKA herself, from first to last, enlists our sympathy, but only once rouses our enthusiasm. In the First Act she seems to throw away "points" in a reckless manner, as though she either disdained the ordinary modes of dramatic appeal to the public, or were reserving herself for some grand *tour de force*, which in that particular Act never comes.



"BETSY" JUDGED BY MARY'S "CRITERION."

oppressor, and stabs her to the heart with the one word, "Bastard!" This speech was magnificently given, and would have told with treble its effect had the representative of *Elizabeth* looked more regal and less like a circus rider, who, having finished some tricks with her highly-trained steed, had stepped out of the booth, still in costume and with a second-hand whip in her hand, to take the air in Fotheringay Park. *Betsy* would not have fled before *Mary*'s just indignation, though she might have brought down that second-hand whip smartly on *Leicester's* shoulders—just to teach him not to lay such a trap for her again.

It is only in this situation that we consider Miss MOODIE'S *Elizabeth* as un-Elizabethan. In the subsequent Act her signing *Mary's* death-warrant is just within an ace of being a very fine piece of acting.

Madame HELENA MODJESKA wins all hearts—just as MARY Queen of Scots did—when she takes that touching farewell of her Ladies, in which words go for nothing, and the action for everything. It was a difficult tragedy to finish; but, following the rule that the

horors ought to take place "without," *Mary*, lost to all thoughts of earth, walks slowly off the stage, repeating the "*De Profundis*," and her voice is heard in the distance, plaintively repeating the Psalm up to the word "*Misericordia*," while that detestable *Dudley*—deadly rather than *Dudley*—acts as a sort of showman of *tableaux*, describing to the weeping women what is taking place behind the scenes on the scaffold. Presently he pauses, turns away, says "*Mary sleeps*"—or words to that effect—and the audience sit for a few seconds, after the slow descent of the curtain, utterly appalled by the tragic finish which, "long expected," has "come at last," though, somehow, up to the latest moment there was still a hope that Mr. WINGFIELD had tempered history with poetic justice, and

would bring back somebody—say *Shrewsbury*—with a reprieve, would then discover that Sir Edward Mortimer was no more dead than Captain Crosstree in *Black-Eyed Susan*, would send off the Earl of Deadly and Lord Bully—to instant execution, when Madame MODJESKA could have married Mortimer, who would then have given her the entire right of playing his *Heartsease* in town or country for nothing. But this does not happen, and *Mary*—alas!—is executed.

Madame MODJESKA has achieved a success, and Mr. WINGFIELD has shown up Our Precious BETSY in her true colours for once. Mr. JOHN CLAYTON plays *Dudley*, and looks burly. The Earl of Shrewsbury is a strong BEVERIDGE, and Lord Burleigh has his PRICE, who plays most carefully what might so easily and so soon be Burleigh-esque'd. Mr. CLIFFORD COOPER is a good Sir Amias Paulet, with just a touch of the Lord High Chamberlain of old-fashioned extravaganza, who always had to "exit dancing." If he had only been allowed to do this occasionally with Miss GIFFARD as *Hannah Kennedy*, there would just be a ray of relief.

We are glad to see that *The World's* able critic, "D. C.," is still to continue at his post. We should have been sorry to have heard that he was "D. C."-eased.

MR. HAY'S first and last design in his New and Original Domestic Drama of *Mabel* appears to have been to puzzle his audience, and seldom in these days has success so completely crowned the efforts of the dramatist! But much as he has puzzled us, he seems to have

puzzled himself yet more, if we may judge by his own synopsis of his own plot which has come into our hands, and is certainly about as complete an illustration of the art how not to do it as could be seen even nowadays. The name belies the play. 'Tis a pretty, simple, bread-and-butter sort of name enough, but good Lord! (as honest PEPYS would have said) to see the load of intrigue and villainy that underlies it! *Miss Mabel* is a two-fold young person—two single young ladies rolled into one—a live *Mabel* and a dead *Mabel*. Part of the time the dead one is the living one, and part the living one is the dead; and the great point of the play is to discover when *Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON*, who is both, is one, and when she is the other. Quite a Corsican Sister puzzle. There is plenty of stuff in the piece (the word need not be taken sarcastically), but unfortunately it is stuffed with Hay. It is an Olympic game. All Mr. HAY'S characters are burdened with a dark, mysterious past; and this past is Hayzy. The comic servants, too, are a nuisance—and herein Mr. HAY is true to nature, as a comic servant in real life would be intolerable. There are, of course, some comic servants off the stage, but their comicality is generally unintentional, and is calculated rather, in the words of the Bard, "to make the judicious grieve" than laugh. "Flesh and blood can't stand this mystery!" says the comic maid-servant at a particularly excruciating crisis, when perplexity is fast diverging into wrath, and the audience are with her to a man.

Some of the Actors, too, are as tiresome as the play. Redmund, a stone-cutter (Mr. ANSON), has too much to say and do. Gainsford, the other villain, is a bore, though this is not so much Mr. VERNON'S fault as his misfortune. But why, having the strongest reasons for wishing to escape observation, does he array himself in a garb which would infallibly insure his being arrested at sight in any town on the civilised globe? *Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON* is over-weighted as *Mabel*, and the other CARLOTTA—CARLOTTA LECLERCQ—dear me, oughtn't she to be at *Montgiron's* Supper Party at the Lyceum? or is it now a trifle too late? Well, well!

"DIE! VERNON!"

How long will *Mabel*
Stop in the play-bill?
Echo answers, "As long as she's able."



FRILLING SITUATION!



ANSON IS AS ANSON DOES.



THOUGHTS BY A SITTER.

I.



AM a public character, poet, politician, mayor of Rottenborough, philosopher, chairman of a public company, no matter what, and I had been requested by a deputation (of my wife and daughters) to have my portrait painted; as to who was to pay for it that is not your business, gentle reader (though almost everything else in this veracious narrative will be made so, as you will presently find), but the affair of Mr. PAUL VENEER, R.A., solely. If the money had not been paid, however, I doubt if PAUL would have sued for it. I can fancy that gentleman under many aspects; as a Master of the Ceremonies to a party of Celestials (not Chinamen, but the real ones); as an Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary with Powers; as President of the Imperial Society for the Establishment of Woman's Rights; his gravity and graciousness would eminently qualify him for any of those posts, but as a complainant in a court of law I can *not* imagine him. If I had declined to pay him, he would, I am persuaded, have only bowed, settled his spectacles on his fine nose, and said, "Just as you please, my dear Sir." I can fancy him afterwards alluding to the circumstance with refined hilarity. "People have *such* different ways of doing business. JONES does not pay for his picture. He sits for nothing. But after all, there are people who require money for sitting. Perhaps he is right. Who knows? It is *so* funny."

That PAUL has an extensive charity for all mankind, may be therefore taken for granted; and it is still more limitless as regards the Ladies. When pushed on such matters he has confessed that he has doubts of the existence of crime itself, as crime. "Perhaps, Messieurs, the assassins have a moral code of their own—think it is wicked *not* to go about killing people. Who knows?"

This gentleness and elasticity in morals is of considerable advantage to the painter. He welcomes to his studio the Professional Beauty; the Monarch of Finance; the Disreputable Aristocrat, with the same grave sweetness of demeanour that he lavishes on the Public Benefactor and the Eloquent Divine. He assists them on to his raised platform—it is about the size of a railway turntable—with the same respect, and puts them to the torture with the same engaging indifference. I say torture advisedly. The punishment of the rack may possibly have been worse than that of his platform, but, at all events, it could not have lasted so long. Whenever I think of it, it reminds me of the old dreadful sentence of pressing to death. "As much as they can bear—and more." Good heavens! can anyone who has not had his portrait taken by an R.A. have any notion of the ordeal?

I say "by an R.A." because it is probable that the lesser lights of the artistic world have not his appliances, which undoubtedly increase the terrors of the operation. The torture chamber is immense. It is filled with the skeleton forms, in a more or less advanced stage of completion, of those who have suffered before and will suffer after you. Human nature would not endure that you should be taken and done with. Morning after morning you have to sit and suffer, but there must needs be occasional intervals, mornings on which you wake, and, like an exhausted Speaker, thankfully exclaim, "This morning I am not to sit." On that day the Professional Beauty, perched on that unenviable throne (it is on castors), the Financial Robber, the Debauched Aristocrat, reflect on their mis-spent lives, and whether they are leading them. On that day the Public Benefactor and the Divine derive what comfort is possible to them from the remembrance of virtuous actions and the consolations of philosophy, while *you*, for the moment, are free. Apprehensions of the future it is, however, impossible to banish; and at the social board, or beside your beloved object, or (perhaps) in the contemplation of your innocent children, a still small voice embitters all with, "Thursday is your day, my fine fellow; on Thursday once more you must return (metaphorically) to 'sulphurous and tormenting flame.' On Thursday VENEER will be waiting for you."

Besides the platform which raises, or depresses you (and especially depresses you), to meet VENEER's convenience, and bring you down to his level as he stands at work, there is an "arrangement"—I cannot call it a "harmony"—of gigantic blinds across the skylight, by which a flood of light is made to play upon your imperfections. With this fierce radiance beating about the "Throne," your eyes kept very wide open to it (like these of REGULUS under treatment by the Carthaginians), and your countenance in a state of constrained composure, though expected to assume the liveliest expression on

the shortest notice—"More animation, if you please, Mr. JONES; a little more fire in the glance; thank you")—you may understand that "The Sitter's" lot is *not* a happy one.

You can endure for ten minutes, however, what you can't for twenty, and still less for hours; and no one who hasn't tried it can conceive the melancholy engendered by staring in a straight line at an almost inanimate object (namely, VENEER, R.A.) morning after morning, while he endeavours to reproduce you upon canvas.

"My dear Mr. JONES," he once confided to me, "I am the last man to complain of a Sitter; but I have noticed that, after the first hour, your usually expressive features vanish; they absolutely disappear as in a dissolving view; you have no face."

"My dear Mr. VENEER, I think it is very probable," was my frank reply. "I don't feel as if I had any."

The mere features I conclude were still there, but all expression had vanished from them. On the other hand, it seemed to strike inwards (like a chill to the liver), and increased (if possible) my natural talents for moral and social reflection. I don't think I ever thought so much, or so admirably, as while I was under the scalpel—I mean the brush and palette—of Mr. VENEER. I fled from him, as it were, and from all his dreadful paraphernalia, into the depths of my inner consciousness. I pondered upon all sorts of things that affect the well-being (and otherwise) of humanity; I recalled all the strange adventures I had ever had, and the queer people I had ever met; I elaborated whole systems of philosophy and morals; only, when VENEER, R.A., startled me with his "A *little* more animation, Mr. JONES!" I woke as from a dream which I was unable to recall, or piece together again. Hence, these "Thoughts of a Sitter"—much better, of course, than the hasty reflections of a mere bystander—are somewhat fragmentary Torsos.



LEAVES FROM A CONTEMPLATIVE CABBAGE.

So this is Mud-Salad Market, is it? Well, Man is a mystery! Nature I can understand a little, but humanity is a conundrum that even a Cabbage must "give up." A Cabbage is by nature and circumstance a philosopher. A Chaldean in his watch-tower had no better opportunity for undisturbed cogitation than your still sturdy growing Cabbage in the middle of a ten-acre field during the long hushed hours of sunny summer days, and starry autumn nights. We and the oysters are the only thinkers now. I wonder what an Oyster would think of this!

Modern Babylon is a big blunder! Man's civic masterpiece is a huge dirty muddle! A Cabbage is not to be blinkered by use and wont, and doesn't care a defunct caterpillar for "vested interests." A vested interest is a sort of social strait-waistcoat, which its victims put up with till they think it part and parcel of nature. I once knew a Cucumber, who would have it that the glass tube he was grown in was his own exterior integument. I have heard of girls brought up to believe that they were born in corsets. But that may have been a cabbage-garden joke—mere cabbage (s)talk, so to say. If men could only look at this Brobdingnagian Dust-hole, unblinded by custom, and prescriptive privilege, like a clear-headed, sound-hearted Cabbage, how soon they'd make a clean sweep of it! Are their eyes dulled by long winking at favoured nuisances, their noses "aborted" (as DARWIN would say) by practical disuse? Oh, for the wholesome odour of fresh, moist earth, or a whiff of wind blown across wide bean-fields! Essence of ditch-cum-dusthole is the dominant bouquet here. The poor pretty flowers haven't a chance; their fragrant breathings are as impotent to perfume the fetid atmosphere as a sprinkle of lavender-water to deodorise Tophet. Flowers, fruits, vegetables, earth's sweetest, purest, cleanest produce, stored for the use of the humanity they serve here, where all is dirt, disorder, and disgustfulness!

I've heard it whispered that a peer has something to do with it. What is a peer, I wonder? I will ask young Turniptop.

No relief! All is nastiness and noise—stop, what's that? The words ring as clear and silvery as tinkling rain-drops on my crisp leaves when soft showers came in the summer nights. What is that silk-robed step of soft she-beauty doing here? Cheapening nectarines, bargaining for rose-blooms! Pretty creature! As out of place here, though, as a Peri in a pigsty! Peri! Dear me! is that a female Peer? It never struck me before. Oh, impossible! But I will ask Turniptop. Fancy a race that can produce such flower-like creatures, being content to let them come to buy their blossoms here! Man is indeed a miracle of muddle. Will she buy me? No . . . she passes on . . . and—alas! I am sold.



A POSER.

"IT'S NOT SO MUCH A DURABLE ARTICLE THAT I REQUIRE, MR. CRISPIN. I WANT SOMETHING DAINTY, YOU KNOW—SOMETHING COY, AND AT THE SAME TIME JUST A WEE BIT SAUCY!"

ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND.

THE Gryphon carefully slid off its pedestal, and sat down beneath the hoarding. Then it chuckled: "What fun!" said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to ALICE.

"What is the fun?" said ALICE.

"Well, I can't exactly tell you," said the Gryphon, "for I'm only just finished, you know, and I'm fresh to it. But there is a joke somewhere—that I'm certain of; for when I'm up there I see 'em laughing on the tops of the omnibuses."

"Dear me!" said ALICE, getting quite interested. "Then it must be a very good joke indeed."

"Well, if it is, I didn't make it—there!" retorted the Gryphon, quite annoyed. Then it added, more thoughtfully, "Unless it's the sheet. But you had much better ask the Mansion House Turtle. It's more likely it's his. He's always making 'em. He knows a thing or two, he does," added the Gryphon, with a wink.

"Then, if he's a wise turtle," rejoined ALICE, "he's sure to know his own joke, isn't he? We'll ask him."

At that moment the Mansion House Turtle emerged from Fleet Street, and joined the party. He gave a satisfied look at the unfinished Memorial, as he passed, and then took his place on an inverted wheelbarrow.

"Well!" he said, rubbing his fins together complacently, "we're a getting on *very* nicely, eh?"

"I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it," said ALICE. "But what is it?"

"Yes, what is your joke?" added the Gryphon. "What is the fun of my sitting up there with a shield, staring at the back of St. Clement's Danes, and obstructing the omnibuses?"

"Well now, I never!" said the Mansion House Turtle. "You're a grateful one, you are! Why, you've never been on such a big 'orse in your life before. There's the Queen and the Prince on the tier below you; and the lot of you right in the middle of the road, where everybody can't help running right agin you! Obstructing omnibuses, indeed! Why, yer don't know what civile dignity means!"

"I don't think they *ought* to stand in the middle of the road," said ALICE, plucking up courage as she gave a glance at the cumbersome pile of scaffolding that blocked the already contracted thorough-

fare, "and I should pull all that thing down *now*—every stone of it. I call it stupid; and it is dreadfully in the way!"

"'Stoopid!'" retorted the Mansion House Turtle, getting quite green. "Why it cost twelve thousand pound!"

"Well, *that's* stupid," said the Gryphon, "at all events!"

"You be quiet," continued the Mansion House Turtle, "and let me explain. You don't understand. Talk of it being 'in the way,' why, it will be a relief to the traffic."

"You mean a *bus* relief, I suppose?" suggested ALICE; "and I'm sure it will all look very paltry in front of those big Law Courts."

"Paltry?" said the Mansion House Turtle. "Why, it's the very thing. It will scale 'em!"

"Well, BIRCH sealed me," said the Gryphon, chuckling; "and I wonder how he looks now that job's done? It strikes me he had much better have left me a block."

"Yes," said ALICE, reflecting, "I've always heard that the block system was capital."

"Nothing to the block-head system," replied the Gryphon, giving a look at the Mansion House Turtle. "And talking of capital, *that*'ll show you how to get through it!"

"You be quiet," said the Mansion House Turtle, angrily, "and attend to your matter."

The Gryphon chuckled to himself, and looked up at his shield.

"By the bye," said ALICE, making out the Municipal legend slowly, "that reminds me. What is *Domine dirige nos?*"

"What the omnibuses will say when they come tilting on to me in a fog," said the Gryphon. "'Pon my word, it won't be safe! I don't like it!"

"Then," said ALICE, with warmth, rising as she spoke, "I shall certainly write to the *Times*."

"And so shall I," said the Gryphon; "for I can tell my own tale. Come along, let's master the subject."

It offered its arm to ALICE, and they walked slowly down the Strand.

"Humph!" said the Mansion House Turtle, looking after them. "To be master of the subject's one thing, but to be master of the situation's another. Write your 'eads off if you like, you won't stop me."

And the Mansion House Turtle waddled off towards the City for a plate of his own soup.



ALICE IN BLUNDERLAND.

(With Mr. PUNCH's profoundest Apologies to "Alice in Wonderland.")

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



NEVER seed sich waist as on the day after last Lord Mare's Day, wen all the Reel Turtel Soop as was left from the last night was aashally given to the Pore! Wasever such rubbish heard on? Reel Turtel Soop requires the Stummick of a Reel Gentleman. Why, I remember when one Lord Mare, Sur TOMMAS WITE I think it was, gave a dinner to a lot of Sailors from the Noarth Pole, and how did they like the Turtel Soop? Why they couldn't eat it? One on 'em said to me "take away this glue!" and another of the common lot, took the lovely Callepath for Biled Snails! No, only reel Gents and reel Waiters understand and injys Reel Turtel.

HAVING nothink to do last Thursday BROWN asked me to go with him to see the Common Counsel at Guildhall. So I went. And there I saw lots of my nobel Paytrons, but lookin very diffint to what they does when I waits on 'em of an evinx. The first think as struck me was how much the Court was orangized like their dinner tabels. There was the Lord Mare in the chair, supported by the Aldermen, not so many on 'em tho as of an evinx, and them came the Ofisers in the best places as usball, and then the Chairmen of Committees and the Depittis, and then all the rest of the lot anywherees they could find a place. Brown tells me the Lord Mare is so very fond of the Aldermen, that he won't go on at all without some on 'em, and if they leevs, he gits up and goes away. I think the Depittis are about the finest lookin fellers there, I could pint to several on 'em as fine sarmeps of rayther un-common Counsel men. They looks as if they knew what a good glass of old Port wos, and never reffousasd a sekund. The differing Chairmen seem to do almost all the torkin, and so they sets close to the Ripporterers, and when one on 'em makes a little joke, he repeets it to the Ripporterers when he sets down.

I sumtimes goes to the House of Commons perfeshnally, when the Sheriffs goes there to ask for somethink, and gives some on 'em a dinner. And after it's over I goes into the House and hears the dibbaits, but, to my mind, there's one or two Common Counselen beets 'em all oller. Whether for action, or for noise, or for long words, or for staggering sentences as almost makes your hair curl to try and understand, they wins in a kanter. The funniest part of the thing is, that when one of their grand fellers says any of these fine wunderful things, instead of all the others being struck with haw, they bursts out into a roar of larfiter.

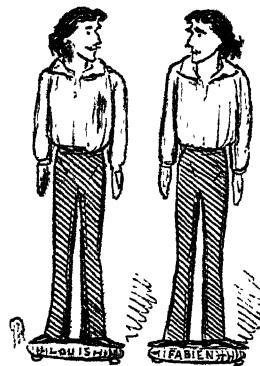
Port-soken seems a nice genial name for a Ward. I wunder if I could pick out the members by their Portsoken faces. If there ain't above a dozen on 'em, I think I cold. They all seems rather a noisy lot, for they keeps a man a pirpus to nock on a book with a big ammer, and call out "Order, Order!" and I'm told they pays him about £4 a week to do it. Ah! that must be a nice birth, that must. I think it would just about soot my Son WILLIAM, that would. I wonder what sort of health that ammarin Gent enjoys, and wot his rummidy is for a bad hed-ake. I wunder also weather he served his Prentieship to a Gold-beater, or weather it was under the spreedin Chestnut Tree where the Villidge Smith he stands. Or praps it were at Ammersmith.

A Change of Diet.

"The inevitable reaction against what has been called the 'Tea-Cup and Saucer' School of Drama has apparently set in.... Human nature demands something stronger than this for a change"—*Daily News*.

TEA-CUP and Saucer Drama, which the *Daily News* impugns, Meant "bread-and-butter sentiment" and well-assorted "spoons." Now that to the "legitimate" the Drama takes a rise, Its "cups" are of "cold pizen," and its "saucers" tragic eyes. So tea on toast and twaddle, then, contenting us no longer, Let us all "sup full with horror,"—which at least are "something stronger."

OUR LITTLE GAMES.



"DOUBLE DUMMY."



"GOING NAP."



"HOCKEY."



"DRAUGHTS."

INNOCENT RECREATION.

To the Editor of Punch.

HONORED SIR,

Which it is not often that I have the pleasure of agreeing with Mr. HARDMAN, the Beak, having been too many times remanded from Lambeth to the Surrey Sessions, to permit me to contemplate him with any feelings except those of disdain and contempt, owing to his habitually harsh treatment of me, and his cruel aspersions on my character, and his more than once regretting in open court that he hadn't the power to order me a flogging. Ugh! And now the other beaks want him to sit as a stipendiary, and not for the love of making offensive remarks to an honest man. But honour where honour is due, and often where it isn't, or there wouldn't be some coves a-sitting on benches, and other coves a-standing in docks; and Mr. HARDMAN's suggestion that Horsemonger Lane Gaol be turned into a recreation-ground, not so much meaning skittles as innocent games, is worthy of all praise, and should be thought so by all English folks. To think of that grimy old place—I've been there, and it's beastly—a-turned into a play-ground, and all the dear little kiddies yelling, and shouting, and swearing, and a-cheating each other at marbles, and whopping their little brothers and sisters over the heads, well-nigh brings tears of joy into my eyes. May Mr. HARDMAN and his good work prosper, which shows that I bear no malice for past injustice and aspersions.

Which I hope, moreover, that the good work will not cease here. Oh, think of them poor little kids about Ludgate Hill, not far from your office, Sir, with no place to play in. Cannot Mr. HARDMAN, or some other good man, get that rotten old obstruction, called Newgate, pulled down and turned into a recreation-ground? Look at the hundreds of squalid youngsters round and about Cold Bath Fields, with no play-ground but the streets, and their healths being destroyed, owing to the House of Correction not being pulled down and turned into a garden. And how well a park would look on the Thames Embankment, where that hideous Millbank now stands.

May Heaven prosper Mr. HARDMAN, may I subscribe my mite to carry out the good work; and may all prisons be turned into Recreation Grounds is the wishes of

Yrs. to command,

JERRY SNEAK.

The Cracked Crib, Seven Dials.

No MAN'S LAND.—Property in the Emerald Isle.

HOW TO RALLY HIM.

If the British Tax-payer hesitates for a moment to do something for Greece, why should not Mr. RALLI ask him further to reflect,—

That Thessaly and Epirus are of no less importance to the Empire than Margate and Ramsgate.

That Greece still is the cradle of European figs.

That once upon a time ARISTIDES was a real gentleman.

That England owes Greece a terrible reparation for the Byron Memorial.

That King GEORGE is a very sensible young man, indeed.

That just now, too, he has 40,000 troops on his hands, with which he must do something.

That, under the circumstances, a general European conflagration wouldn't be half bad fun.

And that really, as the British Government have nothing else whatever on their hands, they might, just for once, do the amiable and cut in.

Flesh or Fowl?

A "FAIRLY PUZZLED ONE" sends us this rare cutting from the Advertisement Garden of the *Somerset County Gazette*:-

WANTED, a FEMALE PUPIL TEACHER, in her first year, or ready to sit in the Spring. Address, &c.

Better apply at Colney-Hatch.

"A HUMOROUS KNIGHT."

"It is reported that after the Leeds Festival Dr. SULLIVAN will be knighted." Having read this in a column of gossip, a be-nighted Contributor, who has "the Judge's Song" on the brain, suggests the following version, adapted to probabilities.]

As a boy I had such a musical bump,
And its size so struck Mr. HELMORE.
That he said, "Though you sing those songs like a trump,
You shall write some yourself that will sell more."
So I packed off to Leipsic, without looking back,
And returned in such classical fury,
That I sat down with HANDEL and HAYDN and BACH,—
And turned out "Trial by Jury."

But W. S. G. he jumped for joy
As he said, "Though the job dismay you,
Send Exeter Hall to the deuce, my boy;
It's the haul with me that'll pay you."
And we harped so well, mid jeers and taunts,
That we've settled, spite all temptations,
To stick to our Sisters and our Cousins and our Aunts,—
And continue our peasant relations.

Yet I know a big Duke, and I've written for Leeds,
And I think (I don't wish to be snarly),
If honour's poured out on a chap for his deeds,
I'm as good—come, as MONCKTON or CHARLEY!
So the next "first night" at the Opéra C.,
Let's hope, if you're able to find him,
You'll cry from the pit, "There's W. S. G.
In the stalls,—with a KNIGHT behind him!"

VALUABLE TO ARTISTS.

WHY is an Illustration at the top of a page better than an Illustration at the bottom?
Because it's a Cut above it?

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 5.



"WHEN ARTHUR FIRST AT COURT BEGAN"—

(Old Nursery Song adapted to a Pinafore Air.)

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, MUS. DOC., IS A MASTER OF SCORING FOR AN ORCHESTRA. AT LEEDS HE HAS JUST SCORED A BIG SUCCESS—
FOR HIMSELF.

"GOOD SITUATIONS."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us these advertisements from the *Belfast News Letter* and the *Belfast Evening Telegraph*:-

WANTED, a YOUNG MAN, of middle age, who has served part time to Grocery Business, in country preferred.

A Young Man of Middle Age! Lots of 'em about. Here is a case where Irish must apply. The next is decidedly practical:-

WANTED, by a Useful Man, a Situation in a Store or Warehouse. Can handle joiner's tools or paint-brush, garden, or so-and-so.

Or "so-and-so." Now does he mean that he can "sow and sow" in the garden, or that he can "sew and sew" in the nursery. Mr. So-and-So is evidently a very useful person.

Plimsoll's Voyage.

"Mr. PLIMSOLL has sailed for Madeira in the steam-ship *Patagonia*."—*Times*.

WE see Mr. PLIMSOLL has sailed for Madeira, Let's hope to inaugurate there no new era. He preached against o'er-laden ships, but one asks That he won't do the same against filling the casks.

JUVENILE OFFENDERS' DEFINITION.—"Crewel Work"—Flogging.

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

Our Commissioner. You are, I believe, Master of one of the City Companies?

Worshipful Master. I am.

Our Commissioner. Of which Company?

Worshipful Master. The Worshipful Company of Bellows-Menders.

Our Commissioner. Are you by profession a Bellows-Mender?

Worshipful Master. Oh no; I'm a Drysalter.

Our Commissioner. And what may a Drysalter be?

Worshipful Master. I have heard it described as a kind of Comical Psalm Singer.

Our Commissioner. Do you know anything about bellows-mending?

Worshipful Master. No; except that being very asthmatic, I should like my bellows mended.

Our Commissioner. No ribaldry, Sir! You'll find it no joke before I have done with you.

Worshipful Master. So I fear.

Our Commissioner. Are there any other members of your family Bellows-Menders?

Worshipful Master. Oh yes; I am the Master, my son is the Clerk, my nephew is the Solicitor, and my brother the Wine Warden. I have two aunts in our Almshouses, and three nephews in our free schools.

Our Commissioner. Dear me, what a monopoly! Is yours a particular case?

Worshipful Master. Oh, by no means. For instance, I am informed that in the Mercers' Company one family prevails to such an extent that the Livery speak of it as "WATNEY'S Entire."

Our Commissioner. Dear me, how strange! But how do the Livery like this sort of thing?

Worshipful Master. Well, not much, I should think. But who cares for the Livery? They don't dare say a word; they know that if they did, we should never put them on the Court.

Our Commissioner. Have you any system of apprenticeship in your Company?

Worshipful Master. Oh yes; but, of course, it's all nonsense.



CONFUSED ASSOCIATIONS.

"AND WHERE DID THESE DRUIDS LIVE, TOMMY?"

"THEY LIVED IN GROVES OF OAK."

"AND IN WHAT PARTICULAR CEREMONY WERE THEY ENGAGED ONCE A YEAR?"

"ER—LET ME SEE—OH! IN KISSING UNDER THE MISTLETOE!"

A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

Any English Boy. Will you, please Papa, explain to me this Presidential Election which is going on now in America?

Any English Father. With pleasure, my dear boy. Well, you see, the Americans are divided into Democrats and Republicans.

Boy. But I thought all Americans were Republicans.

Father. Oh yes, of course they are; but, you see, they must have parties, or there would be no election, so they call themselves Democrats and Republicans.

Boy. What's the difference between a Democrat and a Republican?

Father. Oh, ah, well, you know, the difference between a Conservative and a Liberal. It's like that.

Boy. Yes, Papa. And is a Democrat a Conservative, and a Republican a Liberal, or is it the other way?

Father. Well, you see, one's one and the other's the other. After all, there is really not much difference.

Boy. No, Papa. And do these people vote?

Father. Yes, my lad, of course they do.

Boy. And have they a House of Commons?

Father. They have two Houses—Congress and Senate.

Boy. And which is the House of Lords—the Senate, or Congress?

Father. Why, Congress—no, Senate. They haven't got a House of Lords. There are no Lords there. Republicans don't have Lords, and you know that the Americans are Republicans.

Boy. But you said some were Democrats, Papa.

Father. Oh bother! Hold your tongue! Where's HARCOURT?

"Round About Town."

Our Travelling Fellow was so exhausted after the Gresham Lecture last week, that he has not yet come round. We sent some one to bring him round, but at present all remedies have failed. He is just now supposed to be lost in contemplation of the Griffin on the Temple Bar Memorial, but we trust that in our next he will return to adorn his own column in these pages.

"JUST as I am." By Miss BRADDON. Yes; sensational: just as she was.

Our Commissioner. All nonsense? How's that?

Worshipful Master. Why for instance now, I've three apprentices to whom I am bound to teach the art and mystery of bellows-mending; but they don't want to learn them, and, if they did, I couldn't teach them. One is the son of a Baronet, another of an M.P., and another of an eminent literary swell.

Our Commissioner. Have you any trust funds?

Worshipful Master. Oh yes. A Mr. SMITH left us a little estate in the City, some three hundred years ago, which produced £20 a-year, of which we were to pay £5 to the Church of St. Benet-shere-the-hog; £5 to the poor of Bullock Smithy; £5 for coats or gowns for five poor men of St. Michael the Queer; and the rest to ourselves for our trouble.

Our Commissioner. Very good. And what does the estate produce now?

Worshipful Master. About £2000 a-year.

Our Commissioner. Dear me! And how do you divide it?

Worshipful Master. Exactly in accordance with the will of the pious founder.

Our Commissioner. Quite right, quite right? In four equal portions, I presume?

Worshipful Master. Oh dear me, no! We still give £5 for each of the charitable purposes specified, and keep the balance, as directed by the pious founder.

Our Commissioner. You don't mean to say that out of £2000, you distribute £15 in charity, and keep £1985 for yourselves?

Worshipful Master. Oh yes we do, in strict accordance with the will of the pious founder.

Our Commissioner. Pious Fiddlesticks! Think you he could ever have intended to give you £1985 for your trouble in distributing £15?

Worshipful Master. It is not for us to judge of the intentions of so good a man; all I know is that we stick to his words. Will you allow me to add, Sir, that we all think it very strange that we can't be let alone. We are all satisfied, we don't complain, we are all loyal and contented subjects, we loathe the very name of Reform, we always drink Church and QUEEN at our modest repasts, we are,

in fact, model Citizens. What more do you want? Do you want to make us discontented like mere Irishmen?

Our Commissioner. Yes, that's just what the contented burglar would say, when enjoying a successful coup.

Worshipful Master. Oh, pray, Sir, don't utter such bitter truths.

Our Commissioner. Let us resume, Sir. Do you receive any salary?

Worshipful Master. Salary! Oh dear me, no; not a single farthing.

Our Commissioner. Any fees?

Worshipful Master. Some few, of a most trivial character.

Our Commissioner. What do they amount to?

Worshipful Master. Not above a poor £500 a year.

Our Commissioner. £500 a year! What do your relations get?

Worshipful Master. My brother gets the same as myself; my nephews about £1000 a year; my son, the clerk, a poor £2000; my two aunts about £100 a year; and my three nephews about £150.

Our Commissioner. Bless my soul! that makes over £4000 a year.

Worshipful Master. (after a pause). Yes, I find, upon calculation, you are right, as usual.

Our Commissioner. Have you no compunctions of conscience?

Worshipful Master. Thank goodness, I am not one of those pests of society, a thoroughly conscientious man.

Our Commissioner. I wonder your dinners don't choke you.

Worshipful Master. On the contrary, I find that a good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both.

Our Commissioner. I think I have learnt enough from you to-day.

Worshipful Master. Thank you, Sir. But, before I leave, allow me to hand you a ticket of invitation for our next Court Dinner, which will be a specially grand one.

Our Commissioner. Shall I find any £5 notes under my plate?

Worshipful Master. Excuse me, if I say, "Ask no rude questions, and I'll tell you no rude stories." Come and see! [Exit.

BY THE WAY.—It seems natural to speak of the pavement in front of the New Law Courts as the Causeway.



DIPLOMACY.

Nurse (to Professional Friend making a call). " 'WELL, NUSS,' SEZ HE, 'IGH AND 'ORTY LIKE, HE SFZ, 'WOT DO YOU THINK?' SEZ HE. 'DOCTOR,' I SFZ, QUITE DIFFERENTIAL, I SEZ, 'I'M QUITE OF YOUR OPINION,' I SEZ. 'AND I'M OF THE SAME WAY OF THINKING, NUSS,' SEZ HE. AND SO WE SETTLES IT."

Professional Friend (much interested). "LOR! AND WOT WOS HIS OPINION, NOW?"

Nurse. "BLESS YER 'ART, MY DEAR CREETUR, IN COURSE HE NEVER HADN'T GIVEN NONE!"

WHERE ARE THE POLICE?

PEOPLE are constantly asking this question, and getting no satisfactory answer. The following scrap of a diary from Scotland Yard, which has come into our possession, may throw some bull's-eye light on the subject:-

Quiet two days in the office, yesterday and to-day. All the Inspectors and many of the Superintendents dancing attendance on the Licensing Magistrates at Clerkenwell. Ought not, perhaps, to use the term "dancing attendance" in such a connection, because the Magistrates are rabid against dancing. Took fifty intelligent officers from active service and put them on to Music-Hall duty. Suspect they like it. Plenty of drink and plenty of loafing. Told them to watch the behaviour of the hardened criminals who listen to songs and smoke tobacco. Told them to report any songs that suggested impropriety. Said they would to the best of their judgment, which is not much. Received a report from one officer that a hornpipe had been danced at one hall with only a music-licence; also report from another officer that he thought a dramatic entertainment was being given at another hall without a dramatic licence, but he would like to go to the Dog-in-the-Manger Theatre, and see. Gave him a shilling and a suit of plain clothes, and told him to see. Reported himself at two o'clock A.M., having just left the theatre. Said there had been a benefit and two Shakespearean plays—drinking going on all the time. This sounded very dreadful; but found they had authority to sell drink as long as the performance lasted, even during prohibited hours, under an Act of WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

Telegrams from outlying stations, saying that in consequence of the fogs, the burglary season had commenced early with unusual severity. Took four officers from Music-Hall duty, and put them on to Burglary. Fancy they grumbled. Another officer reported improper singing at the *Aesthete* Music-Hall. Made inquiry, and found the song was from the *Cloches de Corneville*, and was being sung at the Chelsea Theatre. Sent to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, next day, to know what it meant. Answer from Licensor of Plays that he did not think the song improper, and answer from Licensor of Theatres that

the house was twenty yards out of their jurisdiction, and I must apply to the local Magistrates. Sent to Magistrates, and found they had adjourned (as usual) for a twelve-month. Another officer reported a rickety staircase at the Fossil Music-Hall. Thought of Magistrates, but recollect they had dissolved. Sent over to the Home Office. Messenger treated with contempt, and told to go to Jericho. He came back. Recollected Board of Works. Messenger went to Government Board of Works. Wrong again. Recollected Metropolitan Board of Works. Sent messenger. Answer, "No power to deal with old buildings, only structures in course of erection." Next day heard that the staircase had tumbled down at daybreak. Saw a spiteful letter in a low paper, asking how much longer we should be before we cleared up the Harley Street mystery? Looked at the Murder Book, and was astonished to find such a lot of undiscovered mysteries—Hart Street, Cannon Street, Coram Street, Hoxton, Euston Square, Burton Crescent, Harley Street, &c. Took four more officers off Music-Halls, and put them on to Murder.

THE VERY LATEST.

(By Our Own Special.)

CETTINJE, 9 A.M.—All right. KIRBY GREEN off. Everything settled. Dulcigno to be handed over this afternoon without conditions. Turkish Commissioner just arrived. General illumination preparing. Invested in coloured star and two crackers.

10 A.M.—Hitch. Albanian found in bazaar with hair badly cut. SULTAN protests to Powers. Withdraws concession, wants six months' delay, and *pour-boire* for Commissioner.

11 A.M.—KIRBY GREEN back again. Refuses everything. SULTAN to be deposed. Sold crackers for firewood to an Infant School. Prince been out for an hour on horseback. Enthusiasm indescribable.

NOON.—SULTAN yields. KIRBY GREEN off again. Note just in. Promised session on simple conditions. Prince to stay half an hour in town, wear fez on Sundays for eighteen months, then call again. Have lighted star.

1 P.M.—All off. KIRBY GREEN back. War settled. Put out star. Prince out for another hour. Enthusiasm indescribable. National 75 per Cents. at 14.

2 P.M.—Difficulty surmounted. KIRBY GREEN off. Dulcigno to be handed over unconditionally. National 75 per Cents. at 1. Infant school blown up. Great difficulty experienced in finding Dulcigno.

3 P.M.—Last telegram from SULTAN a hoax. KIRBY GREEN back again. Ultimatum from Porte. European War declared. Doubts as to whereabouts of Dulcigno.

9.30 P.M.—Glorious news! Dulcigno discovered at last. National 75 per Cents., 0^g. Figs steady. KIRBY GREEN naturalised. Enthusiasm describable.



"Take away that Bauble!"

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy.

A SHORT time since "A Musical Joke by MOZART," played at some Promenade Concerts, attracted all London to hear it. The thousands who delighted in the pleasantry, if they visited Burlington House between the hours of ten and four, would find another *tour de force* of a similar character. All they would have to do would be to ask their way to the Diploma Gallery. "When found, they might make a note of" what may be aptly termed a "piece of pictorial waggonery."

On the occasion of my visit I was kindly attended ("in my mind's eye, Horatio") by the spectral figure of a typical Royal Academician, who was good enough to act as a guide.

"We have managed to hide the directing placard behind a pillar," chuckled this amusing personage, as I ascended some stone steps. "When the Public can't find it, they do grow so wild!"

Smiling good-naturedly at the joke, I pushed open a door, and found myself in a dimly-lighted passage leading to a dark staircase. "You will have to go to the very top before you come to our little comicalities," was the spectral commentary. It was true enough. I laboured up and up until, out of breath, I reached a landing, upon which was placed a plaster-cast which I pretended to examine with the greatest curiosity.

"What a humbug you are!" was whispered in my ear. "You know you can't see it! Do you think we should have put it there if we had believed for a moment that you could? *Excelsior!* Plenty more steps before you come to us!"

Again I laboured on, and found another plaster-cast, which I learnt was the same as the first—Cupid and Psyche, by GIBSON.

"Funny notion that, eh?" I heard. "Pity we hadn't more of them! But as we had only two, we put both of them in corners, close together, in the dark! Come, you *must* smile at that piece of drollery!"

I stumbled on, and encountered more plaster-casts. So far as I could make out, they appeared to be busts of nobody in particular, grouped round the model of a horse that would have been the very thing for a sign outside a farrier's shop. Another effort and I was in the Gallery.

There were three rooms. On my left, amongst some statues, sat the genius of the place. He wore a cap drawn down close over his ears, a horse-cloth thrown over his shoulders, and a blanket tucked comfortably round his legs. He was seated on a chair, reading a daily paper, and seemed to be suffering greatly from the draught. Beside him (under a towel) was a suit of livery, apparently ready to be assumed at a moment's notice, on the approach of Royalty or other visitors of distinction. He looked at me as I entered, as if he were unaccustomed to the presence of strangers, and then resumed his reading.

"You can see, from the unconventional costume of our custodian, that the Public do not patronise us as they ought to do," grumbled my Spectre-guide. "In fact, our janitor has the place very much to himself. He must know all our little jokes by heart. I verily believe that even the 'Battle of Chillianwallah,' at the end of the Gallery, by this time has ceased to move him to uproarious merriment!"

Leaving the official in undress behind me, I walked quickly into the last room. It contained an enormous Cartoon of BLUCHER meeting WELLINGTON after Waterloo, hung in such a manner as to bring out in full relief the rich absurdities of Mr. JONES's martial masterpiece. A strange mixture of dying Guardsmen, military sycophants, and Generals prancing unconcernedly amongst the wounded, formed a striking contrast to a small and compact set piece that in the palmy days of ASTLEY's Amphitheatre would have been undoubtedly "billed" as "Exciting Combats, one hundred trained Auxiliaries, concluding with a grand display of Fireworks, and the triumphant Victory of the gallant British Arms—for this night only!" The two battle-pieces were toned down with a mysterious piece of stonework labelled "Antique Fragment of a Female Draped Figure." Further on was an arm-chair under a glass-case, that seemed to be proud of its anonymity.

"We don't tell them what it is, or to whom it belonged, or how it came here," explained the Spectre. "We do so like to puzzle them!"

I now entered the Centre Room. On one side were the efforts of past Academicians—on the other the works of more modern Masters. I selected the latter for examination. The study of a gigantic hand first attracted my attention. It was worked out in great detail in shadow on the wall in conjunction with the reflection of a nose which had been introduced most successfully to heighten the effect. The hand belonged to Mr. COPE, but I could not discover the proprietor of the nose. Not far from this quaint fancy was a merry family party

engaged, apparently, in a game of romps. The son had put his head on the table ready to cry forfeits; one of his sisters, evidently preferring blindman's-buff, had covered her eyes with an apron; while a second damsel whispered into the ear of the good old mother one of a series of "cross questions and crooked answers" destined presently to set the table in a roar. In the meanwhile the genial old father politely requested a young lady carrying a doll to withdraw into the garden for a few minutes, while he prepared to surprise her with a little "dumb crambo." I was heartily admiring this pleasant picture of "Christmas Time at Holly-bush Farm," when I was surprised to notice the composition labelled, for some unaccountable reason, "The Outcast."

And now I came to a characteristic work by that greatest of artists, Mr. SOLOMON HART. It was called "An Early Reading of Shakespeare," and was chiefly remarkable for the Reader's legs, which were of abnormal proportions. Leaving a waxwork group of "St. Gregory teaching his Chant" for the

consideration of some unambitious imitator of Madame TUSSAUD, I came to a pictorial protest against the views favoured by Sir WILFRID LAWSON. A lady (whose recent occupation was delicately hinted at in the tones of her nose) was rising from a wine-cellar, to kiss a semi-intoxicated lover in the presence of a decidedly "drunk and incapable" Father.

Turning from this "Scene from the Two Gentlemen of Verona" (as the painful tableau was called), I gazed at an enormous picture of a salmon, a few mountains, a couple of boats, and a study of wide-awakes. This vast composition turned out to be "Letters and News at the Loch side." The central fish was interesting, but I cannot conscientiously say that I admired the accessories.

I next noticed a picture of Mr. FRITH (dressed for a lounge in the Park) busily engaged in sketching a sleeping crossing-sweeper. Charmed with this study of real life, I turned to something more artificial. In a "Pleasant Corner" I found a wax doll in a ten-and-sixpenny doll's house. Then came an old favourite, "Whitern," introducing me once again to a portly medieval Paterfamilias taking a walk in his garden after his dinner. He was still accompanied by his daughter carrying a tin of biscuits. I could hear the girl murmur, as of old, "I do so wish Papa would return to the house for his coffee, as he *will* wear his slippers!" Then Mr. HOOK showed me an incident in country life. A man was meeting a woman and a child in a lane, and exclaiming, on noticing that they both were wearing "big heads," "What, Boxing Day already!" Lastly, I stumbled upon a strange-looking person, biting his nails among some mountainous sponge-cakes, while a lion in the back-ground leisurely devoured a baby hippopotamus. I frankly admit I was perplexed to make head or tail of it.

"I knew you would never guess it!" exclaimed my spectral Friend, who had been silent for some time. "But look at the label, and you will be enlightened."

I obeyed the direction, and read, to my extreme astonishment, the simple word "*Remorse*." This last mystery unnerved me. I determined to fly before my confusion was completed.

"But you have not seen half the good things!" exclaimed my shadowy Guide. "The old pictures are just as funny as the new; and there is really a world of quiet humour in the arrangement of the back hair of a lion belonging to St. Jerome. It has been imitated in the toy-shops, but—"

I angrily interrupted, and refused to go further.

"But pray be reasonable," continued the well-meaning Phantom. "You cannot imagine *what* an absurd effect we obtain by mixing up the Gibson Gallery with the daubs of a century. You cannot think—"

But by this time I had escaped, and was once more in Piccadilly. As I hurriedly walked away, an old lady stopped me, and asked me where she could find the Chamber of Horrors?

"In the right-hand corner of Burlington House," I replied, and although I answered at random, I believe I spoke truthfully.

A "SCREW" OF TOBACCO.—The man who grudges you a cigar.



HOW AND WHY IT WAS DONE!



THE trembling Grand Vizier, called up in the dead of night, hastened to the sanctum of his Sovereign.

"O Sultan of Sultans!" sobbed the unlucky Minister, prostrating himself before the Imperial couch. "The meanest of thy slaves hopes to escape the bowstring! What has he done that his loved Master should frown upon him?"

"Rise, Grand Vizier, and be not a fool," said the Monarch graciously. "I want thy brains, and not thy head. Quick—pens, ink, and paper."

In a moment the now reassured official was seated on the floor in an attitude of rapt attention.

The SULTAN drew from his breast a paper, kissed it, and then returned it to its resting-place. Then he commenced in an excited voice—

"Know, O pig! that I am about to put my financial affairs in business-like order!"

The Grand Vizier shook his head in a melancholy fashion, but held his peace. He had heard something of the sort frequently before.

"I will do my duty!" cried the SULTAN, enthusiastically. "I will pay my debts! And, as a first step towards this end, invite the cursed European Dogs—I should say the Turkish Bond-holders—to send delegates to Constantinople to enter into direct communication with the Ottoman Government."

"As there are ten categories of Bond-holders of different nationalities, all with more or less conflicting claims, will not this be a difficult task, O Defender of the Faithful?" was the Grand Vizier's feeble suggestion.

"Dog! Degraded dog!" shouted the angry Monarch, hurling his slipper at his offending Minister. "That is their business, and not mine! Say another word and thou shalt spend the remainder of thy miserable life in company with the fishes of the Bosphorus!"

The wounded official, hearing this, kept a discreet silence, and waited for further instructions.

"Tell them," dictated the SULTAN, "that I propose recommencing payment of the interest on their bonds by a simple expedient. I invite them to appoint a Banker who shall have the honour of incurring a fresh debt of eight millions sterling—on their behalf—in their name!" The Grand Vizier did not raise his eyes from his writing.

"Add that of course they must look after the floating debt and arrange about the Russian Indemnity. But when this is done—mark my words—when this is done they shall have, subject, of course, to my general supervision, all the remainder!" And the SULTAN's face beamed again with an expression of gratified generosity.

"What remainder?" asked the Grand Vizier unconsciously.

"Pig! Paltry pig!" shouted the angry Monarch, throwing his second slipper at the head of his Minister. "Dost thou dare to laugh at my beard? I haven't got a beard—but no matter. 'What remainder!' That is their business, and not mine! Away, doit! And if the Circular is not to my liking, beware of the torture-chamber!"

Within a couple of hours the Grand Vizier once more presented himself before his master. Grovelling in the dust, he handed his Sovereign a despatch.

"Very fair, indeed!" murmured the SULTAN as he perused the Circular. "And I have news to tell thee. HOBART PACHA has suggested a new impost."

"Indeed, my Lord! I thought every source of income was exhausted."

"Faith, and so did I," answered the Padishah, relapsing for a moment into his ancient language. "But, bedad, the Admiral's found another! He suggests an elegant tax upon Ambassadors! And now away to the Printers, the Pressmen, and the Telegraphers!"

But the Minister lingered. At last he ventured to say, "O Defender of the Faithful, deign to enlighten the meanest of thy slaves! Why dost thou issue this Circular?"

"Because I wish to obtain the sympathy of Europe, whatever happens," was the immediate answer.

"But how, O Lord of Lords?—how?"

"How! By paying one per cent. upon my Bonds, stupid!"

"Ah! To be sure! Just so! And what caused thee, O Sire, to think of such a clever thing?" continued the obsequious official, impelled by a feeling of overpowering curiosity.

"This admirable picture!" cried the SULTAN, again pulling the paper from his breast, and kissing it fervently. "Down on thy knees, dog, and worship it!"

The Grand Vizier obeyed, and paid respectful homage to Mr. Punch's Cartoon entitled "Argumentum ad Pocketum," and bearing date Oct. 9.

THE CITY OF UNMITIGATED POT-HOUSES.

To the (Seldom-at-) Home Secretary.

SIR.—If it is possible for any Minister to spare time from clumsy attempts to regulate the Universe, and to learn that one parochial gutter well swept is worth a hundred foreign dependencies over-governed into madness, it certainly would be advisable for that Minister to grapple with our Licensing Chaos. The worship of the Sacred Jackass is carried a little too far when this Chaos is dignified with the name of System. Four millions of wretched rate- and tax-payers, doomed to live in the most dismal City of Unmitigated Pot-houses on the face of the earth, are bound over, hand and foot, as far as their amusements are concerned, to an irresponsible Court Official and six hundred of the most ignorant, prejudiced—possibly venal, and certainly narrow-minded—creatures that a Lord-Lieutenant can pick out from the dreary ranks of respectability. This unwieldy assembly, with the exception of the Court Official, is set in motion by a brutal Act of Parliament that is a notorious disgrace to a not over-creditable Statute-Book. Originally framed to stop the singing of Jacobite songs, which the Dutch monarch of the period feared, but could neither read, sing, nor understand, and ostensibly directed in the coarsest terms against the "social evils" of 1750, this precious sample of antique legislation has descended to 1880, and administered as it is by a body only worthy of such an Act, it now paralyses the amusements of four millions of Londoners. Once during its long existence it has been amended or tinkered, but in a way that reflects the utmost discredit on its timid tinkers. When it was discovered, about three or four years ago, that, under its heaven-born provisions, a few harmless old women sitting at a concert before five o'clock in the afternoon were committing an indictable offence, it was thought by those who knew little of the cowardice of weak-kneed Governments, that the days of this triumph of legislative wisdom were certainly numbered. They were thoroughly mistaken. The ulcer was simply cut out, when the body ought to have been strangled; and the 25 Geo. II., cap. 36, still remains to comfort the true worshippers of the Sacred Jackass.

Amongst the countless pot-houses in this City of Pot-houses, there are about four hundred that hold a music licence, and perhaps about twenty that hold a music and dancing licence. The owners of these houses go to one licensing authority for tobacco, to another for beer, and to another for the licence to sell wines and spirits. Thanks to the Omnipotence of Gin and Beer in the councils of the nation, they have little difficulty in obtaining the drink licences if they stand well with the two great drink-producing interests.

Of course the usual hypocrisy is shown in all public debates on this question. Every Member—Minister or no Minister—carefully ignores the fact that one-third of our enormous national expenditure is drawn from national drunkenness; and the unfortunate publicans are snubbed and lectured, as if they were criminals, instead of active feeders of the Revenue. Any attempt to temper Gin and Beer with Music and Dancing is resisted by the compact Mawworm class, who rule the Licensing Sessions. Ten thousand applications for Music and Dancing would be made to-morrow, if there were anything like freedom and wisdom in our Licensing Chaos. London would



TOO TRUE!

The Colonel. "WHAT I SUFFER FROM IS A NEGLECTED EDUCATION."

Sir Gorgius Midas (whose main regret is that he was never at a Public School). "NEGLECTED EDUCATION? WHY, 'ANG IT, YOU WERE BROUGHT UP AT ETON, WEREN'T YOU? "

The Colonel. "YES—THAT'S JUST IT!"

become as sober and cheerful as Paris or Vienna. The sot would become a singer, the wife-kicker a dancer; and what would be lost in one way by the Exchequer, would be gained in another. The million or more sterling now invested in London Music-halls would be exposed to competition; but, on the other hand, the owners of this property would feel an unwonted security in their investments.

We mention these "vested interests," because we know the weakness and the composition of Governments; but there is a broader ground on which to argue this question—that of public convenience. The four millions of people in this City of Unmitigated Pot-houses have a right to demand as many music and dancing-rooms as they think they require; and the supply, we presume, as usual, will follow the demand. If any one of these rooms is mismanaged, that may be a reason for punishing the proprietor; but it is no reason for closing the rooms, any more than the adulteration of bread would be a reason for the closing of a bakery. An ignorant and underpaid Policeman is not the proper person to judge and report upon the management of public amusements, any more than a sour body of unpaid Puritans—six hundred in number—is a fitting body to license these amusements. If all the Conventicles of London were put under the direction of six hundred Comic Singers, divided into a dozen or more conflicting jurisdictions, it is possible that even the Meddlevex Magistrates, and the worshippers of the Sacred Jackass would be converted to something like reason and justice.

PUNCH AND JUNIUS.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

HOORAY! *Viva Italia!* A chance at last! The Italian Government are offering £30,000 for a statue to VICTOR EMMANUEL. Send over that amount, and we will take it upon our responsibility to let you have the Temple Bar Memorialising Gryphon, and, not to be mean, we will throw in a statue or two. You pay the money, and you shall take your choice.

THE O'DOWD AT THE O'DOLPHI.

"OLD Materials made up. Jobs neatly executed. Orders punctually attended to"—not after seven. New card for the O'Dramatist. This is the story of the O'Dowd :

MIKE O'DOWD, son of an Irish fish salesman, having received a liberal education and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, comes up to London; takes a liking to the name of Walsingham, and under the mistaken notion that a Walsingham has a chance in London where an O'Dowd has none (an error which might easily have been corrected by the enterprising youth running his eye over the list of names at the Government Offices in *Whitaker's Almanack*—*vide Judge-Advocate General's department*), he drops his Irish name, comes out as a Walsingham—a great acquisition at dances where active young men are in great request by the ladies for waltzing 'em—and being an uncommonly sharp chap, he so completely masters the English tongue that by the time the piece begins there isn't the slightest flavour of the Irish brogue left in him. As he has been born and bred in Ireland, this victory over the brogue is itself a marvel, and quite prepares us to expect great things from the talented young gentleman, gallantly represented by Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, who has been able to accomplish so much in so short a time.

His next happy thought is the humorous notion of borrowing money on this capital name of Walsingham—Walsingham having now become his stock-in-trade. This practical joke he carries to the extent of £20,000, foolishly supplied to him by one Mr. Romsey Leake—capitally played by Mr. J. G. TAYLOR—on very insufficient security. The conduct of the fish-soldier's son is characteristic of his origin. "Fishy is the word," as Mr. PATEMAN—who does a great deal with the character of Chalker, the man in possession—would say. *Romsey Leake* finding out that MIKE's father is worth £20,000, comes down on him to pay his son's debts, and save him from disgrace. But from what disgrace is the question? His son's friends by this time know all about him, and have condoned the offence. Even the wealthy widow to whom he was paying his addresses—the only thing apparently that he ever did pay—has forgiven him, and all his old associates have been backing him, as *O'Dowd*, in his canvass for his native borough, which it is his ambition to represent in Parliament.

Perhaps in the face of a future Election Commission there might have been some difficulty as to advancing such a large sum for election expenses; but as he has gained the day before the appearance of his creditor, the £20,000 would never have come under the head of Bribery and Corruption. Had this idea occurred to any one of them, of course the play would have been brought to a sudden termination in the Third Act; indeed, it need not have gone beyond the Second; and Mr. BOUCICAULT would not have had an opportunity

of reminding us of Mr. SHELL BARRY in *Les Cloches de Corneville*, on whom the loss of his hoarded money has the same effect as the discovery of his son's swindling has on *Daddy O'Dowd*.

In the last Act kind old *Daddy* recovers his senses, in accordance with the stereotyped stage plan of "clock strikes—he remembers to have heard a clock strike in his early childhood, bursts into tears," and his reason returns. Instead of the clock, it is the recurrence of a situation similar to one of which he and his son *Mike* had been the heroes a long time ago. History repeats itself; and dramatic authors and actors repeat themselves and other people too with more or less success.

Well—that's all. Few people are interested in *Walsingham alias O'Dowd*; and all are disappointed at Mr. BOUCICAULT's not being a rollicking, careless, Irish peasant throughout, the hero of a sensational drama. The piece is admirably put on to the stage. Mr. FREW'S *Barney Toole* is an excellent sketch; and Mr. E. COMPTON, reminding us forcibly of his father's manner, plays the difficult part of a young swell who in the first Act has to gush considerably, in a

thoroughly natural and unaffected manner. He has all the makings of a genuine light comedian. Mr. J. COOPER plays *Wilcox*, *Lady Rose Lawless's* butler, so well in the Second Act,

that we were not at all surprised when, on *Lady Rose* going to Ireland, we saw him promoted to be the Sheriff of Bally-na-Cuish, and conducting the proceedings with the utmost courtesy and impartiality. He did not seem to be recognised by his former employer, nor by any of her guests in whom he had previously been in constant attendance; but this might be chiefly owing to his having adopted a new wig, and his having picked up the Irish brogue with as great facility as *Mike O'Dowd* had dropped it. *Bridget O'Dowd* (Miss LE THIÈRE) is about as useful and ornamental as the unfortunate widow who was the cause of the recent Merivale and Ward litigation. Mr. H. PROCTOR is suited in *Colonel Muldoon*, and Miss LYDIA FOOTE, as *Kitty McCoul*, looks less "my cool" than "my comfortable." Why does she go about London without a bonnet? Only orange-women and flower-girls do this in town; and surely *Daddy O'Dowd's* niece wouldn't have come all the way from Ireland like that? If Mr. BOUCICAULT knows she did, of course that's sufficient; but though a first-rate stage-manager, he doesn't know everything, or he

would never have permitted the sudden appearance of *Lady Rose Lawless's* gorgeous powdered footmen, in moustaches, to appear for no earthly reason whatever at the finish of the Second Act, just to distract the attention of the audience and spoil the tableau. If they won't shave, and if they must come on because they've got the liveries, then let *Lady Rose* explain their moustaches as a little eccentric fancy of her own. Miss PATEMAN plays *Lady Rose* very cleverly. But then she is very clever in everything, specially when it doesn't suit her in the least (like this part), and then she triumphs.

We stayed to welcome Mrs. MELLON in the after-piece, and wished there had been something for her in the drama.

The capital little troupe at St. George's Hall are always welcome company. There is not the slightest danger in trusting to A. REED in Langham Place, and the CORNEY GRAIN planted in the same locality invariably yields a crop of pleasant chaff. To suit the clerical element in the audience, the management have wisely provided themselves with A Bishop, and have engaged Miss HUDDSPETH (Mrs. PHELPS), who develops (or as a reckless punster might say, de-phel'ps) considerable talent. *The Haunted*

Room, the latest addition to Mr. GRAIN's repertoire of musical sketches, is as good as any of its predecessors—which is saying a great deal. The clever mimicry of the Village Choir is full of local colouring; and the imitation of the various clocks, inclusive of the short, sharp American timepiece, is something to laugh over and remember. The present "First Part" of the Entertainment is illustrated with extremely pretty music by Mr. LIONEL BENSON, and is capitally acted all round. Mr. ALFRED REED in the Second Part is seen to great advantage (in more senses than one) as the "Fat Boy" out of "*Pickwick*" into a Public School. Nothing could be better than his assumption of boyish bumptiousness, cowardice, and good-nature. Mr. REED has long since matured into a very excellent comedian. Extremely funny too is Mr. GRAIN as a priggish pedagogue; and Miss EDITH BRANDON is charming. Altogether, St. George's Hall is (as the Guide Books would say of the Market Pump) "well worthy of a visit."



"MIKE," ALIAS
"WALTZING' EM,"
WHO LEADS HIS
CREDITORS A
PRETTY DANCE.



MIKE IN IRELAND—
QUITE A CHANGE OF
AIR.



THE O'DOWD AND THE O'DOWDY.



BELLA, WHO GOES
TO IRELAND,
AND IS ADDRESSED
AS "ABRAH!"



KITTY MCCOUL AND DADDY-MY-COOL-DRINK.



"CUM GRAIN."



THE ETON BOY, OR,
RATHER, THE OVER-EATEN BOY.

TO A MODERN PYRRHA.



O H, PYRRHA, say what
Youth, so wan and
worn,
Woos thee with many a
whisper heard at e'en?
For whom do you so curi-
ously adorn—
A subtle symphony in
sad sage-green?

How oft will be your way-
wardness deplore,
And miss the smiles that
once were all for him;
When this aesthetic mania
is o'er,
And you're perchance
engrossed in some new
whim!

But as for me, my first
love is the last;
New fancies and new
faces charm no more;
And, even were my youth-
ful days not past,
You're not the sort of
girl I should adore.

For whom do you, so very tightly laced,
With well-furred shoulders promenade the street?
Your hat a Gainsborough Beanty might have graced,
A Chinese lady envied those small feet.

What youth admires that figure so pinched in?
Who loves the fashions as they are just now?
What wonder that you grow so pale and thin,
With interesting furrows on your brow.

When to your natural grace will you give play?
'Tis better thus than crinoline and hoop.
"She stoops to conquer." Pretty PYRRHA, say
Now, if you want to conquer, can you stoop?

THE ELECTION COMMISSIONS.

We have every reason to believe that the following are truthful summaries of the Election Reports which will be presented to Parliament by the Commissions.

IMMACULATESFIELD.

It is impossible for us conscientiously to report that we are satisfied with the manner in which the Election here was conducted. . . . The facts about the "mysterious stranger" are very suspicious. If he was not a bribing agent, why did he perambulate the chief thoroughfares with a bag of gold at his side, requesting the electors to vote for Captain COFFERFULL, the "Blue" Candidate? Why, if they promised to vote for Captain COFFERFULL, did he employ them as messenger at a salary varying from £1 to £10 an hour? These facts, we repeat, appear suspicious. It is, perhaps, open to remark that this "mysterious stranger" has not appeared to give evidence before us, and both sides profess complete ignorance of who he is, where he is; or, in fact, whether he is at all. Perhaps he's indisposed, and has not heard of this inquiry as yet. . . . As to Tom SNOOKS, we are not satisfied that he actually received more than £20 for his vote, though the manner in which he gave his evidence was most satisfactory. We are rather inclined to believe that the valuable gold watch which Tom SNOOKS presented to his sweetheart the day after the polling, was purchased out of some money which he received as an equivalent for his vote—or, as he facetiously expresses it, for "his loss of time." It is only fair to add that Tom SNOOKS himself swears that this is not the case, but that the watch was bought with money saved out of his earnings during the last two years. As TOM SNOOKS has only been in employment (as a rag-and-bone-picker) for one year, and his weekly wage is about five shillings, his story appears to us to bear on it traces of inaccuracy. Still, we are unwilling to believe that this excellent fellow has been committing wilful and corrupt perjury. . . . However, there can hardly be any doubt that *some* money was spent in illegal practices in this borough, inasmuch as we find that the number of the electors is 150 all told, and that £3000 was contributed by each Candidate for Election expenses, while another £3000 was contributed by political friends. Both Candidates assure us they had no notion that the

money would or could possibly be spent in bribery or treating. They appear nice gentlemanly fellows, but it is odd that they had no suspicions as to the use that was being made of their cheque-books. Mr. TIMOTHY HIGGINS acknowledged that he had received £10 for running messages, another £10 to see that the other messengers ran messages, besides £20 to see that no bribing went on, and an additional *douceur* of £30 to be sure that there was no treating. This looks to us like corruption, though we don't feel quite sure about it. Other cases of a similar nature occurred, so we can only end by recommending this ancient and most respectable borough to the mercy of your honourable House.

HAM SANDWICH AND VEAL.

This dirty and decayed little town, or two towns, appears, to our unanimous judgment, to be the most corrupt borough in the United Kingdom. At least, we cannot possibly imagine any borough more corrupt. There are upon the Register 500 burgesses, and of these we have to report that 495 were either directly or indirectly bribed. Of the remaining five, one is a hopeless idiot, or has the reputation of being so. Possibly this reputation may arise from the fact, credibly reported to us as true, that on the occasion of a former election this deluded individual refused £5 and a glass of beer for his vote, on so-called "conscientious" grounds. If so, we are perfectly certain that there is no other man, woman, or child in Ham Sandwich and Veal that feels any such ridiculous scruples. . . . The four other persons who were not *proved* to have been bribed, can be easily accounted for. One refused to receive £10 for his vote, considering the sum offered much too small, and so didn't vote at all. Another had every intention of taking £5 from each side, but unfortunately couldn't find the place of distribution, and had to go without. The two others left the town hurriedly on the day that the Commission arrived at it, and are not expected to return until the Commission has finished its labours. This satisfactorily accounts for the whole population, so we can finish off this report here; and jolly glad we are to be done with it. We cannot, however, close without recording a *most excellent JOKER* made by one of our number, which we feel sure will amuse your honourable House. On Mr. SMITHKIN's remarking that "he had been promised £10 to vote blue, but had not yet received it," Mr. (rising) JEUNIOR replied, "Then I suppose you are *all in the blues*?" This appears to us a witticism so consummate in itself, and so admirably suited to the character of the occasion and the dignity of the inquiry, that we should fail in our duty if we omitted to record it. And your Commissioners will ever pray, &c.

OXBOURGH.

This place is a Cathedral town. Therefore we need hardly say it is corrupt. Cathedral towns always *are* corrupt. There is something in a Gothic pillar, or a Norman arch, which irresistibly leads to depravity; and an Early English spire seems to be a direct incentive to vice (not the "Vice," of course).

It is very pleasing among the dark aspects of electoral affairs, to notice one feature of these elections, which seems to point to better times coming. As everybody knows, there is an ancient University here; and, of course, the University has nothing whatever to do with the City Election. Yet, notwithstanding this, there are great and good men among the professors and lecturers, who go out of their way to discharge their duty to their country, actually contributing as much as £50 a head to the expenses (of course the *necessary* expenses) of the Election; and when that is not sufficient, running up to town, and getting as much as £3000 from the Head Centre of their respective parties to expend in—well, *necessary* expenses—as we said before. This patriotic devotion to their duty as citizens cannot be too highly commended.

Various sad cases of bribery have come before us, also of treating; but the gloom of our proceedings has been uniformly enlightened by comic incidents. Thus, Mr. JEREMY SPARKS, who confessed to having received £15 for purposes of treating, expended £3 in treating others, and £12 in treating himself. When asked if he considered such treatment of the funds honest, he replied, "Oh, yes, quite," which, we need hardly say, convulsed the Court and the audience with laughter, as was only natural.

The "lay clerk of St. John's College" (we are not quite sure what a "lay clerk" is, but fancy it's some inferior kind of election agent) who gave evidence as to his having paid £10 to one man because "he was handy with his fists," appears to us to have somewhat exceeded his duties as a "lay clerk." Another of the agents, who must be a wag in his way, described himself as "Chichele Professor of Modern History," a harmless *pleasantry* which must have rather tickled that venerable University official when he heard of it.

We really can't find anything more that's likely to interest your honourable House, and we beg to recommend either that the place be disfranchised—which seems rather severe—or that the Cathedral, as the great centre of corruption, be immediately destroyed—which appears to us a more statesmanlike plan. It's not much of a cathedral, and wouldn't be missed, except by the Dean and the aged woman who sweeps it out once a week.



A "GOOD TURN."

He (pulling up short). "I SAY, ISN'T THAT JACK SPARKES AND NELLY SWEETING COMING ROUND BY THE ROAD THERE?"

She (unsuspiciously). "I THINK IT IS, DEAR."

He. "THEN SUPPOSE WE TAKE THE LANE, EH? IT'S A BIT FURTHER, BUT—(magnanimously)—'SPOONS' DON'T CARE TO BE INTERRUPTED, YOU KNOW."

She (innocently). "DON'T THEY, DEAR?"

MISTHER O'GUY FAWKES;
OR, AINSWORTH IN IRISH!

"AND now we'll leave you," said the O'CATESBY, drawing his cloak tightly about him, the other conspirators at the same time following his example. "Shure an' it's a snug place you've got here intirely," he added as, casting a glance at the accumulated storage of combustible and explosive material, that reached now nearly to the roof of the cellar, he gave a familiar nod to the arch plotter who had undertaken to fire it.

"All right, me boy!" replied the latter, giving a wink at his lantern and matches as he

took his seat on a barrel full of back numbers of the *Nation*. "It's likely ye'll be hearing a thrifle from me before long. But, whisht! —whisht!" he added, as if an after-thought seemed to strike him — "Moighty convenient as is the tiniment, I thrust now it's no rint that ye've paid for it!"

"Rint! Begorra! Hooroosh! —divil a hapenny!" was the earnest reply. The cloaked figures gave a wild whoop of satisfaction, and cut a peculiar caper. Then, as if the information had reassured them, they stealthily withdrew. The door closed noiselessly on the last. Misther O'GUY FAWKES was alone.

It was a dark and disagreeable hole, this subterranean vault in which treason had clumsily collected the evidences of its own stupid project. Nor did the latter add to its attractiveness. Barrels on barrels of vulgar rhodomontade,—of passionate incitement to outrage and rebellion, strewn over, here and there, with a few scanty faggots of free speech,—destined, but ineffectually, to conceal the mischief beneath,—cumbered the ground and half concealed the walls of the vaulted retreat. Placed as this was under the fabric of law and order, the conspirators hoped that an explosion would not only paralyse the executive but shatter the Union. Reflecting complacently on this situation of affairs, Misther O'GUY FAWKES waited the approach of the appointed hour.

But something had happened on which the conspirators had not counted. The Irish Secretary had received an anonymous warning. Some friend, anxious for his reputation, had decided, at all hazards, to give him an inkling of the true state of affairs. Thus it was that he had received suddenly one morning by post a copy of the *Times*. The incident was mysterious. He had been conceiving for some weeks past a growing distaste for the national stew, and was in a condition to be easily unsettled. He was upset. Nor was this all. His return ticket, good only for a month, was nearly up; while he had heard that a new Hibernian piece of an exciting character had been produced at the Adelphi. This determined him. He resolved on action. And now the fifth of November was at hand.

Silent amidst his inflammable paraphernalia, our hero waited its approach, unconscious of coming surprise. But, as he waited, the officers of justice were even now upon him. There was a stir in the vault.

"Sure an I heard something," said Misther O'GUY FAWKES, peering inquisitively through the shadowy gloom. "Bedad, if it's any gentlemen that's after the boys now,—we'll just all of us have a taste o' the blow up together!"

He turned cautiously. He was not mistaken. There were misty figures advancing towards him. His first impulse was to consult a solicitor. Then he thought of the barrels. But he was too late. In a minute more he was seized by a powerful arm and called upon in the Queen's name to surrender.

A Rhyme for the Time.

SIMPLE SIMON*
Met a Pieman
Going to vote at Deal—
(Cetera desunt).

* Can this be Mr. CROMPTON ROBERTS?
† What, an Elector?

NEW NAME FOR IRELAND.—The Green-Acre Island, late Emerald Isle.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 6, 1880.



THE IRISH GUY FAWKES.



SCENE—Hotel in Cologne.

Fidgety English Party. "THERE SEEMS TO BE QUITE A COMMOTION IN THE HOTEL, KELLNER!"

Kellner. "JA WOHL! DE DRAIN HAS CHUST GOM IN, KVITE FULL!"

[*Fidgety Party, who is not yet accustomed to the German way of pronouncing English, isaghast.*

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

Commissioner. You are, I believe, Lord Mayor of London?

Lord Mayor. I am.

Commissioner. From what do you derive your title of Right Honourable?

Lord Mayor. I am a Privy Councillor.

Commissioner. When did you last attend a Privy Council?

Lord Mayor. I have not attended at all. Nothing of sufficient importance has happened to require my presence.

Commissioner. When was the last time a Lord Mayor attended a Privy Council?

Lord Mayor. In 1837, when his Most Gracious and Religious Majesty WILLIAM THE FOURTH joined his Illustrious Ancestors.

Commissioner. What are your principal duties?

Lord Mayor. They are almost too numerous to detail, but I will refer to a few. I have to sign my name thirty thousand times officially. I have to dine five thousand hungry people in the most splendid manner human ingenuity can devise. I have to preside at fifty public dinners, and persuade fifty different sets of people to cash up handsomely for fifty different charities; and, far, far beyond all as a test of human endurance, I have to listen to fifty Charity Sermons, without the possibility of one quiet nap, as I feel that every eye is upon me.

Commissioner. Terrible, indeed! Anything further?

Lord Mayor. Oh yes, lots! I have to preside at all the Meetings of those slowest of slow coaches the Aldermen, and at every Court of that wild democracy, the Common Council. I have to entertain Royal or Illustrious Foreign Visitors, if occasion offer, taking, so to speak, the place of Majesty, during Majesty's temporary eclipse. I have to attend West-End Receptions, Garden Parties, State Balls, and Concerts, and bear myself as if to the manner born.

I have to administer justice indifferently—that is, in accordance with the advice of my learned Clerk.

I have to speak upon Art to R.A.'s, and to dilate upon the Drama to Critics and Actors, to entertain Princes, Ministers, Ambassadors, and all the Lords of the Council, and trust they may have grace, wisdom, and understanding.

I have to rush about the country—here, there, and everywhere—to give *éclat*, by the pomp and circumstances of my surroundings, to any local object I consider of sufficient importance.

I have to conduct myself on all occasions as the representative of a long and distinguished line of predecessors, beginning with ALWIN, who governed London in the twelfth century, and including such names as WHITTINGTON and GRESHAM, and to feel that in every circumstance of my important position the eyes of Europe are upon me.

Commissioner. Bless my soul, my Lord, you almost take away my breath. And what may be the salary awarded to your Lordship for all this tremendous lot of work?

Lord Mayor. Ten thousand pounds.

Commissioner. May I ask, in the most delicate way, if it is generally found sufficient?

Lord Mayor. I cannot answer for others, but I should think, for my part, it would require about three times that amount.

Commissioner. Dear me! And are there no perquisites or other matters that would repay this vast expenditure?

Lord Mayor. None whatever, except the approbation of my fellow-citizens, and occasionally the approval of our Gracious Sovereign.

Commissioner. You describe, my Lord, an amount of useful and important work, that I confess surprises me.

Lord Mayor. I do not wish to weary you; but I may add that I am the Almoner, as it were, of the Charity of the whole Metropolis, and sometimes of the whole country, for the alleviation of any great calamity, foreign or domestic.

Commissioner. Just so. But the one idea that strikes me is, could not all this be done without so much of the tinsel, and glitter, and barbaric splendour, so to speak, that seems somewhat out of place in these matter-of-fact days?

Lord Mayor. That is a question to which I feel scarcely competent to give an unbiased answer; but, if we are to emulate the Republican simplicity of our American Cousins in all ceremonial matters, why begin with the Corporation, where it certainly won't end?

Commissioner. I see the significance of your reply, and will only add that as we must begin somewhere, it seems natural to begin with that institution that is of the least importance.

Lord Mayor. I can recognise no institution as being of greater importance than the Corporation.

Commissioner. Then I will trouble your Lordship no further.

THE MOAN OF THE "NATIVE."

"Of all the inanimate objects which are inimical to the oyster, there is nothing so fatal as sand."

Land and Water, Oct. 23, 1880.

'Tis the voice of the oyster, I hear him complain;
"I can't live in this place, here's the sandstorm again.
I was settling to rest 'mid the rocks and the tiles
They had made for a home, but this sand how it riles.
It gets into my shell, and the delicate fringe
That I use when I breathe; and I can't shut my hinge
When the grit lodges there: so the crabs come at will,
Since my poor mouth is open they feed, and they kill.
I've complained to FRANK BUCKLAND, who quite under-
stands,
But he can't undertake to abolish the sands."
Thus the "Native" made moan, then I took up the
brown
Bread-and-butter and lemon, and swallow'd him down!

"AN INCREASING DANGER."

UNDER this heading "F. R. S." wrote to the *Times* last week to show that at any minute the telegraphic wire stretched over the streets might break, and, descending with irresistible force, strangle people in the road beneath. This is a timely warning to Conductors.

WHERE IT COMES FROM.

DEAR PUNCH,
I READ the following advertisements all in the same Number of the *Northern Echo* :—

FOOG.—Excellent FOG TO LET, close to Stockton.—Apply, &c.

TO LET, Six Acres of FOG.—Apply, &c., Darlington.

TO LET, Four Acres of FOG, near Redcar.—Apply, &c.

TO LET, Sixteen Acres FOG, near Darlington.—Apply, &c.

SI X Acres of good FOG, well watered.—Apply, &c., Witton-le-Wear.

Evidently Fog is a merchantable commodity in the North. I think, if the Northerners were to come to London, we could, just now, sell them a few acres cheap, "well-watered" and otherwise. Eh? old Punchy-wunchy.

Yours mistily,
THE GAY FOGOGRAPHER.
Fogshall, S.W.

P.S.—A Northern Farmer—TENNYSON's or some other fellow's—has just looked in, and says, "Fog means the second crop of grass." I don't believe him.

Accommodation.

A DEPUTATION from the City Lands Committee of the City Corporation requested the Strand District Board of Works to withdraw their objections to the Temple Bar Memorial and the proposed Refuges generally. The Strand District Board could compromise by replying that they would be ready to withdraw their Objections if the City Lands withdraw their Obstructions.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

English Municipalities, &c. (WATERLOO & SONS). All Mr. SOMERS VINE's books on Municipal matters and Corporation compilations are invaluable for reference. In the rise and development of Welsh Municipalities the extra-ordinary reader will find most interesting accounts of the growth of such places as *Llanllwchfa*, *Tetrady-fodwg*, and *Ynyscynhaearn*.

Mr. SCOOONES'S *English Letters* (KEGAN PAUL & CO.) is a collection of special correspondence between 1450 and 1861. These Mr. SCOOONES considers as "corresponding times;" and that he is right in his estimate will be evident from the following selections which, after a somewhat hurried perusal of his work, we make from memory, as having a special interest for the student—e.g.:—HENRY THE EIGHTH to CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS, asking for a second-hand copy of BOSWELL'S *Johnson*, and C. J. M.'s characteristic reply; Lady BLESSINGTON to Cardinal WOLSEY, asking for a seat in his box for JOHN PARRY'S Benefit at the Gaiety Theatre; Queen ELIZABETH to DOUGLAS JERROLD, offering him her hand and heart if he would continue the *Caudle Lectures*, and JERROLD's reply, which so enraged the Queen that she executed the Earl of ESSEX, straight off, and said that after her death "Caudle" would be found on her heart; Dean SWIFT to Archbishop CRANMER on Irish Disestablishment; CHARLES THE FIRST to Lord NELSON on the Authorship of "JUNIUS"; Sir WALTER RALEIGH to W. M. THACKERAY, on allowing pipes to be smoked at EVANS'S Supper-Rooms, and THACKERAY'S answer to the effect that he considered cigars more genteel; ROGER ASCHAM to HANNAH MORE, inviting her to a *bal masqué* after the Opera, and her reply, accepting the invitation; OLIVER CROMWELL to MACREADY, asking the latter's opinion as to his probable success should he, then a young man, give up the brewing business, and go on the stage; and MACREADY to CROMWELL, telling him plainly that he couldn't expect more than a shilling a night at Pantomime time, but might make something extra by sitting as a model for a Big Head.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 6.



LEX TALLY-HO-NIS;

OR, THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ON HIS HOBBY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Happy Thought!—write a history of the Chase!" said Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN to himself on the passing of the Ground-Game Bill. The Chief has only two great predecessors in this line—XENOPHON, whom he quotes, and Mr. JORROCKS, whom he doesn't; but, like a thorough old sportsman, he takes a line of his own across country.

THE I-DEAL V. THE DEAL BOATMAN.

(An Illusion Dispelled.)

I KNEW him well. Not that I had ever seen him in the flesh—but I had read often and often of him. I knew his "grand massive face, furrowed with care, and exposure to a thousand storms. Yet strong and self-reliant as the face of a man who nightly wrestled with death," (*From "Braving the Breakers." A story in the Christmas number of the St. John's Wood Gazette.*) I knew his presence of mind, his great calmness in moments of peril. I could see him, "lashed to the tiller, with the pitiless storm howling around him, and the fiery waves leaping and boiling high over him, yet did he look forth into the night, and guide his boat as skilfully as a keeper in the Zoological Gardens might direct the untamed elephant." (*From "Saved from the Barque: or, Worse than its Bite." A Novel.*) And I knew of his honesty and his courage. Were not their reputations world-wide?

* * * * *

It was very dark now, and the storm was shrieking with increased rage across the breakers.

A crowd had collected on the beach, and all stood gazing out to sea. "Heaven help them poor souls as is abroad this night," said the old boatman, and dashed a tear from his eye.

"Amen!" said the crowd solemnly.

Every second they heard the minute guns. Then the doomed ship burnt blue-lights.

"Splice my bowsprit!" shrieked the clear-eyed old Boatman, "but it is the *Mary Jane* that is breaking up on the Goodwins."

The tall figure of the Colonel was in the midst of the group.

"It is the *Mary Jane*, and on board her is my mother-in-law."

They respected his grief, and there was silence, only broken by the mad fury of the waves.

"A thousand pounds!" cried the Colonel, who had only been recently married, "to the man who rescues my mother-in-law!"

PITY THE POOR PATIENTS.

"The Governors of Guy's Hospital have passed a resolution to adhere strictly to the law in governing that institution."

HERE'S an end then to all the long letters and jaw, For the Governors will rule by the might of the law; And this surely must mean that from bad unto worse Must the hospital go 'neath the laws of the Nurse. Yet would that these autocrats kindly would say Whether, when ill at home, does the Nurse still hold sway. We trow not, and it causes no little surprise That the Nurse, not the Doctor, treats patients at Guy's.

Tit for Tat.

(By an Englishman, who has got a Cold in his head, Rheumatism in his shoulders, Lumboago in his back, six inches of water in his wine-cellar, and a fervent hatred of the Weather Prophecies of the New York Herald.)

A PARTICULARLY nasty, blustering, cold, venomous, wicked storm is leaving England for America. It will reach New York the day after to-morrow, and will blow it down. It will touch Chicago a day later, and drown half the inhabitants: then, with renewed vigour, it will get as far as San Francisco, which city it will utterly annihilate.

NEW READING.—*Dulcigno far niente.*

THE REAL HERO OF CARS.—The Winner of the Balloon Contest.



TRUE DOMESTIC SYMPATHY.

Wife of his Bosom (after learning that he has lost a fortune on the Stock Exchange). "WILL YOU PROMISE ME ONE THING?"

He (repentant). "WHAT? NEVER TO ENTER THE CITY MORE?"

She. "No, DARLING—BUT THAT YOU WON'T BE DISCOURAGED, AND WILL TRY AGAIN!"

But before the words were out of his lips, BILL WALMER had hastily divested himself of his tall hat, and patent-leather boots, and with a rope in one hand, was gallantly swimming the seven miles of disturbed ocean that separated the wreck from the land.

It seemed years to the anxious lookers-on; but seven miles against wind and tide take some swimming, even to an experienced boatman like BILL WALMER; and it was fully twenty minutes before a tug at the rope indicated that he had reached the wreck. Then they began to haul in.

And they hauled in BILL WALMER, who was closely embracing the fainting figure of a female.

"Saved!" cried the Colonel. "Brave heart, brave heart!"

"I promised a thousand pounds to the man who saved my mother-in-law, WILLIAM WALMER, the thousand pounds are yours. Take them!"

"Sir," said WALMER, with a pride that ennobled his homely features, "take back your wealth. I have done my duty. I need no gold for it."

I determined to see my hero, the Deal Boatman, face to face, I would gaze into his bold eyes, I would wring his honest hand. I arrived at Deal. I hurried to the beach. There, on a bench, I saw sitting my Deal Boatman. I sat on the bench and remarked—

"Fine weather, my hearty tar."

"Dang the foine weather. What's the use of foine weather when there ain't no soul in the place?"

"You've had a good season, I hope?"

"A mangy set o' scrubs down here. Why, look you, there was a cove adown 'ere with a family. No end of babbies and nusses and governesses, and he says to me, 'I am going to stop here a longish time, and I wants a safe, steady, 'onest boatman to go fishing with.' So says I, 'I am yer man,' and we goes out together, and he pulls out a couple of letters, and reads them to his wife, and he says to me, 'My man, one of these 'ere letters is from Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and I says, 'Oh, he be jiggered!' and he laughs and says 'Tother's from Mr. POPP, Q.C., and I know what a Q.C. was, having been in Maidstone, but never mind, and I says, 'What's his game?' and he says, 'Why, he's the great man in the Anti-Tobacco Society,' and I says, 'Oh, lor'! and thought what a nice cheerful lot I'd got 'old of.'"

"And they had good sport, I hope?" I put in.

"What do *you* think?"—as they thinks it funny to say at Margate. Was I a going to row out a long way and choose a good spot for a party who hadn't neither a jar of beer or a pinch of baccy on board? Not me!"

Somehow or other this conversation didn't exactly fit in with my preconceived notions of the Deal Boatman, but as yet I did not despair, so began again.

"They prophesy stormy weather, and in that case I fear we shall be hearing of some more wrecks on those sands there."

"So much the better."

I wasn't wrong. He yearned for the storm, to show his courage, his heroism. He longed once again to fight the elements. It was his ardent desire once more to rescue life. Great heart! Gallant soul! How I had wronged him!

"That's to say if they be decent wrecks."

"Decent wrecks?" I inquired.

"Wrecks, with a bit of stuff about 'em. There was one 'ere the other day; and we went out, and brought seven coves ashore; and, bless me, if they weren't High-talians: and all we got was twenty quid a-piece, bless their eyes!"

"Then you think of money?"

"In course. What should I think of? Do you think I am such a blanked old fool as go off on a beast of a night, if there weren't money 'anging to it? Do you think I care a solitary curse whether them coves was drowned or not? Do you take me for an idiot, as ought to be in Canterbury Asylum?"

"But your great courage, your noble pluck?"

"Pluck, Sir; it's luck you mean. Some coves has luck. I have only had one bit this year. Me and my mates was off Ramsgate, and there was a yacht taken in a calm as 'ad broken her bowsprit and a swell on board sings out, 'If you'll tow me into Ramsgate Arbour, you shall 'ave a sovereign, my lads!' 'Tow yourself,' says I. 'I can't,' says he. 'Ave got no dingey?' 'Do it for fifty quid,' says I. 'Go to blazes!' says he, and goes below. Then he comes up again, and says, 'A fiver, my men!' 'We are enjoying the hociian breezes,' says I, 'and ain't in no hurry!' Well, to make a long story short, he paid thirty-five at last; and it was only a half-mile pull."

The world was out of joint. Anything might happen.

One of my illusions was gone for ever. My faith was shattered. How I struggled to say "You have a vote," I know not.

"In course I have, or, rather, I had. I should just like to get 'old of that MR. GOLDSMINT, shouldn't I treat him like a conger heel?"

"I didn't understand you quite."

"Why, I should pitch 'im on them stones there, and dance on his 'ead. What call has he got to deprive honest brave sailors as faces the perils of death of their living? We have allus been bribed and allus would have been but for him. And who is this 'ere blooming Mr. JUNE, who says I ain't to have no certificate?"

"He is the Chief Commissioner. But why are you to have no certificate?"

"Cos he says so. I had a five-pun note from the Tories, and a beggarly couple of sovereigns from t'other side, and they guv it me 'cos I am a honest man, and they knew it. But Lor' love you, a honest, brave man, as we Deal boatmen is well beknown to be, has no chance nowadays. You aren't goin', are yer? You don't mean to say you are goin' away after all this talk without giving me the price of a quart and a screw. What! Well, then, a bob. A gentleman would have made it arf-a-crown, but an honest, brave man nowadays—"

N.B.

"THOUGHTS OF A SITTER."—The Second Thoughts will be in Next Week. Great treat in store, Second Thoughts being proverbially the best.

HOW THEY READ IT.

FRENCH Republican Motto just now—Liberty, Equality, and No "Fraternity."

"DRY READING."—Not the Barometer for last week.



Old Lady (to modest Curate). "LOR', SIR, I DO LIKE TO 'EAR YOU PREACH EXTRUMPERY!—YOUR LANGUAGE IS THAT WON'ERFUL FLUID!"

FROM OUR PUBLIC BOX.

In a paragraph leader, "The Prince of WALES," supplied to the *Times* (Oct. 23), we suppose by the regular Court Newsman, and perhaps edited quite in a friendly way, by Mr. BARRETT, the Manager of the Theatre mentioned, we read:—

"The Prince and Princess of WALES, and Prince JOHN of Glucksburg and Suite, honoured the Court Theatre with their presence on Saturday evening. The Prince of WALES paid Madame MODJESKA high compliments as to her acting, and expressed his admiration of the excellent manner in which the piece had been put on the stage by Mr. BARRETT."

Nothing could be better than this, for all the members of the Royal Family are known to be excellent judges of a good thing, and a published list of their several opinions on the leading entertainments of the hour, would not fail to be an immense boon to the wary playgoer.

Moreover, it might even prove a decided advertisement for the performances themselves. We would suggest the following specimens:—

Prince CHRISTIAN last night honoured the Lyceum Theatre with his presence. At the close of the first Act His Royal Highness sent for Mr. AETHUR MATTHISON, and expressed to him the distinguished disturbance he had experienced at his ghastly deportment. Later in the evening His Royal Highness privately congratulated Mr. IRVING on the exalted excellence of the arrangements he had made for the care of the umbrellas.

The Grand Duke of HESSE and Prince LEOPOLD paid yesterday afternoon a visit to the Polytechnic Institution. On emerging from the diving-bell, their Royal Highnesses both conveyed to the Directors severally an expression of their dumbfounded delight at the comfortable and roomy character of the conveyance, as well as their restrained satisfaction at the sudden appearance of the Seal at the bottom.

Prince WILLIAM of PRUSSIA and Suite visited the Folly Theatre on Saturday evening last. Before leaving the house His Royal Highness expressed to Mr. COOLE the majestic merriment the whole party had experienced in following the story of the *Upper Crust* carefully, with an *Ollendorff*, and two Dictionaries.

Such are a few of the particular models. For general purposes, however, perhaps the following will be found the most useful:—

H.E.H. the Prince of WALES, having lately visited several of the leading West End Theatres, has on one or two occasions availed himself of the opportunities thus offered him of graciously encouraging distinguished artistic merit

by a few kind and well-chosen words of courteous private recognition. It is, therefore, with sedate satisfaction that His Royal Highness has been apprised of the exalted use for advertising purposes that has been made of his condescension; a use that has to him all the double-barrelled delicacy of an exceedingly high compliment.

ARCADES AMBO;

OR, WHAT IT HAS COME TO!

SCENE—*A British Borough at the close of a Parliamentary contest.*

Candidate (beyond reproach, scanning items of his hotel bill). Ha! I see you have charged me seventy-seven guineas a week for my room. Eleven guineas a night for my bed! That's stiff, eh?

Landlady (above suspicion, smilingly explaining). Why, no, Sir. It's our usual charge, Sir, at—at—this season.

Candidate (cheerfully). Ah! Yes, I daresay. Yes—but what's this? Five pounds fourteen for a mutton-chop!

Landlord. With the potatoe, Sir?

Candidate (brightly). To be sure; of course. I didn't see the potatoe. I beg your pardon—But, eh?—This sherry—?

Landlord. Fifteen guineas a bottle, Sir? I don't think we've charged you more. Allow me. I hope you found it a pleasant wine.

Candidate (cordially). Excellent. Very round in the mouth. Very! (referring once more to bill.) Hum—Boot-cleaning, now?—That seems a little high?

Landlord. Seven-and-sixpence the pair? I don't think we can call that much out of the way? It's the usual charge—at—

Candidate (jovially). At this season—eh?

Landlord. M—precisely—Sir! But if you would wish us to—to take off a trifle—?

Candidate (enthusiastically). Oh dear no! Not for worlds! There; we won't talk about it. Let's see,—what is it? Six hundred pounds. A mere trifle for a man who spends his money free and easy like me. Here, I've very stupidly somehow left my cheque-book in town; but give me a bit of paper, and we'll settle it.

[*Does so, and is quite happy—till the Commission.*

Dulce est Dis-slippery in Loco.

The Athenaeum, in its record of recent scientific proceedings, informs us that at a meeting of the—

"QUEKETT MICROSCOPICAL, Oct. 22, Mr. F. CRISP exhibited an improved form of bottle slide."

Of course the Members all dined together afterwards, in order to test Brother CRISP's latest invention. They wouldn't let such an opportunity slide, even though the bottle did. It was very slippery walking home that evening; and a microscopic eye was required to detect various lamp-posts; and "Quekett" became a very difficult word to pronounce clearly.

A Novelty.

We learn from a weekly and very serious contemporary of the existence of—

"A NOVEL OCCUPATION.—France has just invented a new occupation. A man goes about the streets of Paris bearing a small tray, a pack of cards, a set of dominoes, and a dice-box. With this stock-in-trade the man, who styles himself 'L'Amateur,' goes to the houses of invalids or idle persons, and for a small fee plays games with them."

"Beautiful idea!" said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, Jun., who is not quite perfect in her French pronunciation. "Of course he must be one of the *gamins* of Paris!"

O Chiminey!!

"THE Patent Ramoneur Co. (Limited)." First rule of the Association—"Every member to make a clean sweep of himself on Sunday." Does the Company still exist?

WHAT THE FRENCH REPUBLIC IS MAKING ITSELF.—Small by Decrees.

TWO COMIC OPERAS.

HAD the Librettist, in adapting *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*, remembered the good old farce of *The Boarding-School*, and transformed the French piece into something thoroughly English, the "book" might have been less objectionable than it is at present.

In *The Boarding-School* the characters are drawn with a broadly humorous touch, and there is plenty of scope for good rollicking fun of a genuine farcical character.

The Mousquetaires is a dull comic Opera: the plot is slight, the dialogue (after the first little spark) savours of vulgarity, and the whole thing is neither comedy, farce, nor burlesque. Mr. PAULTON is to be highly commended for toning down his character, which, in less conscientiously artistic hands, would have become almost as repulsive as that of the drunken officer who, disguised as a monk, uses the modern slang of a Music Hall, speaks of a girl as "a scorch," which much delights the Gallery, and behaves in a way as out of keeping with the particular situation

in which he should preserve his disguise as it is with the spirit of a work that, at least, professes to be a Comic Opera! Heavens! Imagine Count Almaviva talking of Rosina as "a scorch," or Rosina replying to some question with "Not for Rosey!" There are several objectionable lines, but there is one—or there was on the first night—which ought never to have been passed over by the Licensor if it existed in the original MS. sent in to him. Its introduction, to say the least of it, is offensive to good taste. Let us hope that the Librettist erred through ignorance of the original line he was parodying, which, in all probability he attributed to SHAKESPEARE.

The instrumentation is good, and the accompaniments melodious; but the airs—with the exception of Mr. CELLI's song, which does not belong to the Opera at all, and is by another composer—are decidedly commonplace and ineffective. The chorus is well trained, the girls are pretty, the dresses bright, and the opening is so lively as to make the remainder doubly disappointing. Miss ALICE MAY does too much, and Mlle. SYLVIA does too little. The noble Comte was represented by a Gentleman who may be described as a Confidential Amateur. He steadily refused to face the audience, and delivered all his asides, as most important secrets, to the Violoncello-player in the corner, who, judging from his studied indifference, had probably heard them all before. The Comte was the one funny thing in the Comic Opera.

Miss CLARA GRAHAM, first as a *mousquetaire* and then as a nun, looked very pretty, and acted carefully. The scenes call for no special remark.

The music's by VARNEY,
The words are by FARNE.

And there's an end of it. If it turns into a success, we shall not be surprised, seeing that *Olivette* has succeeded, though we fancy that in this latter case Miss ST. JOHN is the chief attraction. It will be some time before we get a rival to *Les Cloches de Corneille*.

Billee Taylor, at the Imperial, is quite another affair. It is in two Acts, well put on the stage, charming old English dresses designed by a Frenchman (M. PIOLTELLI) and made by a French firm (AUGUSTE & CIE.). There are a few pretty tunes, some well-executed choruses,

ingeniously devised accompaniments, and no offence in plot or dialogue from beginning to end. Why was it called "BILLEE," which suggests burlesque when it is described as a "Comic Opera"? This is irritating. With every wish to

give a most sincere and hearty welcome to an English librettist and composer, we are sorry that Messrs. STEPHENS—a name of good omen so near the Houses of Parliament—and SOLOMON—who ought to inherit a share of the hereditary wisdom—should have deliberately chosen to follow so closely in the footprints of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN, as to convey either the idea of bold rivalry or intentional compliment. Had Messrs. STEPHENS and SOLOMON adapted Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S names to their own, and described themselves as Messrs. GILPHENS and SULLIMON, we should have known what to expect; but though we may regret that Masters STEPHENS and

SOLOMON should have chosen to enter themselves as pupils in this particular school, yet, as the boys insist on a competitive examination, we are bound to place them in the first class and award them a prize. But *Billee*—(Why *Billee*? Very annoying!)—is not the measure either of their ambition or their capabilities.

The music is light and pretty, but provokingly like "something you've heard before," which in itself has been found by eminent composers a sure element of success when combined with original treatment. The most original, and happily the best thing in the whole piece is the Chant of Charity girls—not their chorus—unaccompanied, describing their duties, to which the orchestra plays "Amen." This is excellent.

Master SOLOMON has evidently taken a great fancy to one of the learned Dr. SULLIVAN'S tunes in *Cox and Box*—"Three years ago"—as he has given us an inkling of it first in *Billee Taylor's* song—(Why *Billee*? Provoking!)—and a second time in Mr. STOYLE's song, "*All for the sake of Eliza*," where Master SOLOMON seems really quite sorry to part with the original model and substitute anything of his own. When

Mr. STOYLE began it with SOLOMON, we finished with SULLIVAN. Sir Mincing Lane (Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS) tells us "how he became" what he is, just as Mr. GILBERT'S characters do.

The stage business at the Imperial is so over-elaborated as to become more wearisome than what we are now accustomed to at the Strand and Globe, where the perpetual mechanical motion of the chorus is now of an idiotic stereotyped pattern.

But even played as it is—by the way little Miss CHAMBERS is charming in it—those who are fond of this form of Opera in this "school" will be highly delighted with *Billee*—(Why *Billee*? Most worrying!)—*Taylor*, and,

Spite of all temptations
From other recreations,

will rush to see the Prize work, by Masters H. P. STEPHENS and SOLOMON, now performing at the Imperial.

Come at Last!

In the list of the Banquet given by the late LORD MAYOR to the Royal Academy on Wednesday, the last names are Mr. and Mrs. MANNERS. Don't we all recollect how in childhood's happy but gluttonous hours we were invariably bidden to leave the last piece in the dish for Mr. MANNERS? Mr. MANNERS was by polite fiction always supposed to come late, and here he is at the Mansion House actually last! What an excellent lesson to the Aldermen and the regular City feeders who had preceded them. Let us hope that these dilatory but distinguished guests had been duly provided for, and that something was left for Mr. and, of course, Mrs. MANNERS.



KNAVE AND ABBÉ—A VERY LOW CHURCHMAN.



CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.



SIR MINCING LANE.



BILLY AND ARRY-BELLA'ING.



PLAIN AND COLOURED IN THIS "STOYLE."



BOUQUET PRESENTED BY PREFECT PUNCH TO THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

"HULLOAH! It's all up with me!" as the Macadam said when it saw the wood pavement. | A MOURNING PERFORMANCE.—William and Susan at the St. James's.

ENDYMION.

(A poetic fragment, apparently in imitation of Keats, picked up in the neighbourhood of Hugendubel.)

A TURN for fiction is a joy for ever,
Its charm with age increases; it will never
Pass into prosiness, but still will keep
Seclusion roseate for us, and a sleep
Full of high dreams, and hopes and ardent breathing.
Therefore in my retirement am I wreathing
A flowery fiction to delight the earth.
Spite of Red triumph, of the unhappy dearth
Of Tory voters, of the gloomy days,
Of all the bungling and word-darken'd ways
Of Old Verbosity: yes, in spite of all,
Bright shapes of splendour, move away the pall
From my calm spirit. Such he whom the Moon
On Latmos stooped to kiss; a blessed boon
For simple shepherd; such high souls whose wills
Sway the "green" world they dwell in, and whose quills,
In the cold shade of opposition, make
Things hot for their rivals, who in office quake
At the dread Nemesis that o'er them looms;
And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
One pictures for a Party not yet dead,
For all the tales in penny papers read—
Those spouting pumps of washy mental drink,
Poured daily out for dolts who dare not think.

I do not merely feel these presences
When high in power; no, e'en as the scant tress
That curls o'er aged temples becomes soon
Dear as youth's flowing locks, so, like the Moon,
Romance's reflex lustre, though not quite
The Sun of sway, becomes a cheering light
Unto my soul, bound unto me so fast,
That, whether skies be bright or overcast,
It always shall be with me till I die.

So 'tis with pleasure purposeful that I
Will tell the story of Endymion.

No more Veterans!

AMONG the new arrangements comprised in the recently instituted "Army Organisation," is a rule requiring Captains to retire at the comparatively early age of forty. The greatest Captain of this, if not any age and country, fought his most famous battle at the age of forty-seven. Suppose he had had to retire! But it's absurd! He never would have retired when the enemy was to the fore.

IRISH RENT CHARGE.—A Ball Cartridge.

SIXPENCE A MILE.

WHEN an indignant Londoner complains that London has the worst supply of the worst cabs of any city claiming to be civilised, he forgets the conditions under which the Cabman works. The Cabman is the one labourer whose hire is regulated by a meddling Government. In hail, rain, or sun, pushing through the block of Cheapside or galloping along an open road, his fare, according to Act of Parliament, is always the same. The usual result follows. When the fog comes on, or the snow lies upon the ground, he retires sulkily to his home, and leaves the Metropolis cabless.

Over-regulated by Government, and patronised by a few philanthropists, he is now worried by Vestries. A few charitable people have subscribed to provide him with "Shelters," which are erected in certain districts by permission of the local authorities. These Shelters are Arks of Refuge in which he can get tea, coffee, and food, and warm himself between one journey and another; that is, if he stops in a neighbourhood where the Vestry is not opposed to Shelters. The Vestry of St. George's, which watches over Pimlico, appears to object to such structures—at least the tradesmen majority of that body have carried a resolution to remove a Shelter, which was much needed, near Victoria Station. A generous lady, with the appropriate name of Trotter, provided this Shelter, and it was erected near the Station until the Railway Directors found that it conflicted with the legal rights of their Refreshment Contractor. It was then removed to Stockbridge Terrace. Some of the inhabitants objected to this site. Sixteen hundred cabmen petitioned in its favour. The Vestry (the tradesmen majority) listened to the inhabitants, and the unfortunate Shelter was removed. After being nearly offered to the



A GENEROUS TRIUMPH.

"WHAT'S WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND SMYTHE, THAT YOU DON'T SPEAK?"

"HAW! FACT IS, WE WERE BOTH WIVALS FOR THE HAND OF THE SAME YOUNG LADY—A CELEBRATED BEAUTY, YOU KNOW!—AND—WELL, I DON'T WANT TO BWAG, BUT I GOT THE BEST OF IT. POOR SMYTHE!"

"MY DEAR FELLOW, A THOUSAND CONGRATULATIONS!"

"THANKS AWF'LY! WE BOTH PROPOSED LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW, AND SHE ACCEPTED—A—HIM!"

St. Pancras Station, it was decided to pack it away, and at present it awaits another decision of the guardians of Pimlico.

As the Cabmen's Shelter Society has now between twenty and thirty structures of this kind erected temporarily in various parts of London, it is not easy to see why that Wilderness of Stucco, known generally as "Pimlico," should deny the sixteen hundred Cabmen this little harmless comfort. There is nothing in the new-born respectability of Pimlico to justify this exclusiveness; and we presume the older element of the neighbourhood is not consulted on these questions. If the Seldom-at-Home SECRETARY would carry Molly-Coddling legislation in Cabs a step farther, and provide Shelters or Stables for cab-horses and cabs, as well as for Cabmen, he might help to justify the interference of Government in a particular trade, and help the grumbling Londoner to a superior class of vehicle.

"Ads" and Ends.

We have several gems from the Emerald Isle. They are mostly applications for Land Agencies, which in itself would speak volumes for the peaceable prospects of the country, were it not for the general insistence on the applicants' qualifications as good shots. The following is a specimen taken from the Dublin *Daily Express*:

A LAND AGENT, or Assistant in a Land Agent's Office.—An energetic Gentleman, trained as above; also has experience in the practical working of land; first-class reference; good shot with revolver.

In many districts a Land Agency can scarcely be a comfortable berth; and it may be the very reverse.

BURGER AND BOUCICAULT.



"UNLIMITED" AND "LIMITED" LOTEX.

Mr. IRVING uses the version brought out by CHARLES KEAN at the Princess's Theatre, Feb. 24, 1852, but in another version of the drama that was published at that time I find the following :—

"*Monsieur*. How can you possibly have obtained these sad details so quickly?"
"*Fab*. You forgot the ballad of BURGER, Monsieur—"The dead travel fast."

"This answers Mr. Punch's question.

CUTHBERT BEDE."

Whose was "the other version"? By the way, quoting poetry is rather out of keeping with the character of a gay Corsican sportsman like *Furbyang*. Thanks to Mr. CUTHBERT BEDE, who is evidently flourishing, and not in the least "verdant green."

EASY GEOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS.

Question. Now, will you first kindly inform me what, and also where, is the Mediterranean Sea?

Answer. With the greatest pleasure. The Mediterranean Sea is where it used to be—somewhere on the road to India, and somewhere between Europe, Asia, Africa, Malta, and (I think) America, but I'm not quite sure about America. The three most important countries that it washes are Italy, Greece, and Turkey. It has been engaged in washing Turkey from the very earliest ages, but it doesn't seem to have got it all clean yet. The chief use to which this most convenient piece of water is generally put is as a theatre for Naval Demonstrations, and other histrionic performances. At the present moment it is being used for a Concert, in which all the Great Powers take a share. To be followed by a "Screaming Farce," in which the chief performers will be Turks and Albanians, entitled *Dulcigno*; or, *Don't you wish you may get it?*

Q. What are the limits of European Turkey?

A. Turkey is bounded on the north by rising Nationalities, and on the south by broken pledges; on the west by the Naval Demonstration, and on the east by the Black Sea Fleet.

Q. Why are these Nationalities that you have just mentioned called "rising" Nationalities?

A. Obviously because of a curious natural habit which they possess, of rising in revolt against Turkey on the slightest provocation, or none at all.

Q. What are the chief products of Turkey?

A. Pachas and Promises. The latter are always broken, while the former, unfortunately, are—kept.

Q. Can you tell me what is the form of Government in Turkey?

A. Of course I can! Anything you like to ask. Turkey hasn't got much Government of any sort. What there is, is framed on the amiable principle of taxing the people heavily for protection to life and property, and then leaving life and property entirely unprotected.

Q. Is there any other Country in Europe with at all a similar form of Government?

A. Yes—Ireland.

Q. What is—or ought to be—Turkey's National Motto?

A. "My word is as good as my bonds," and not a penny to choose between them.

Q. For what is Greece chiefly celebrated?

A. LEONIDAS and Lord BYRON.

Q. And what is the Northern Boundary of Greece?

A. Turkish regulars, and a very natural unwillingness on the part of the Greeks to come to closer quarters with them.

Q. What are the chief products of Italy?

A. National Debt, huge ironclads, hundred-ton guns, grapes, and Garibaldians. But I'm afraid I can't stop to answer any more of your questions just now. You'll find everything you want—though not half as good as I could give it you—in any Elementary Geography; mind and get one of Lord SALISBURY's big maps, be sure you don't mistake Greece for Sicily, and there you are. Ta! Ta!

"OLD KING COAL" AND THE FOG DEMON.

WELL, yes, Old King Coal is a jolly old soul,

And 'twill be a long time 'ere the world wags without him;
But he needs Constitutional check and control,
And so do the minions he's gathered about him.

The rollicking autocrat isn't King Log,

But his rule's not all rosy, a thing to remember,

When finding we meet with the first of the fog

'Ere we part with the last of September.

The Smoke Fiend, his comrade, 's a murderous ghoul,

With long patient London is playing Old Gooseberry,

Soot-columns foul, belched from chimney and cowf,

The town in a stench as of long stagnant ooze bury.

Gets London immenser, grow denser and denser

Its fog-veil, less easy and wholesome for breathing,

As though fetid fumes from some demon-swung censer

The town in miasma were wreathing.

Still lengthens, still strengthens, the sway of the pest,

Its malodorous puffings still smoke us and choke us,

Till each of us feels he's a flue for a chest

From Michaelmas right on to March and the crocus.

Five months of asphyxia out of the year,

With dark as of Tophet, and smells as of sewage,

Are rather too much. Who will help London clear

Of the Smoke Demon's annual brewage?

'Tis long 'ere a Londoner's patience will fail;

But 'tis hard half the year to live silent and placid

In darkness Egyptian, with nought to inhale

But unconsumed carbon, and sulphurous acid.

How long shall we vainly assistance invoke?

How long must we bow to this Autocrat grim knee?

Our City disfigured, its populace choked,

A prey to the Ghoul of the Chimney?

Let Science and Law take the matter in hand,

The former has ever for victory thirsted:

And will she sit silent in impotence bland.

By coal fires and chimney reek utterly worsted?

Death's jackal, disease's sworn ally, the friend

Of discomfort, and dirt, and destruction Fiend Fog is.

'Tis time to take thought, and the tyranny end

Of this blackest of Babylon's Bogies!

Satisfactory Solution.

AN Extractor sends us the following cutting from *The Standard* in full bloom :—

A Well-educated young SAILOR (four years as apprentice and two years second mate), a total abstainer from birth, REQUIRES A SITUATION in London; good writer; undeniable references.

How can he "abstain from birth"? This is what "Extractor" wants to know. Clearly a very wide-awake sailor is one who will always be on the watch, and never go to sleep; and so "birth" is simply a misprint for "berth." This solves the mystery. That he should be a second mate does not necessarily imply that he has been twice a widower.

FROM BEDFORD TOWN.

"THEY may know 'What's what' in Bedford," said the turgid old River, "but I'll show 'em 'Ouse 'oo!'" And he overran his banking account to any extent.

NO!

Some Photographer in New York is said to have two hundred and fifty-three "distinct negatives" of a Miss MAUD BRANSCOMBE. Evidently a fellow who "will not take No for an answer."



"OLD KING COAL" AND THE FOG DEMON.



QUALITY V. QUANTITY.

Gus (to Frank, who is chaffing him about his thin legs). "MY DEAR FELLOW, WE CAN'T ALL BE CART-HORSES. USEFULNESS ISN'T EVERYTHING, YOU KNOW; AND THERE MUST BE A FEW THOROUGHBREDS, HERE AND THERE, IF ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF ORNAMENT!"

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

The Chamberlain.

Our Commissioner. What are your principal duties, Mr. Chamberlain?

Chamberlain. I am the Banker of the Corporation, and take care of their money, when they happen to have any. I keep all their accounts, and balance all their books—sometimes a very difficult operation when they are all on one side; in fact so difficult that I am allowed about a dozen clerks to help me.

O. C. Do the Corporation finances require very careful management?

Ch. Very. I am indeed so careful not to allow the candle to be burnt at both ends, that I am called the great Save-All of the Corporation.

O. C. You are also, I presume, their ceremonial officer?

Ch. No, I am not. I never stand upon ceremony, but do pretty much as I like.

O. C. What other duties have you?

Ch. I punish refractory apprentices. I always lecture and sometimes imprison them; and I have been told that they would rather have the imprisonment than the lecture.

O. C. Dear me! How very strange! That seems to suggest a solution of the difficulty with juvenile offenders. I will make a note for Sir WILLIAM HAROURT.

Ch. I have also power to punish bad Masters, and to give them two months' imprisonment as first-class miscreants.

O. C. What is your salary?

Ch. I have no salary.

O. C. Dear me! No salary!

Ch. No; no salary—only an allowance.

O. C. What, then, is your allowance?

Ch. From £1,500 to £2,500 per annum, dependent upon my success.

O. C. Will you kindly explain that?

Ch. I have often endeavoured, but never yet succeeded, so must decline any further attempt.

O. C. As a fact, what do you receive?

Ch. As a fact, two thousand five hundred a year.

O. C. Always?

Ch. Always.

O. C. Then you are always successful?

Ch. Yes, to that extent.

O. C. Happy man! Do you give any security?

Ch. Oh, yes, I have two of CHUBB's best iron safes, with three keys to each of them, and three clerks to lock them up.

O. C. Ah, that's something like. Do you find any sureties?

Ch. Yes, I found two last week.

O. C. What did you do with them?

Ch. I handed them over to the Police for safe custody.

O. C. Dear me! How very singular! Do you want your allowance increased?

Ch. Most decidedly; but not immediately.

O. C. Why not immediately?

Ch. Well, sometimes we consider it more prudent to ask for a lump sum, on account, as it were.

O. C. Have you lately had a lump sum presented to you?

Ch. Yes.

O. C. How much?

Ch. £2,500.

O. C. Dear me! the Corporation seem to be very liberal masters.

Ch. They are not my masters.

O. C. Not your masters! Then who are?

Ch. The Liverymen of London, the most important constituency in the whole kingdom.

O. C. How so, Mr. Chamberlain?

Ch. They elect the Lord Mayor, they elect the Sheriffs, they elect four Members of Parliament, and they elect ME. It takes only one day to elect an M.P., it takes fifteen to elect a Chamberlain.

O. C. You speak of the Livery as a model constituency?

Ch. Yes, certainly.

O. C. Have I not heard of Long-Shoremen as a part of your model constituency?

Ch. Probably.

O. C. Pray what is a Long-Shoreman?

Ch. I believe "NUTTALL" defines him to be a poor Liveryman, occupied along the shore of the river, who has the reputation of selling his vote at elections.

O. C. What is about the present price of a Long-Shoreman's vote?

Ch. I am quite unable to answer.

O. C. What was it when you were elected?

Ch. Those small details have quite escaped my memory.

O. C. What did your election cost you?

Ch. I have quite forgotten.

O. C. You can ascertain, I suppose?

Ch. No; all my papers relating thereto were unfortunately burnt.

O. C. (compassionately). Dear me!

Ch. (sympathetically). Quite so!

O. C. From what I gather, Mr. Chamberlain, there seem to be several little mysteries in the constitution of the Corporation somewhat difficult of comprehension.

Ch. Yes—(quietly)—I'm one of 'em.

O. C. On what ground, pray, did you base your application for a grant of money?

Ch. The great rise in the price of butter.

O. C. The price of butter?

Ch. Yes; I have to use very large quantities when admitting gentlemen to the Freedom of the City, and I have great difficulty in finding "fresh" butter for these interesting occasions.

O. C. Anything further?

Ch. Nothing further.

O. C. You may retire, Mr. Chamberlain.

Ch. Thank you, I have no wish to retire.

O. C. I mean you may go.

Ch. Oh, thank you.

[Goes off to a Meeting of the Society for the Conversion of the Bulls and Bears of Capel Court.

ON THE CARDS.

THE Prince of MONACO has prohibited for the future the shooting of game in his dominions. Determined sportsmen will, therefore, now have no alternative but to make their own.

IRELAND FOR IRISH.

A PLOT that most of Erin's Peasantry would gladly own to is a Plot of Land entirely to himself. He'd have no other conspirators engaged on such a plot as that.

A DIRGE FOR THE DAIRY.

(After Tennyson—and a Talk with the Registrar-General.)

MILK! Milk! Milk!
Just a drop in thy depths, O
tea!—
Yet I feel that none would be
better,
O far, far better for me!

Don't I envy the fisherman lad
Who can keep infection at bay,
And take, with the sailor boy
At breakfast, hot rum, ev'ry
day!

For, on stately ships they can't
buy
What a fever-ward soon would
fill.
So, it's O for a pint of "best
Swiss" canned,
Which, though sugared, won't
make one ill!

Then, Milk, Milk, Milk!—
No more shall you tinge my tea.
Since the chance of my spending
three months in bed
Is a little too much for me!

Two Griffins.

THE Daily Telegraph of Tues-
day announced that—

"Mr. LEPEL GRIFFIN has arrived
in England from Afghanistan."

He at once drove to Temple Bar
Memorial to see the other Griffin.
The latter stood up uncovered to
receive him. Mr. GRIFFIN does
not return to India until Fe-
bruary, when he might take
Griffin Junior with him.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 7.



THE RIGHT HON. LORD MAYOR McARTHUR,

M.P. for the Aborigines,

AND IN FULL COSTUME NOT UNLIKE THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN, MR. J. L. TOOLE, SO—"THERE YOU ARE, DON'T-CH-YER-KNOW."

HOW I BECAME A LORD MAYOR.

(After a Music-Hall Model.)

WHEN I was a youngster at Derry,
I showed early signs of success.
I was careful of ha'pence—yes, very;
And I grew crops of mustard and cress.
I never left pins in the gutter;
Paid cabmen exactly their fare,
Till my friends, in astonishment utter,
Said "Bless us—he'll end as Lord Mayor!"
That boy will become a Lord Mayor,
That boy will become a Lord Mayor,
So please to remember
The Ninth of November,
That boy will become a Lord Mayor."

Each ha'penny changed to a shilling;
And I think that the reason may be
Why people in Lambeth were willing
To give me some change as M.P.
So I sat in the House—where I voted
With a highly respectable air,
And my speeches were so little quoted—
That the world said, "He's safe for Lord Mayor!"
That man, he'll become a Lord Mayor," &c.

Though of dear gay Sir WILFRID's supporters,
The gayest, yet still, now and then,
I am held for (in serious quarters),
A "light" among model young men.
Be the work in Fiji,—spite the jokers,
I've always been game for a share,
Till my Christian Friends, in white chokers,
Have sighed, "Oh, he must be Lord Mayor."
That light must flare up a Lord Mayor," &c.

So, much to discretion behoden—
To the social distinction that tells;

With my gaze on the perch that is golden,
I shall mix, a whole twelvemonth, with Swells!
And as friends, who once knew me in Derry,
See me seated at last in the chair,
They'll observe, "Well, it's singular, very—
But, bless us, McARTHUR's Lord Mayor!
That boy has become a Lord Mayor,
That boy has become a Lord Mayor!
So, long we'll remember
This Ninth of November
That made our McARTHUR Lord Mayor!"

WHAT ST. GILES'S SAYS.

THE Meddlevex Magistrates, like ALEXANDER THE GREAT, are sighing for new worlds to conquer. Not content with licensing and exterminating Music and Dancing, they are turning their attention to Convents and Religious Ceremonies. In a short time we may expect to see them trying to lay hands upon the Press, and after that upon Literature and Art. Lord ALFRED CHURCHILL is the moving spirit. With Lord ALFRED on the Bench, and Lord RANDOLPH in Parliament, who shall say that the perpetual £4000 per annum allowed to the Dukes of MARLBOROUGH has fallen upon barren ground?

We are a great and liberal country. The sun never sets upon our dominions. We collect and spend one hundred and twenty millions sterling a year, and glory in our pension list. In spite of this, however, the sun before alluded to seldom passes over London without witnessing a death from absolute starvation. Last week, amongst other cases, an American journalist died from want of food on the Thames Embankment, and an English artist perished in a back room in Marylebone. The sun, before alluded to, would probably blush if a statue of the journalist, stating the cause of death, were raised on the Embankment, and a statue of the artist, with a similar inscription, were put up in the Regent's Park. We want a few solid monuments of National Disgrace to teach us that Bumbledom is not perfect.

BRAVO, ALDERMAN!

In the *Times'* report of the Thursday sittings at Guildhall last week we read:—

"After hearing some more cases of cruelty, Alderman NOTTAGE said he could not leave the Bench without calling attention to the fact that all the cases which had been brought before him that day had been charges of cruelty to horses. He had had no fewer than eight defendants before him, and it was surprising that in a city like this there should be such an amount of cruelty. It had now come to this, that the Magistrates of the City must adopt a different course, and instead of fining those who so brutally ill-used dumb animals they would have to send them to prison without the option of a fine, so that if they could not feel for their horses they might be made to feel for themselves."

And mightn't they have a taste of the whip they use so freely themselves just with a little knotage in it?

Improvement on the Tyne.

"A TYNESIDER" announces in the *Times*, that:—

"The entrance to the Tyne is now very much improved; there is no bar."

No, of course no public-house. This information should gratify the advocates of voluntary Temperance, as well as the United Kingdom Alliance.

THE LAP OF LUXURY (*at the Agricultural Hall*).—The last one accomplished by the winner.



MILITARY EDUCATION.

General's Inspection.

LIEUTENANT LONGSTOP HAS BEEN ASKED THE WEIGHT OF THE SOLDIER'S AMMUNITION BOOTS WITHOUT THE LACES!—HE DOESN'T KNOW!
“Tableau!”

The Licensing Authorities are not always happy in their prohibitive action. At Brighton they lately abolished a wine-bar on the Marine Parade, with the view of improving the neighbourhood, and the proprietor immediately set up a bone-and-rag shop on the same premises. Perhaps Lord ALFRED CHURCHILL will make a note of this?

The next time (let us hope it will be the last time) that Lord ALFRED CHURCHILL and his colleagues are called upon to legislate on Music and Dancing, they might try to copy a Somersetshire Magistrate, named Mr. T. E. ROGERS. This Magistrate replied to certain Clergymen, who wished to limit the hours of village festivals, that he had a hearty dislike for all unnecessary restrictions on public liberty. He expected Governments to punish offences against order, instead of interfering with the legitimate freedom of purchase and sale. He regretted to see the Clergy banded together for the purpose of hampering popular recreations, and of “making those sad whom the Lord has not made sad.” Mr. ROGERS’s name ought to be changed to HAMPDEN.

The Duke of MUDFORD is idle in Mud-Salad Market, but slightly active in Mudfordshire. The valley of the Ouse is overflowing with water. Nearly three hundred years ago a simple gentleman found more water in Hertfordshire than the county required, and at great cost and labour he brought it to a dirty metropolis. This was Sir HUGH MYDDLETON, who earned the eternal gratitude of Londoners. London has now too much Ducal mud, and the Ouse has too much water. What does the Duke of MUDFORD do? He calls feebly upon the Government to remove the water. Will he call upon the Government to remove the mud, and will the Government bring the water to wash away the filth of Mud-Salad Market? Judging from our recent domestic legislation, the whole question will be buried in one of those vaults of legislation—a Parliamentary Committee-Room—with a Blue-book for a tombstone.

Mr. RUSKIN has joined the ranks of Dramatic Critics, and has probably shocked the babblers about “Art” by openly preferring

an *Opéra-Bouffe* to a mouthing piece at the *Français*. It is rather late in the day, perhaps, to discuss the merits of *Le Châlet*, but Mr. RUSKIN, like any other man, must learn his business. There was once a dramatic reporter who treated *Macbeth* as a new piece by an untried author; but, unfortunately for him (which is not always the case), he wrote for readers a little less ignorant than himself. Mr. RUSKIN, on his return from France, will doubtless pay the London theatres a visit, and address himself to a Metropolitan instead of to a provincial audience.

The Corporation are in a difficulty with the Strand Board of Works about the refuge at the foot of the Temple Bar Monstrosity. The Strand Board object to the refuge on the west side, and Mr. BEDFORD plaintively says that this decision would make the structure look like a pig with one ear. Surely the ear on the Corporation side is quite long enough (perhaps too long) for all practical purposes.

A WORD FOR THE SOLDIER.

“It is a positive fact, though it seems almost incredible, that the uniform coat of an ordinary soldier is regarded as a bar to his admission to many public assemblies.”—*Duke of Cambridge at the Mansion House, Nov. 3.*

Is Her Majesty’s uniform such a disgrace,
That a soldier when drest in it can’t show his face
In a public assembly? Yes, shameful to say
This is what, as the Duke says, occurs every day;
But the shame, *Punch* opines, surely rests upon those
Who thus scout the brave men who defend us from foes:
Who have worn the old uniform heedless of scars
From the Pole to Equator in numberless wars;
They have made it respected abroad, when they roam,
Let them find it is equally honoured at home.

A REAL CASE OF CENTENARIANISM.—Consols, 100.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

Westminster Hall.

WHEN the edifice is finished in the Strand, and the Courts are transferred from West to East, "Rufus' Masterpiece" will have to rely purely upon historical recollections for distinction. Feeling this, I naturally wished to visit it once again before it sank into comparative insignificance. It was said that the old building is seen to greatest advantage on the occasion of a Coronation or a trial for High Treason. I saw it at its "second best," i.e., on the First Day of Term.

When I arrived, the Hall was crowded with a body of highly respectable spectators. A large portion of the audience were Ladies, attended by members of the very Junior Bar. These possible Lord Chancellors, were dressed in wigs and gowns that apparently had seen but little service since they were first exhibited before a "pension" of callous Benchers on a recent "Call Day." In spite of this, however, these juvenile aspirants to the Woolsack seemed quite happy and contented as "each and every of them" moved about a cheery head-centre of a group of awe-stricken but admiring spinsters. Loungers of all ages, and both sexes filled up the background. A little before two o'clock the Civil Power cleared a road from East to West, and all was expectation. We waited anxiously to see a sight that we knew intuitively would touch us to the very quick. We were to behold the Law in all its majesty and might. There was a long pause, and it was difficult to restrain our pent-up feelings. At last arose a cry of "They are coming!" and the sound of prancing steeds was heard in Palace Yard. Then the rumour circulated amongst the eager multitude that the LORD CHANCELLOR was at the door, perhaps on horseback, surrounded by a body of Mounted Police with drawn swords. It was supposed that this military display was intended to strike terror into the craven souls of the Metropolitan burglars, and thus save the Mace. But still we had to wait. Forced inaction gave us time to examine a gorgeously apparelled person, who seemingly had emerged from one of the offices belonging to the Houses of Parliament. We asked a few bystanders who it was, but nobody knew for certain, and a few suggested that he might be the Clerk of the House (whatever that may be), or a detective in plain clothes. As he did nothing in support of either character, the few spectators whose notice he had attracted soon lost all interest in him. That man missed a big opportunity of making himself famous.

At last a gentleman in a black Court suit appeared, carrying a richly-embroidered pouch. It was with immense difficulty that we repressed giving him three hearty British cheers. On seeing him, an old lady informed us that "she believed the LORD MAYOR must be coming, as this was a Sheriff." We consequently regarded him with increased curiosity. However, as no one joined him, the enthusiasm began to cool, and we were falling back into our old condition of wistful expectancy when a second gentleman in black Court dress appeared, staggering under an enormous mace. "He always puts

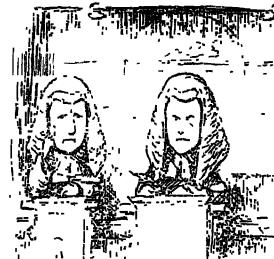
that out of the carriage-window on Lord Mayor's Day, because there's not room for it inside, you know" was the knowing old lady's whispered commentary. Then the Police touched their helmets, and a dignified individual, in an enormous wig, a gaudy black-and-gold gown, and knee-breeches, entered Westminster Hall. Again we wanted to cheer, but were half afraid. At last some bold spirits in the background ventured to murmur a distinct, but respectful "Hurray!" The dignified individual paused, turned round, and looked towards the door. Something was evidently preventing him from progressing further. In a moment a third gentleman in black Court dress and a sword, appeared, hastily seized the dignified individual's train, and held it up. The difficulty in perambulation thus happily surmounted, the little party marched gaily away towards the end of the building. Then came another long pause; in fact, a long pause formed the chief part of the procession. By-and-by we were satisfied by the abrupt appearance of a second dignified individual, in a similar costume to that worn by the first. Again there was a difficulty about progressing, until another gentleman kindly assisted in carrying the train. Never were such troublesome trains, not even at Waterloo Station! Never were—I should say never wear—such trains. I won't—till I'm obliged. And then just let me catch the

gentleman who'll dare tread on the tail of my coat. Bedad! I'd floor him with the mace. I was told afterwards that attached to the office of train-bearer was some trifling salary—about £300 per annum. And, taking one thing with another, I am not at all sure the service was dear at the money! The party of two followed the party of four, and then came a miscellaneous collection of more or less dignified individuals attired much after the same fashion, but apparently resenting the fact that they had no one to look after their trains. Trains without any guards, drivers, or stokers. For this reason, probably, they did not attempt any order, and were, consequently, rather mixed. There was another pause, and a body of full-bottomed wig-wearers entered the Hall, closely pursued by a surging mob. There was a little cheering and a good deal of pushing, and the ceremony was over.

As I hurried away, I heard the same old lady I had listened to before, explaining to her friends "that in her young days there were bands of music, men in armour, and lots of flags." She added, as a comforting second thought, "but perhaps, after all, they may have left them outside!"

I was carried with the stream into one of the Courts. It was crowded with a portion of the audience that had just quitted the Hall.

The Members of the very Junior Bar were in full force, but now they seemed to be haughtily ignoring the presence of the more than ever awe-stricken spinsters, as they humbly occupied seats behind them. The looks of these coming Cockburns said in so many words—"Down, down, fluttering hearts! Away, away all gentle feelings! We are on duty! Behold us in our brand new wigs and gowns! We are worthily representing the Bar of England!" By-and-by two judges took their seats upon the Bench, after



HIDDEN SPRINGS.

bowing to the Bar and receiving the Bar's respectful salutation. Suddenly there was a good deal of angry whispering and pushing, and a gentleman in a full-bottomed wig fought his way to the front row. The Presiding Judge bowed to him, and invited him to take his place in the foremost pen amongst the Queen's Counsel. There was a good deal of bustling, and the gentleman obeyed the direction. Then he bowed to the Judges, who bowed in return; then to the Q.C.'s, who also bowed in return; then to the Members of the very Junior Bar, who responded to the courtesy with effusion, as if they were greatly delighted at being included in the day's proceedings. "Do you move, Mr. SOMEBODY?" asked the Presiding Judge. Mr. SOMEBODY moved with a vengeance as he sprang up like a jack-in-the-box, bowed jerkily, and sank back into his seat without uttering a word. Then all the wigs in Court bowed copiously to one another. Then, like the rush of the whirlwind, Mr. SOMEBODY hurried from the pen, and was seen fighting in the distance as he made manfully towards the door of the Court. As the proceedings now turned out to be of a purely perfunctory character, I, too, quitted the apartment for another. I had scarcely

reached my destination before I saw something white bobbing up and down in a sea of heads. The something (amidst a murmur of disapprobation which grew louder and louder) came nearer and nearer until it reached the first desk. The something was the full-bottomed wig of Mr. SOMEBODY, Q.C.

Again the Presiding Judge was courteous in his invitation. Again the Members of the very Junior Bar joined in the proceedings with the utmost heartiness. There was unlimited bowing as before. "Do you move, Mr. SOMEBODY?" asked the Presiding Judge, and as no one seemed inclined to "move," I did, and went into another Court. I had just taken up a comfortable position when an angry altercation going on behind me, made me turn round. Again a white wig (now beginning to lose its earliest curl) was the centre of a combat. It was Mr. SOMEBODY, Q.C., pushing his way (in accordance with precedent) to the front desk, with a view to engaging in another bowing match with the Bar, the Bench, and the Public. As I had seen, however, the interesting ceremony already twice before, I thought I might retire, which I did in my usual graceful fashion.

THE VERY MAN, OF COURSE, TO BOLSTER UP THE SITUATION.—BED-RI BEY.

ANNE MIE; OR, LA GRANDE DUTCHESSE.

THE story of *Anne Mie* is simply this: At seventeen *Anne* is betrayed by an English Engineer, whom her father stabs, and leaves for dead. That's Act I. Eighteen years elapse; *Dirksen*, her father, is imbecile, and haunted by the ghost of his victim. *Anne*



THE ARCH ANNE MIE AND THE FIEND.

Mie's daughter is passed off as her niece, *Lise*, in the village where they have come to settle. *Koenraad*, a young Dutchman, will marry *Lise* if her parentage is without stain. The English Engineer turns up in time to "make an honest woman" of *Anne Mie*, which legitimises *Lise*,—thereby converting the play into a specimen of the Legitimate Drama,—and all ends happily—as far as the characters are concerned. This takes four Acts to tell, and there is a villain in it who, except as useful in making a scene now and then and diverting attention from the main incidents, is rather in the way than otherwise, and is got rid of directly real business is meant.

Now, in a Dutch piece where they are all boers together, it would be invidious to select any one character as a greater bore—we should write "boer"—than the rest. What a beautiful chance for an appropriate Dutch drinking-song, to the tune of "*When we were boys together*," has been lost by not letting Messrs. FERNANDEZ, DE LANGE—a small boer—and FLOCKTON—an awful boer—sing a finale of

When we were boers,

Merry, merry boers,

When we were boers together,

which would at least have had the merit of bringing down the curtain long before its time.

Not having seen the original Dutch play, we are unable to draw a comparison between the two, but are free to judge *Anne Mie*—pronounced *Annie Mee*—as an English play on its own merits. As long as the drama was in Dutch, it was lauded to the skies as being something marvellous. But once put into plain English the spell was broken.

The story is neither new, nor sensational, nor exciting. It is a simple story simply told in plain, straightforward language. The dialogue is generally natural and not above the social status of the speakers. The stage business is good, the pictures of Dutch life are quaint and interesting, and the acting fair, but decidedly not great.

What on earth tempted Miss GENEVIEVE WARD to play, or rather to attempt to play, the part of a young and lovely girl of sweet seventeen, as *Anne Mie* is supposed to be in the First Act? "There," may the adapter well say to himself, "there was the weight that pulled me down, O CRUMMLES!" Next we may well ask

What did induce

Mr. EDGAR BRUCE,

to undertake the part of the Gay Young Engineer, the lover of *Anne Mie* in the First Act? Seeing them together he really has the air of a "young man from the country," who is a greater fool than he looks, and is in a general way very much to be pitied. Mr.

BRUCE is capital in bustling, touch-and-go, light-comedy parts, but where tenderness, pathos, and a certain dignity are absolutely necessary to prevent the character becoming ludicrous—and specially necessary with such a very knowing *Anne Mie*, who looks as if she were up to every move on the sea-board of Dutchland—Mr. BRUCE, to put it plainly and colloquially, is "not in it."

In this unfortunate First Act, which need not have been retained, as it is only a prologue that subsequent dialogue explains over and

over again, *Anne Mie* has a friend in *Neeltje*, an elderly, vixenish spinster, between whose age and that of *Anne Mie* any mere spectator, coming in late and ignorant of the piece, would find it rather difficult to discriminate. In the Second Act, when *Anne Mie* is supposed to be eighteen years older, time has moved but slightly with her, and scarcely at all with *Neeltje*.

Then when Mr. BAUCE, who hasn't been killed, turns up again, no one feels any more interest in him and his attachment to *Anne Mie* than they would in the haphazard appearance on the scene of a middle-aged commercial traveller of gentlemanly exterior, and bearing a distant resemblance to the lineaments of the great Duke of WELLINGTON. But as he does not attempt to trade on this peculiarity, the spectator merely notices it as a remarkable feature in Mr. BRUCE'S performance, and nothing more.

The fact is, the hero and heroine—the light-comedy young English Engineer and the arch Dutchess, as represented at the Prince of Wales's—are a hopelessly uninteresting couple. Not so, Mr. ROBERTSON, as *Koenraad Deel*, the lover of *Lise*, played by Miss GRAHAM with much feeling and far too much voice—which is Mr. ROBERTSON'S fault also; so much so, that in the Love Scene where both want to meet as quietly as possible, and not attract the attention of *Anne Mie*, who is writing in the next room with the door open, they, with an artfulness peculiar to double-Dutch people, shout at each other at the top of their voices, and bawl sweet words of love in one another's ears as though they were merely two accidental visitors spending a pleasant half-hour in an Asylum for Deaf Patients.

Mr. FLOCKTON—as the wicked Dutch Orphan, the perpetual burden of whose plaint is

"O if I had some one to love me!"

—is very good, that is, as the conventional melodramatic villain who goes about hating everybody until overtaken by poetic justice, which in this takes the very mild shape of simply getting himself kicked out of a Dutch pothouse by an Uncivil Engineer.

If Mr. FERNANDEZ be intended to represent an old Dutch farmer who in happier and earlier days has served his apprenticeship to a costermonger with a donkey-cart in Whitechapel, and still retains, in his old age, a smack of the chick-a-leary slouch and tone of voice, then the highest praise is due to this artist for his admirable representation of a most difficult character. But if, on the other hand, this is not the idea intended to be conveyed, then he is a comparative failure.

Under certain conditions *Anne Mie* may yet flourish, but with those conditions the present Star of Tottenham Court Road would find it rather difficult to comply.

On *Chrononhotonthologos* at the Gaiety Matinée, and the new afterpiece at the Royalty, fairly advertised as an Eastern Extravaganza, and now most unfairly described as a Burlesque, we shall have something serious to say next week.

BRUTES BEWARE!

"Omnibus drivers and cabmen will find it useful to take note of the fact that Metropolitan Magistrates have now resolved to make life rather unpleasant for persons who maltreat beasts of burden."—*Standard*.

It's very well each Magistrate of London town proposes, To make the lives of cruel men no longer beds of roses. Who'e'er ill-treats his horses now, they've made an understanding Shall have no option of a fine, no gentle reprimanding. Such things have been of no effect, the cruel-hearted driver For paying, say a tiny fine, has never cared a stiver. He's given the money with a grin, and never felt remorse The while he lashed with cruel thong the ever-patient horse. The animals work night and day o'er flint and stones and gravel, And scores of them are very lame and quite unfit to travel; And under cover of the night the drivers, as we know, Put hapless creatures in the shafts with marks of many a blow. But now the Magistrates have said such monsters, without fail, Shall not be punished with a fine, but straightway go to gaol; And there they may reflect in peace, through all the weary day, That cruelty to animals does not exactly pay!



ABOUT THIS TIME ANNE MIE FALLS A LITTLE FLAT.



DUTCH METTLE—FOILED!

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS REQUIRED FOR DIGGING POTATOES IN MAYO.—Two Field Pieces!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

How to Build a House.—Put yourself unreservedly in the hands of an architect. Let him lavish all his art on the exterior of the house, producing an artistic effect for passers-by and the people over the way. Never object to light and air being shut out of rooms by columns, projections, or the want of windows.

How to Let a House.—Lock it up and put a bill in the window saying that the key is left at a certain Agent's. Select an Agent who lives as far away as possible from the premises. If you can get one who seldom answers letters, who is seldom at home, and who lives in a place that nobody ever heard of, so much the better. When the house is advertised, carefully exclude all information about rent, taxes, rates, number of rooms, &c.

How to Burn down a House.—Stop the gas supply, and use candles in all the rooms. Have paper shades over the candles, and leave these shades to tumble into the wicks in the drawing-room, while you are having a prolonged dinner in the dining-room.

Another Way.—Use mineral oil in lamps that are placed upon tables easily upset.

MR. RUSKIN intends completing his *Fors Clavigera*. He is contemplating a series to be called, in turn, the "Ifs" the "Buts," and the "Ands," which will go on all-fours with the "Fors."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 8.



SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARECAUGHT.

AFTER SETTLING A VERY OLD OFFENDER, HE HAS HIS EYE ON THE JUVENILES.

CONSIDERATIONS OF A CAULIFLOWER.



WHAT a funny world it is—to a humorist! I'm a humorist. Perhaps you wouldn't think so to look at me, unless you're a person of unusual penetration. If one doesn't caper like a Clown, or grin like a joksin, one is set down by idiots, as dull. Most people think me as grave as a Chancellor's wig. Young TURNIPTOP, who is a wag—I hate wags, they've no sense of humour—calls me a Melon-Cauliflower, and thinks himself awfully funny. More like a Melancholy Jaques. He wasn't a horse-collar man, and I'm not a horse-collar-flower. Oh! a real humorist can pun, as well as mere wags, when they care to stoop to it. TURNIPTOP says my puns "lack finish." I'll "finish" him before I've done with him. Humph! Something equivocal there! But never mind.

It's a funny world, I say. Here am I now, tucked up under the fustian-clad arm of a bawling Coster, and being hawked round a small and sordid suburb. A fine creature like me, and of so good a family too! Why, bless you, CAULI CIBBER and Lord MACAULI—the names have suffered corruption—were only—but there, it does not become a humorist to vaunt his lineage. Only those pretentious Brocolis are *parvenus* and impostors, that I will protest. They dare to claim kindred with me on the strength—or weakness—of the most distant resemblance in name and family physiognomy. Preposterous! Why they're sold by the pound, a degradation to which, thanks to our superior size and splendour, we've never been reduced. No, we have always been monetarily individualised—to put it simply—though when the tariff comes to be—in the words—(semi-articulate howls rather)—of the horrid hawker, "sixershillinollyflowair!" there is, in sooth, but little left to boast of.

ADVICE TO PLAYGOERS.

THE proceedings of the Church and Stage Guild are a relief to the monotony of existence. Life is worth living to read the accounts of their meetings. They have all the propriety of the Church, and are far more amusing than the Stage. Last week the Rev. Mr. PONSONBY read a Paper on the duties of playgoers who find themselves witnessing a bad play. He had no strong opinions to enforce, and did not counsel violence. He was not sure whether an audience ought to hiss, or go round in a body to the Manager. He did not hint that they should ask for their money back, tear up the benches, or call for the Author, and pelt him. He rather suggested a policy of patience and forbearance. Our advice to playgoers in this position is more definite than the Rev. Mr. PONSONBY's. When they witness a bad play, let them go home immediately, and write a better one.

Turtle and Griffin.

BIRCH's Turtle not a few
Take it down at *tiffin*;
Would it were as easy to
Take down BIRCH's Griffin.

SOMETHING IN AN IRISH NAME.

APPROPRIATE place for the residence of tenants who won't pay their rent—*May Owe*.

We used to be credited with the superiority which is our native possession. But these are democratic days, and even the haughty Asparagus is sold by the quarter-bundle, on door-steps, to dowdy women with bombazine dresses and blatant babes. Fancy being chaffered for by a City clerk's wife, or appearing, with smoky melted-butter, at a small shopkeeper's Sabbath board! Is it not a funny world?

Prices rule low to-day, but I suppose suburban "screws" rule lower, for I don't get disposed of. The Coster is hoarse, his arm is hot, his fustian malodorous. In these dirty democratic days, sense—all the senses—as well as spirit, are subject to indignity and disgust. Eugh! I always so shrank from anything common and cheap. "Cauliflower Collywobbles" young TURNIPTOP calls this superior sensibility—"a bad imitation of aristocratic bumpititiousness." TURNIPTOP is low—lamentably low. On the best terms with the proletariat, he'd as soon serve a shoebblack as an Alderman. As he himself rhythmically puts it—he's absurdly proud of his Catnach doggerel:

Since destiny me has decided to dish up,
What matter if 'tis to a Bargee or Bishop?

Wags haven't the discrimination of a Colley dog's tail, much less of a Cauliflower's head. It's very, very funny. If TURNIPTOP only knew what an idiot he is! Well, then, of course, my superior sense of humour would lose the subtle delight attending perception of his unconscious imbecility. There are compensations. It is a funny world, and the funniest things in it are asses unaware of their ears. This last, by the way, was TURNIPTOP's own expression—epigram he called it—and the drollest part of the business was he didn't see its reflex application. Meant it as a hit at me!!! Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes, it is a consolation to be a humorist, even in a world of donkeys and democrats.

Hillo! a halt! Bawling Brute stops bawling, and begins "a deal." It is *too* much, a "deal" *too* much (as TURNIPTOP would say). And with a Sweep, of all Men! Horror! I am transferred to his sooty paws, my snowy bosom is desecrated by his dirty digits. I rage! Vain is the wrath of a poor choleric flower—I mean Cauliflower. "Tuppence" changes hands. My doom is sealed. Cut off in the Cauliflower—pshaw! the flower of my youth and humour. I go—I go—to Pot!



"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN."

Brigson (at last winging a Pheasant, after missing right and left all day). "AH, HA ! KNOCKED HIM OVER THAT TIME, JENKINS ! "
Keeper. "YES, SIR ; THEY WILL FLY INTO IT SOMETIMES ! "

THE PIG AND THE PASTOR.

(*Ballad by a British Farmer.*)

"NEW TEST FOR TRICHINÆ.—A Holstein peasant, uninstructed in microscopical research, and not possessing the requisite instruments of precision, has devised for himself a new test for the presence of *trichinæ* in pork. When he killed a pig he was careful to send a portion of it—a ham or a sausage—to his pastor, and then waited the consequences for fourteen days. If his pastor remained healthy, then he felt perfectly easy in his mind, and well assured that his pig fulfilled the requisite conditions of soundness of food, and he proceeded to dispose of it accordingly in his own family. This ingenious method of research has not been considered satisfactory by the district physician."—*British Medical Journal*.

UP out there in Holstein—you knows where I manes—
 That there Duthee what Proosher purlined from the Danes,
 Lives a cottidger chap in the farmerun line ;
 And the chief of his substance depends upon swine.

Now the pigs in them parts be disposed to disease,
 Which is varmun fur wuss than outziders like fleas.
 Cause as how they don't skip, creep, or craal on their hides :
 Bred in pigs' flesh and innards there they nestles, and bides.

'Tis a spacious o' worms what be mostly so small
 As the bare eye wun't serve fur to spy um at all.
 They be finer nor hairs, and the pigs by that means,
 Be pizon'd wi', what scollards calls um, "trikeens."

When a Christian on pork, ham, or bacon as feeds,
 Tucks um down wi a's vittles, inzide un they breeds ;
 Trikeenosus a sassidge med gie un aloan,
 Or pigs' chiddluns perdoose that complaint in a's own.

That there Holstener farms in a small sart o' way,
 And accordunly don't kill a pig every day ;
 But the day that a do so his mind's all agog
 As to whether there's any trikeens in the hog.

Ne'er a bit up to Sciente that feller, not he,
 By the help of the magnifire can't sarch for 'm and see ;
 And so an experiment, assurunce to git,
 He performs on a subject he looks on as fit;

Makes his Pastior a prezunt o' sassidge or chine,
 Ham, or gammon moor like, sends that Rev'rund Divine ;
 Then a bides a full vantnight, meanwhilst a time gies
 For to note how the Pig and the Paason agrees.

O' the rest o' the Pig, if the Paason be sound,
 Arter that he partakes, wi' his household all round ;
 And they feastes their fill and enjoys the good cheer ;
 Fur to foller their Pastior's ixample no fear.

So now fur a moral to tag to my song ;
 If you always dooz right you wun't never do wrong ;
 When you purchases pigs, mind o' what breed they be :
 You be caashus of all barn o' sows beyond sea.

Don't trust none what comes over from outlandish parts ;
 But stick fast to the hogs of the old English sarts ;
 Then, if tithe-pigs to Paasons you chooses to pay,
 Fur trikeens you'll ha' no call to try um on they.

Attitude of a Basuto.

THE following telegram—one of a series—from the Cape was lately received at the Colonial Office :—

"UMQUIKELA sitting still."

Nothing else was added to that message respecting UMQUIKELA. We can imagine a photograph taken of UMQUIKELA as he appeared sitting still. Or UMQUIKELA may be supposed to have been, as above described, still sitting for his portrait. The next telegram of course was "UMQUIKELA taken"—and, as it now appears, we've got the wrong man, after all. Never mind, the Aquarium wants a new show.

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

One of our gifted Artists quietly noted the following Advertisement:—

STATUARY.—BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.—The COMMITTEE for LETTING the BRIDGE HOUSE ESTATES hereby GIVE NOTICE that they will meet at Guildhall, London, on FRIDAY, the 25th day of March, 1881, at 1 o'clock precisely, to receive DESIGNS for STATUARY to be placed on the Four Pedestals at Blackfriars Bridge. The Designs may be submitted either by Drawings or Models. If by Drawings, to be either in Chalk, Charcoal, Pencil, Ink, or Sepia. If by Models, in Clay, Plaster, or other convenient material. The Designs in either case to be prepared to a Scale of one inch and a half to the foot. Six Premiums will be awarded by the Committee, viz.: Two of £250.; two of £150; and two of £100. These Premiums will be given for Models only, &c., &c.

He has done several in Chalk, which he may possibly exhibit at Chalk Farm, at whose Dairy he has a considerable chalk scored up. No doubt if his proud spirit will submit to competition, he will win by Chalks. He has also done some in Charcoal; and we hereby warn him that if these frescoes be not removed from the passage of our Office, where they are obstructing everybody, they will be at once carted off to the coal-hole. We have the deepest respect for Art, but to the coal-hole they will be consigned, and respect can't go much deeper than that. The Committee who award the Premiums will make the draft payable to us direct, and we'll see the Artist gets his due.

The Designs are accompanied by written descriptions, and we trust Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON will appreciate the whole lot at their proper value. Of course Sir FREDERICK will not allow any prejudice in favour of a certain "Athlete and Wiper" to bias his judgment. Here they are:—



ALLEGORICAL HEROIC GROUP—
THE CONQUEST OF CALIPHASE
BY THE LORD MAYOR AND
ALDERMEN.



FLYING BARMAIDENS RELIEVING
BON-A-IDE TRAVELLERS IN
DISTRESS.



"SI MONUMENTUM QUERIS—CIR-
GUMSPICE."



ALLEGORICAL GROUP—THE CITY
OF LONDON, BATHED BY FATHER
THAMES, GETS COAL'D.

Revolting Cruelty to a Woman.

ANOTHER Illusion gone! We did believe that the Americans were chivalrous to the weaker sex. And yet we read that they serenaded SARAH BERNHARDT with a *Militia band!* Let us hope it is not true. We trust that out of compliment to the National musical instrument of the States, to the personal appearance of Doña SAL, and the skeleton in the coffin which we believe is her cheerful travelling companion, the serenade was given on the Bones.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

LORD MARE'S DAY.



LAST Toosday was Lord Mare's Day! I can scarsly rite the words without imoshun. The grate red letter day in our Cullender, as I heerd the Gildall Beedle say. Every good Citizen was on tiptow, in his dressing-gownd and slippers, to see what sort of morning was abreaking before brakefastin; and when they seed it was pretty good for the

time of year, they, no doubt, all sung Nong Nobis, like we do for a good dinner.

As I alwis hear sumeboddy say, for more than 700 years, beginning with Lord Mare ALL-WINE,—not a bad name for a Lord Mare,—has this solum day been devoted to Lord Mares, and Sheriffs, and Gills, and Men in Armer, and tho the thoughtless may smear, all loyal and constitooshunne mines will bow down on their bended nees and bless the 9th of November, which curus to tell is only 4 days after Gi Fox Day! What a proverdenhal thing it is they warn't on the same day! How the ribble Gester would have rejoiced. Let it ever be remembered to Gi Fox's honnur, that he urrid on his little job so as to git it over before the 9th.

I was speshally fortnit this year. I was at Gildall to see after the brakefast, so I saw the sho start. I saw the gracefull way in which the Coachman, and the postillion, and the 6 grums, and about a dozen Perlicement tugged and dragged the State Carridge and 6 hosses up to the dore at Gildall, without one of the hosses tumbling down, or even the Carridge bumping against the posteses more than 3 or 4 times.

As I gazed with reverunse on the wunduful and butiful machine, a fine sample, I was told, of the Eye Art of the Middling Ages, the one thort that wade upon my mine, heavier than Xmas puddin, was, would it go through the Tempul Bar Testimonial, or would it stick on the Refuge for the Destitoot in front of it.

From the lots of Fire Engines and hundreds of Firemen in the perceussion, the ignerant Foringer would ha' thought that Westminster All was afire, and the grate LORE MARE was agoin in state to put it out.

I asked BROWN how they slected which Compennies should go with 'em, and he told me at once, for he seems to know everythink. They has the Patten Makers becos the LORD MARE is considered a Patten to all the world. They has the Lorreners' mistry because nobody ever yet discovered what on earth a Lorrener means. They has the Stationers because the Copperation, like the Company, wants to be stationery. They has the Salters for fear of any Assalts, and they of course has the Speckfiecle Makers because the LORD MARE always wears 'em.

I wos in the Libery, to see the presuntashuns, and didn't some of my Patrunz look lovely in their Deppity Leftenants' red coats and reel sords, almost like reel sojers, only those stoopid sords wood get stickin between their legs and neerly upsettin them. All the Committee with long sticx in their hands, and bootiful ornymnts hung round their necks with red ribbuns, like pet lambs, kep comin in and goin out, aperiently not knowin what on earth to do with theirselves, but yet werry ankshus that their frends should see as they was all there. Wen the Swells begun to cum they walked in front of 'em, and got in every boddy's way, and purwented us seein anythink, so we wished 'em all a jolly ways off, sticx and all.

The last appeerience of the late LORD MARE, amost bront teers of sorrow and refeleckshun to evry manly eye. Ah, if we could reed his feelinx what a pikcher we should have to listen to! After having



HIGHER EDUCATION.

Aunt. "I SUPPOSE YOU ARE VERY SORRY TIM HAS GONE BACK TO SCHOOL, AREN'T YOU, AMY?"

Amy. "YES, VERY. BUT YOU SEE, AUNTIE, IN THESE DAYS OF ENFORCED EDUCATION ONE IS OBLIGED TO PUT FEELING ENTIRELY ASIDE."

for 12 short months the Eyes of Eurup and the Ears of England upon him, he attends this, his last Bankit, like the Skellytun that the Ajipshun Gent kev in his cubburd and brort out on all jovial occasions, to point a Moral and adorn a Tail. And don't the Grifin pint a moral and adorn a tail on the site of Tempul Bar? Ah! "Hart for Hever," as Prinse Lippuld said.

Presently Mr. ARPER and his friends guv a werry loud blaster on their own silver trumprits, and ARKER's lovely pink satin sash, with a bow as big as a soup plate, got between his legs and almost upset him, and his manly voice slightly trembled as he enounced the name of that terrible Mr. GLADSTONE! The flutter of exsitement was immense, and the faces of 2 or 3 Masters of Compennys was pail with surpreesed agony. I scarce expes to be beleived when I say that he walked in perfectly calm and smiling and all serene, instead of humblin hisself like a lam as we all expected he wood.

The new LORD MARE hain't got the fine bow-wow style of the old 'un. In fact I don't quite know what to make of the new LORD MARE. There's sum things about him as I likes and sum as I don't.

We lives in times of change and wurry and wat not, but there's one thing that mustn't be changed, my LORD MARE, and that's the dignerty of your eye office. I don't wish to preach or to be parsonal, but a Lord Mare in spectickles ain't quite the thing!

I can't imagin your elustrius Predeesser, ALL-WINE in specs.

Try and do without 'em, my Lord, try and do without 'em, you'll find it werry convenient not to see evrythink that goes on around you at the Manshun House, and it'll add as much to your comfort as to your dignity.

That terrible Sir WIRMIN ARCUUT proposed the health of the Sherifs. Reely his irreverunse for the most sakrid thinxs is sumthink dredfool. He thinks no more of a Sherrif with all his robes and his chanes and his reel lace frils, than I do for a meer Choppus Waiter with his apern on. The idear of his saying in his charfing way that Gog and Magog must have been the two first Sheriffs! No wunder poor Sheriff FOULHER was so overcome, that he could only gasp out one sentinse in reply.

(Signed)

ROBERT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OUR old friends EVELYN and PEPYS would have been delighted with the specimens of Diaries which Messrs. J. J. SMITH, SON & CO. have issued for 1881. Had we as many lives as a cat, we should find in this lot which have been forwarded to our Office a special diary for every one of them. The little pocket-books are evidently most useful; and the prices, like the books themselves, are adapted to all pockets. To any modern BOSWELL who has a DR. JOHNSON in view, these note-books are invaluable.

The Rebecca Rioters, published by MACMILLAN, is well worth reading. The Rioters went for all the barriers in their neighbourhood, and ultimately, as it was a real grievance, the obnoxious obstructions were legally abolished. The authorities at the Mudford Estate Office will probably consider this a too dangerous chapter in a History of the Bar to be studied by the residents about the Gordon and Tavistock Square and Gower Street districts. By the way, the notices on his Grace of MUDFORD's barriers are instructive reading for the Sunday Traveller who may not be in a hurry to drive to Euston Square, and has half-an-hour to spare. "Oh, Reform it altogether!"—SHAKSPEARE for ever!

The new édition de luxe of ZOLA'S *L'Assommoir* is to be appropriately illustrated with *eaux fortes*.

Looming in the Future; or, the Last of the Weavers, is not yet ready.

"Ads." and Ends.

THIS appeared in the advertisement sheets of the *Times*:—

R EQUIRED, at once, so as to teach a lesson to the incumbent, in a gentleman's family, seven miles from town, good PLAIN COOK, of strictly sober habits.

What is the Plain Cook to teach the Incumbent? We leave our readers to make their own deductions.



CONSOLATION.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "AND SO YOU STOPPED A WEEK AT THE DUKE OF STILTON'S? WHO WAS THERE?"

Gorgius Midas, Esq., Jun. "OH! A PRECIOUS RUM LOT! WHY, THERE WAS AN ACTOR, BY JINGO! AND A SCIENTIFIC CHAP, AND AN ARTIST FELLER, AND WHATSHISNAME THE FIDDLER, YOU KNOW, WHO WRITES ORATORIOS AND THINGS! AND A DEAL MORE FUSS MADE ABOUT THEM THAN ABOUT YOURS TRULY, I CAN TELL YOU!"

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns. "AH, CLEVER AND AMUSING PEOPLE, AND ALL THAT. BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT IF ONE OF THEM WERE TO PROPOSE FOR A DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE, HE'D SIMPLY BE TURNED OUT OF IT FOR HIS IMPUDENCE. WHEREAS, YOU'VE ONLY GOT TO THROW THE HANDKERCHIEF!"

[Which, to do Mrs. P. de T. justice, is no more than the truth.]

NOTES ON THE NINTH.

(*The Lord Mayor's Banquet at Guildhall.*)

THE Two Graces—one before and one after the Banquet—were not given by choristers. The Chaplain "begged a blessing" (as Mr. Stiggins was requested to do on a certain celebrated occasion), and returned thanks. This method was not so effective as the pious harmony of ancient times.

THE LORD MAYOR, on proposing the Foreign Ambassadors, didn't risk the pronunciation of M. CHALLEMEL LACOUR's name. Mr. HARKER, the Toast-master, risked it, came out with something sounding like "Shallaballa," and then disappeared for a minute or so behind the Lord Mayor's chair.

MR. GLADSTONE personated a Naval Demonstration by appearing in an Admiral's Uniform. He wore epaulettes—but his shoulders are broad enough to bear anything. It is believed that he was a little disappointed at not being called upon for a hornpipe. If occasionally at sea towards the end of his speech with regard to the Eastern Question, yet it is probable that his nautical costume suggested his commenting on Lord SELBORNE's speech about "Law and Liberty," after the style of *Captain Cuttle*, and informing his audience that "the point of these here observations lies in the application on 'em"—to the present Irish difficulty.

AFTER the PREMIER had acted as telegraph-boy—not the *Daily*, but *Postal*—and delivered a polite message from the SULTAN to the LORD MAYOR, the general impression was that the Porte had made a present of Dulcigno to our present Eastern Potentate King MACARTHUR. But what will he do with it? Turn Turk, eat Turkie Soup, marry Green Fatima, and make all the Common Councillors wear turbans? No, that would create too great a dis-turbans in the City. Still a very effective speech might be made on 'Change beginning, "Hereditary Turkish Bondsmen, know ye not," &c., &c.

The distinctive feature of the Banquet was the braying of the trumpets before every important toast. There were many present who, had they been permitted to be their own trumpeters, would have brayed just as loudly, if not so well.

Those unaccustomed to the ways of the Guildhall Banquet fixed their eyes on a rostrum, expecting to see the Chaplain step up there and say grace or read a homily. They were agreeably disappointed as the Chief Carver ascended this pulpit, and had a Lord Chief Baron of Beef placed before him on the reading desk, which was soon ornamented with some very fine specimens of genuine old English carving.

It was remarkable how the LORD MAYOR accentuated—Irish-accentuated—every point in his speeches, which were, on the whole, of commendable brevity; but after the Star of the Evening—Beautiful Star—had twinkled, we thought it best to strike the light lucifer, and, taking comfort in the weed which cheers but does not inebriate, to wend our way home humming "Hey down Derry," and success to MACARTHUR.

The New Motto.

"LAW and LIBERTY" is a free or liberal translation of "*Imperium et Libertas.*" The necessity for coercion in Ireland must be "proved to demonstration," says the PREMIER. What sort of demonstration this time? A Military Demonstration? If so, let us hope that it will be followed by something more valuable than the "Cession of Dulcigno," i.e., by the "Session of 1881"—or even by an extraordinary Session of 1880—to redress real Irish grievances and satisfactorily answer our Western Question.



LAW AND LIBERTY.

LAW. "NOT YET, SISTER. THEY MUST FIRST LEARN TO RESPECT ME. YOUR TURN COMES NEXT."

THE GRIFFIN'S LAMENT.

As sung by the Fleet Street Selkirk.

I AM Monarch of naught I survey;
E'en my site is a theme for dispute :
Every omnibus horse that I see,
As he passes me, says, "What a brute!"
Talk of dignity? What are its charms,
When, thrust in the popular face,
I fill the whole street with alarms,
Looking down from this horrible place!

I'm out of humanity's reach,
Stuck up here on the summit alone ;
And as for the music of speech,
All I get is a hiss or a groan !
For no beast of the plain, old or new,
No brute from the depths of the sea,
No bird that you 'll find at the Zoo—
Has the vaguest resemblance to me !

No wonder I can't inspire love !—
Why, at dusk I 'm the cause of such dread,
That, had I the wings of a dove,
I'd make for the Duke of York's head.
Up there, I my grief might assuage,
And at least limit critical truth
To such chaff as might come from the cage,
In the shape of the sallies of youth !

But, alas ! spite rebuke and report,
And letters, and threats, by the score,
I've been fixed ! And henceforth, without sport,
I shall hear my name mentioned no more !

My friends in the City, do they
Send a wish or a thought after me ?
I trust that they do ; for this way
Not a friend but old BIRCH shall I see !

So the traffic each night sinks to rest ;
The barrister turns to his square :
The bustle all hurries due West,
Yet still I sit here in the air !
And if you could then see my face,
You 'd say, " He has had it so hot,—
Has that brute, that he knows his disgrace,
And admits he 's a precious bad lot ? "

A LADIES' MAN.

MAN is at length about to concede the rights of Woman. They have been acknowledged by the Elective Branch of the Manx Legislature. The House of Keys has amended its Election Act by the extension of the franchise to all women of full age not labouring under legal disqualification. In so doing the Manx House of Keys has opened its doors to Man's better half.

The other Assembly of the Legislature of Man may be confidently expected to confirm the decision of the Elective Branch, and prove itself, as it were a House of Lords, no less disposed and determined to do justice to the Ladies. The experiment of Female Suffrage, successfully tried in Man, must shortly cause that manly example to be followed by the Imperial Parliament, and then the electoral influence of the Gentler Sex will advantageously serve to counteract that exerted by the Roughs.

A PHILISTINE.

TAKE away all your adornments æsthetical,
Plates of blue china and bits of sage green,
Though you may call me a monster heretical,
I can't consider them fit to be seen.
Etchings and paintings I loathe and abominate,
Grimly I smile at the name of BURNE JONES,
Hating his pictures where big chins predominate—
Over lean figures with angular bones.

Buy me what grinning stage rustics call "furniture,"
Such as was used by our fathers of old ;
Take away all your nonsensical garniture,
Tapestry curtains and borders of gold.
Give me the ancient and solid mahogany,
Mine be the board that will need no repairs ;
Don't let me see, as I sit at my grog, any
Chippendale tables or Sheraton chairs.

Hang up a vivid vermilion wall-paper,
Covered with roses of gorgeous hue,
Matching a varnished and beautiful hall-paper,
Looking like marble so polished and new ;
Carpets should all show a floral variety,
Wreaths intermingling of yellow and red ;
So, when it enters my home, will Society
Say, here's a house whence æsthetics have fled.

Academicians at Play.

At the Fishmongers' Banquet Mr. HORSLEY, R.A., expressed a hope that the Rich City Companies would turn their attention to Mural Decoration, and wisely mixing a little business with plenty of pleasure, he suggested that he himself was not altogether inexperienced in this department of Art. Evidently he had his eye on some particular wall—without being wall-eyed—and perhaps is eager to purchase spaces and start as a rival to Mr. WILLING, whose works Mr. HORSLEY must consider "willious." Mr. LESLIE, R.A., who evidently didn't take the same view of the stroke of business to be done, replied that the "City Companies had no idea of going to the wall," which was rather hard on his brother Academician, who won't be able to get any of the City Companies' hoardings to cover the expenses of his wall. But the idea is good, all the same.

Here's a "Little-go" !

[The proposal that French or German should be substituted for a classical language in the Previous Examination, was rejected amid loud cheers in the Cambridge Senate House, Nov. 11, by a majority of 40.]

LATIN and Greek are all that we want here.
German ! Absurd ! And French—*cela va sans dire.*



A THOROUGH UNBELIEVER.

Hale Visitor (to Invalid, who has just arrived, "confident of a cure"). "WHAT? FEEL YOUR LEGS DRAG, WITH A WEIGHT DOWN YOUR BACK, AND HAVE GOT SO DEAF THAT YOU CAN HARDLY HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING? AH, THEN IT'S QUITE CLEAR YO'VE BEEN AT THE WATERS!"

GOVERNMENT SECRETS.

We have been favoured—through our Special Eavesdropper—with the following abridged account of what *actually took place* at the last Cabinet Council:—

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. Here we are again! Ah! D'EKE! Just back in time. How's GAMMETTA? In a difficulty, eh? Glad to see you all. I've got something that's sure to please you. Telegram from SULTAN:—"English bondholders to be paid at once out of pocket-money of members of Harem—Greek frontier on point of being surrendered—Kind regards and best wishes to English Ministry." Most flattering.

Sir Ch-r-l-es D-ke (aside). Hm! Does he mean it?

All the Rest. Most satisfactory! .

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. Yes; and G-SCH-N to be made a Member of the Imperial Order of the Waste Paper Basket—answers to our Garter, I believe. Then here's another most gratifying communication I've received. AYOOB KHAN to British Ministers:—"Friendly greeting—hopes we're standing our trying climate pretty well—is sure we shall be glad to hear that he doesn't intend moving from Herat till next spring—kind compliments, &c." Also a telegram from Commander-in-Chief of the Basutos. As it's written in Basuto, rather hard to make out; but he says in effect that we "needn't be alarmed about the War, everything going on satisfactorily, some of Cape recruits rather raw, but he likes them raw;" and ends with "best wishes for our continuance in office." Most flattering.

All. Exceedingly gratifying to our feelings.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. I thought you'd say so. Bless you all! Now, must really think about work for next Session. What shall we start off with—Eastern Question, Bankruptcy Bill, County Franchise, Land Bill,—which shall it be?

Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt. Talking of the Land Bill somehow or other reminds one of Juvenile Offenders. I don't know why it should, but it does—

Sir Ch-r-l-es D-ke. Bother Juvenile Offenders! I believe you've got 'em on the brain. How about the *Senile* Offender, on the Bosphorus, eh?

Mr. F-rst-r. Yes, and the Green-Isle Offenders all over Ireland? I had a precious narrow squeak of it coming over—dynamite laid on lines—several infernal machines on board steamer to Holyhead—Fenians blazing away into carriages! No joke, I can tell you.

Mr. Gl-dst-ne (cheerfully). Well, here you are, at all events. Now, suppose we have a little talk about Foreign Policy?

Earl Gr-nv-le. I was going to mention that I've got a capital notion. You'll say so when you hear it. All European Powers to form Joint-Stock Company for liquidation of affairs of Porte by arrangement and composition! Just think of the splendid dividend we shall get! I ought, perhaps, to add that I'm indebted for this excellent business idea to a young and rising member of the Ministry.

All. Capital! Exquisite! And the dividend—?

Earl Gr-nv-le. That's the best of it. Turkey, of course, don't you see? To be divided among the shareholders in proportion to the number of their Ironclads and the amount of their enthusiasm.

All. First-rate! Let's propose it to B-SM-RCK.

[Boy sent off to telegraph to B-SM-RCK.

Mr. F-rst-r. Now that we've knocked off the Eastern difficulty, let's tackle Ireland. The thing to do is to satisfy demands of tenants without infringing rights of landlords; to introduce law and order into disturbed districts, and at same time to convert starving labourers into happy peasants of an Hibernian Arcadia. That's my plan.

All. Capital! How are you going to do it?

Mr. F-rst-r. How! Oh, that's a mere matter of detail. I leave that to you.

Lord S-lb-rne. If you leave it to me, I should say, "Coerce the whole lot of 'em."

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. Just so. Coerce Irish Landlords. Drive 'em out, "bag and baggage."

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. Hm! You forget I am an Irish Landlord. (Awkward pause.) Can't we suspend Habeas Corpus?

Lord S-lb-rne. Or can't we suspend P-RN-LL?

Sir Ch-r-l-es D-ke. Why not buy up Landlords? Pay for it out of some of that money GR-NV-LLE's going to get out of SULTAN. Coercion a great mistake.

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. Talking of stakes, I never thought that Robert the Devil—

Mr. F-rst-r. Well, well, let's talk about him afterwards. So, we're all agreed about Ireland. Now, suppose, for a change, we pass on to India?

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. Thought you'd come to that sooner or later. I've got splendid notion. Candahar to be put up to public auction—AMEER and AYOOB bid against each other, city knocked down to highest bidder, and there you are! Or, at least, of course you aren't there, because you've got safe back into India. Then with the money we can buy one or two Big Maps—sure to come in useful—or reduce Income-tax, or something. I may mention that this capital business plan is entirely due to the fertile brain of a young and rising member of the Administration. It wouldn't have occurred to me—

Mr. Br-ght. Talking of the Kurds, what shall we do about these outrages? Here they are, you know, outraging, murdering, crucifying! Every bit as bad as Bulgaria—eh, GLADSTONE?

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. A place and a time for everything, my dear JOHN. "Atrocities" are an exceedingly important electoral fact—or rather pre-electoral fact. Now comes the interesting question—"WHERE IS THE FLEET?"

[All get out their maps, and look for it. Boy sent to telegraph to Sir B. S., asking where on earth he's got to. No answer being received, the Council shortly afterwards broke up, Lord H-RT-NGT-N vainly attempting to interest Mr. BR-GHT in the chances of Petronel for the Liverpool Cup. Mr. GL-DST-NE when last seen was presenting Mr. F-EST-E with a complete set of chain-armour, revolvers, and knuckle-dusters, a life-insurance ticket, and a "Boycott" life-preserver—just patented—for use in Ireland.

An Irish Land Question.

SOME difference of opinion prevails in Ireland as to the accuracy of "GRIFFITH'S Valuation." Some land-owners may ask in a tone implying not curiosity, but cavil: "Who's GRIFFITH?" but it is only a small minority who reply "Not a Safe Man."



APPRECIATIVE SYMPATHY.

Herr Bogoluboffski plays a lovely Nocturne, which he has just composed. To him, as he softly touches the final note, Fair Amateur, "Oh, THANKS ! I AM SO FOND OF THAT DEAR OLD TUNE !"

THE TELEGRAMS THAT WERE NOT READ.

From Abdul Hamid, Constantinople, to J. Bedford, Guildhall.
WOULD I were quaffing sherbet (extra sec, reserve cuvée) with you ! At any rate I can add to the harmony of the evening by congratulating you on the storms of applause which have greeted you over your massive conception of the Memorial. Glad you did not cede it. Don't cede it. Cession is a mistake.

From Abdul Hamid, Constantinople, to Lord Penzance, Court of Arches.

CAPITAL ! Capital ! You and the French must really send me over some Delegates to give me lessons in the art of religious toleration. In France they turn their priests out, in England they "run 'em in," to use one of GOSCHEN's witty sallies. That is the way to promote harmony and good-fellowship. Do you know what the Turkish word *bosh* means ?

From Abdul Hamid, Constantinople, to Cambridge, War Office.

WHAT a nation of soldiers you are ! You have to march a regiment of soldiers thirteen miles in your own country—mind you, it is your own country, don't you cede Ireland—and you can manage that by keeping the men without food for nearly twenty-four hours, and by compelling them to walk the streets of their destination all night, because no accommodation was prepared for them. It is these little matters which makes Russia tremble before you. Everyone, on reading such traits of national character, desires to have you as his ally.

From Abdul Hamid, Constantinople, to Editor of Punch.

HA ! ha ! Of course you saw it ! Good, eh ? Does that dear GLADSTONE know the difference between the Ninth of November and the First of April ? As a practical jokist I think I am all there, and if the worst comes to the worst, you could give me a berth. We could edit together. Bowstringing correspondents who send jokes transcribed from other papers, provincial journals unmarked, and sayings of their children, is a process well worthy of a trial in your country.

HAMLET IN MUD-SALAD MARKET.

O THAT these too, too sordid sheds would fall,
Tumble and turn to heaps of builder's rubbish !
Or that parochialism had not fixed
Its veto 'gainst improvement ! MUDFORD ! MUDFORD !
How dirty, stale, damp and detestable
Seems to me all this muck-heap called a Market !
Fie on 't ! O fie ! 'tis a true Sluggard's "Garden"
That runs to waste ; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That we should look on this,
When care and cash—and not so much—could give us
So beautiful a Market, that to this
Were Tempe to a pig-run ! Blowing hence
One would not have the softest wind of heaven
Visit one's nose too closely ! MUDFORD ! MUDFORD !
Must we remind you ? Why maintain the nuisance,
As though delight in nastiness had grown
By what it feeds on ? And yet in a few months—
Let me not think on 't—Delay, thy name is Bumble !—
A few short months, and this muck-midden old,
This fetid place that is by everybody,
Like a bad play, well hissed,—aye, e'en a goose,
A foolish fowl that doth delight in dirt,
Might hiss at it,—could promptly be replaced
By a new Market, no more like Mud-Salad
Than I to BIRCH's Dragon :—a few months,
Ere righteous anger at the town's disgrace
Have grown past patience in the public mind,
It might be,—O, my MUDFORD, reck the rede !
Make a clean sweep of the pestiferous nuisance !
It is not, but it yet may come to, good.—
But break my heart, for I must hold my nose !

[Exit hurriedly.]

New Views of Ireland, very plain (by Lord SHERBROOKE), 2s. 6d. ; highly coloured (by CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C.), 1d.

THOUGHTS BY A SITTER.

No. II.



PERSONALLY fond of animals, especially cats, I had the privilege of being brought up in my boyhood with a magnificent specimen of a female Persian. Anything softer than her fur, more luxuriant than her tail, or gentler than her manners, it is impossible to imagine; but her misfortune was that she was too attractive.

It was my mission, when not engaged in the comparatively humble vocation I then pursued in the City, to keep my eye upon *Medorah*. Weapons were not permitted me: my revered relative was so fond of cats that she forbade even the wanton wanderers of the night to be treated with

severity. My office was to open the front-door very wide, and say "Shoo!" or in serious cases to make that peculiar clatter with one's hand and one's hat which, I verily believe, no animal, from the lion downwards, can hear without abject terror. My patience, however, was at times a good deal tried; and on one fatal night, having been already roused by three distinct and different cats—each with a distinct and different serenade—and getting up with fury and impatience to turn out a fourth, I took up the poker, struck wildly at the intruder, and killed—*Medorah*!

I draw a veil over the mental agonies with which this mishap consumed me. I had esteemed the deceased very highly, but my Grandmother loved her to distraction; she would, I felt, never forgive the cause (however innocent) of her favourite's death; and she had twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal!

I have said that *Medorah* was a fine specimen of her race. But the phrase "as large as life" did not apply at all to her; for, when stiff and cold, the poor dear creature became about twice the size she had been when alive and kicking.

I put her into an old fish-basket in which a Severn salmon had arrived—it was not an inappropriate coffin, for she loved salmon,—and, having sewed it up with a needle and packthread, placed it on the top of my bed as a temporary measure. It would be safe there, I knew, in the search that was sure to follow, till I had made up my mind what to do with it.

I went to the City next morning in a state of mind easier to imagine than describe, leaving my Grandmother almost out of her mind.

"If I knew the darling was dead, JOHN," she cried, "I believe I could bear it; but to think of her being lost—and—and exposed to temptation—"

And there the Old Lady fairly broke down under the weight of her calamity.

Perhaps she could have borne it better so; but the question for my consideration was, if I had told her the sad truth, would she have borne me? My impression was, and is, that I should have become abhorrent to her, and that she would have left that twenty thousand pounds of hers away from her natural belongings to a Cat Hospital.

All that day at the office I involuntarily defrauded my employers by thinking what I should do with that dead body. To a question of a fellow Clerk, relating to an important female client, I answered at random "Drown her! Burn her!" And when asked for some-body's name, that of one of the chief Clerks of the Probate Office, I answered "*Medorah*."

When I got home I found my Grandmother had been offering rewards per handbill for her favourite's recovery, and that with the same object she had communicated with the Police. All this made my position more critical, and the disposal of *Medorah*'s remains more difficult. Where was I to put them?

We had no back garden, not even a back yard. I thought of sitting up till the rest of the household had retired, and burying my victim under the hearthstone of the back kitchen. There were fearful precedents for this course. We were a long way from the river, and, as to carrying poor dear *Medorah*'s body for miles in an omnibus—no . . .

To keep it on the premises, and especially over my head all night was, however, impossible. When my Grandmother had retired (in tears) to her own apartment, I took the salmon basket with its contents and left the house.

It was a summer night, but sufficiently dark to suit my purpose, which was to drop it unobserved in some secluded spot. I knew of a terrace, retired, but fashionable, at a moderate distance, which I had made up my mind should be *Medorah*'s cemetery, that is, *pro tem.* I was well aware that somebody would soon appropriate the salmon-basket, imagining, perhaps (from analogy and the association of ideas) that it held a salmon; after which, "What to do with *Medorah*," would be a question for his consideration.

Walking quickly along like a fishmonger's young man, or some youth connected with the Parcels Delivery Company, and whistling carelessly whenever I passed a policeman, I arrived at my destination. The terrace, which had neither shop nor public-house in it, was utterly deserted. Without pausing for a moment, and as carelessly as if it had been the end of a cigar, I dropped my basket on the pavement, and hurried round the corner.

It will be imagined, doubtless, that I hurried home; but I did not. A terrible fascination compelled me to remain with my head projected into the Terrace, to see what would become of *Medorah*. Two minutes, three minutes, and then there was a female step. A middle-aged woman, looking like a small lodging-house keeper, was approaching me by the way I had come. Suddenly she saw the basket, and stopped. I saw her give a hasty glance around her, to make sure nobody was looking, and then stoop down. The basket had vanished. The middle-aged woman had grown a little stouter—bulged a little on one side as though she had something the matter with her hip-joint—and that was all. The next moment, however, she uttered a shriek—a passionate appeal for pardon. A man of the artisan class, whom her conscience had, no doubt, for the moment represented as a policeman, seized her by the arm. I walked round the corner, like a young gentleman taking an evening stroll, and inquired of the struggling pair what was the matter.

"This man wants to steal my property!" exclaimed the woman in quavering tones.

"Her property!" cried the other, disdainfully. "Why, I see her lift it from the pavement with my own eyes! It's *my* property, Sir. I just stepped in to call at Number Seven, and left it outside, and here this wicked woman comes by, and collars it."

"I think you had better let him have it," said I, judicially.

The woman muttered something about men always siding with men against the weaker sex, and walked off as if nothing had happened.

The man walked on also, but in the other direction, and with the air of an injured person. His innocent mind was doubtless picturing to himself something nice for supper; and as for me, I walked home, with a mind relieved.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

THE Duke of BESTMINSTER has come to the relief of the Duke of MUDFORD. He has planted a Kiosk in the midst of Mud-Salad Market. A Kiosk used to be spelt Kiosque, but that is of small importance. A Kiosk is a Sentimental Eating-House with a very bad name—a Cook-shop where they really cook—a Coffee-shop where they really sell coffee. It is intended for market-men, poor people, and economical people. The latter cannot complain of a place where they can get a dinner consisting of soup, fish, and entrée for sixpence. We have all our exits and our entrées, and one man in his time eats many tarts, but our entrées are not always twopence, and we do not always get a slice of bread and jam for a halfpenny. A clean, large, well-arranged Restau-Kiosk-que-rant, where soup is twopence, half a pint of good coffee, tea, or cocoa is a penny, a plate of beef is threepence, a rasher of good bacon is twopence, a bottle of soda-water is a penny, and hosts of other things in proportion; which is open from two o'clock in the early morning till half-past twelve o'clock at night, which has beds and baths, a penny lavatory, provides chess and draughts, and the newspapers at half-past five in the morning, and which is lighted up with the electric light, is a place for the Duke of MUDFORD to look at and copy. The beds and baths might be a little cheaper, and there is a little disproportion between the rasher of bacon and the rasher of ham, but take it altogether, the Bow Street Kiosk is a thing for the Duke of BESTMINSTER and his colleagues to be proud of. If they would only enlarge their labours, and form a Mud-Salad Market Improvement Company, there would be some hope for Central London.

The Griffin Memorial!

Startling Disclosures!! Probable Increase of Crime in the City!!!

THE mere existence of the Griffin on the site of old Temple Bar is, to begin with, worse than a crime—it is a Blunder. As long as that stands where it does, the Police must be on the alert, as no one can pass along Fleet Street, within the vicinity of the new Law Courts and the Temple, without having a Fearful Object in view,—an object too dreadful to contemplate.

GAIETY IN LONDON AND PARIS.

CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS was of course a most successful burlesque in its day. It is a genuine burlesque, because it burlesques a serious original. Without this there is no *raison d'être* for burlesque. A burlesque should caricature a particular piece, or the mannerisms and affectations of a school. CAREY had this latter object in view when he wrote *Chrononhotonthologos*, and was probably stigmatised as a profane trifler by the theatrical big-wigs of his time, who, had they dared to pun, might have called him the *Don't-Carey*, and prophesied a bad end to such a profane scoffer. Burlesque has its own proper sphere in Art, and its legitimate exercise should produce a most salutary effect. *Chrononhotonthologos* is intended to satirise the grandiose and bombastic drama of its day. The stilted style of blank verse no doubt suggested to Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD the appropriate introduction of the troupe of eccentric gymnasts, the tallest of whom touches the sky-borders. Such a burlesque as this requires serious playing; and, as in the *Critic*, the humour at once disappears directly the actors attempt to be funny.

Mr. SOUTAR as *Rigdum-funnidos*, Mr. MURRAY, at first, as the *King*, and Mrs. LENGTH as the *Queen*, entered into the true spirit of the piece. Mr. SQUIRE (who is admirable as *M. Meynard* in the *Corsican Brothers, Limited*), soon discovered that his efforts at forcing fun threw a damper over the audience.

"How's THAT FOR HIGH?"—QUITE J
THE STILTON!

It is the fashion nowadays in some quarters to decry burlesque; and if by burlesque such objectors understand the all-leg-and-no-head pieces, which simply depend on song, dance, dress, and deportment, then we are inclined to agree with them—only they must not so misuse the word "burlesque." For example, *Don Juan* at the Royalty, which, forgetful of the brilliant Strand days, styles itself "the ancestral home of burlesque," is not a burlesque at all—it is an extravaganza, and as such was at first correctly advertised. To say of it that it is the greatest success since *Black Eye'd Susie* is to place it in a category to which it does not properly belong. A GALLIO-like critic may personally care for none of these things, and stigmatise them all under the general head of trash or absurdity, but as a professional dramatic critic he should distinguish between extravaganza and burlesque. *Don Juan*, as a modern specimen of the kind of entertainment which was in vogue "*consule Planché*," is light, bright, and, from an after-late-dinner point of view, sufficiently amusing to those whom Providence has blessed with affluence and good digestion. This extravaganza might sing of itself—

"I am such a plotless thing."

with perfect truth. It is said to be written by the Brothers PRENDERGAST. What the brothers were at all "aghast" at, is not evident, but if it be true that the *collaborateurs* are Messrs. RIGHTEON and REECE, then we are sure that there must have been some good Reece-on for his writin' with RIGHTEON, as the Right-hon-ourable Mr. Reece can write 'un without RIGHTEON. "But this is quibbling," as the great tragedian REECE-TORI remarked. The instantaneous

changes of scene on such a small stage are a real triumph of ingenuity. Our gifted Artist who went to take the costumes seems to have thought that there was very little to take. He has reproduced the pretty faces and what appeared to him to be the best lines in the piece. In extravaganzas of course we must expect the characters to go any lengths—except in costume.

The dresses here are far better than those in *L'Arbre de Noël* at the Porte St. Martin, which is about as dingily mounted and as weak a fairy-piece as it has ever been our misfortune to witness. MILNER, one of the best actors of character-parts, whose performance of the miser *Gaspard* in *Les Cloches de Corneville* was worthy of ROBSON in his best days, plays a rôle utterly unworthy of his talents, which are quite thrown away on such trash as *L'Arbre de Noël*. Madame ZULMAR-BOUFFAR sang "The Two Obadiah's," in English; this and a dance of about sixty Notaries were the funniest hits in the piece.

We went over to see *Michel Strogoff*, but found that, having been postponed, it was *Michel Struck-off* the bill till the following Wednesday. It's out by now; but when there's a "depression" in trade-winds, and when there are howling hurricanes in the Channel, we prefer to be one of those gentlemen who live at home at ease, and who do not much trouble themselves about the danger of the seas when the stormy winds do blow-ow-ow.

We had the pleasure of seeing *Les Grands Enfants* at the Vaudeville. It is composed of old materials craftily worked up, and its success is entirely due to the wit of its dialogue and the admirable acting. Of course it took two authors to write it, Messrs. GONDINET and MARGAILLERS; but that trash, the *L'Arbre de Noël*, took four of 'em, and, if ever broth was spoiled by too many cooks, there is the specimen.

At the Vaudeville, Madame LESAGE, Messrs. DIEUDONNÉ and ERNEST VOIS are excellent. There is a men's trio somewhat in imitation of that in *Dora*, only not so powerful. We advise visitors to go and see *Les Grands Enfants*. Dine at the Grand at six, and you're within five minutes of your theatre.

We are going to lose DION BOUCRAULT. The "Enfant GATTI" of the Adelphi says he "won't play any more," and is off to America. Oh! Sulky!

Mr. FLORENCE, at the Gaiety, now appears as *Cup'en Cuttle*, a dramatic sketch from *Dombey and Son*. In the novel it will be remembered that Captain Cuttle took the part of Florence; in the play FLORENCE takes the part of Captain Cuttle. When found, make a note of—and we've made it. More in our next.



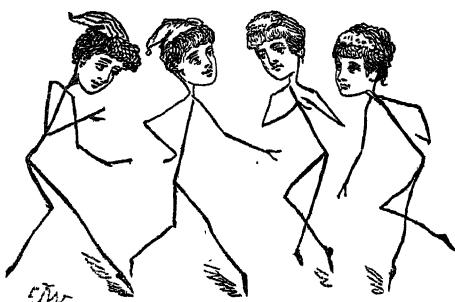
BARROW-METRICAL DEPRESSION, OR PRACTICAL FUN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.



IN THE GOOD OLD BURLESQUES THERE WAS NO IDIOTIC DANCING.



BROTHER PRENDERGAST AND DON JUAN EN-JUAN THEMSELVES.



PRETTY FACES AND SOME SHARP LINES.

WHEN GREEK CUTS GREEK.

AN APPEAL.



MODERN Athens! will you start,
When I ask you back my heart.
Forced, by these affairs down West,
Thus to cool my Eastern zest?
Need I add, too,—surely No,—
Zón pōv ódā áγανω!

For, to empty coffers blind,
Though you've tried to raise the wind !
By each lid, whose rusty hinge
Gives me a financial twinge ;
By the lot you're safe to owe,—
Yet, well—there, *sas àyanw*.

So, sweet Athens! when I'm gone,
If you will persist alone,—
(But, O don't be such a fool)—
Still to fly at Istamboul,—
Mind, though floored and thrashed, you'll know
Zán moū oás áyanw!

FREE FOES OF FREEDOM.

At a meeting of the Commission of the General Assembly of the Free Kirk recently held in Edinburgh:—

"The Moderator was authorised to sign petitions against any measures brought forward in Parliament for opening Museums, Art Galleries, and Libraries on Sundays."

So much for the attitude of the Free Kirk of Scotland towards the freedom of everybody in the United Kingdom not of its own persuasion with regard to Sunday; but if this is the light shed on the

subject by a Moderator, the sooner Scotland gets some new Lamps for the old ones the better for everybody's rational enjoyment on the Saubawth. To visit Museums and Art Galleries on Sunday is at least an improvement on tippling whiskey, seeing double, and turning the Saubawth into a Saw-both Day.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL does much to settle the case of Ireland by telling us that in that country Mr. FORSTER is known as "Old Buck Shot." Lord RANDOLPH is doubtless well qualified to speak on all matters of gunnery, for he is such a small bore himself.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

A Suggestive Comedietta.

ARGUMENT.

THE elder and the younger Member for Birmingham having, with a view to studying the merits of the Land Question on the spot, taken between them, for a brief period, a furnished farm-house in the West of Ireland, find themselves instantly besieged in their own premises, and in danger of immediate starvation from the want of necessary provisions.

SCENE—The interior of a well-appointed first-floor room. As the Curtain rises, the Elder Member for Birmingham is discovered seated, out of breath, on an inverted chest of drawers, barricading the door. In the foreground, on all fours, the Younger Member for Birmingham is creeping about with the remains of a tin of preserved-milk and a loaded rifle.

Elder Member (dodging a brickbat that flies through the window, and just misses his head). Dear me! They surely know my sympathy with Ireland is not a thing of yesterday! (A bullet whizzes in, and buries itself in the door.) What! Another! But this is most unreasonable; and if it continues four-and-twenty hours longer, I shall have, I feel, to speak to them seriously about LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

[Is again shot at, and gets down.

Younger Member. Well, I want something to eat. As I said the other night, the state of affairs here is certainly exaggerated by panic;—still, I do want something to eat!

[Finishes preserved-milk beneath the window-sill.

Elder Member (eyeing him reproachfully). "It is a great Constitutional principle in this country that the redress of grievances should precede Supply!" Those were your words upon the platform, yet you reverse them now. (Bitterly.) Is there nothing left for me?

Younger Member. Nothing. (Puts up his hat sportively on a stick at the window. It is instantly riddled with shot.) At least—but this!

Elder Member. Dear me! that is most awkward! (Gets thoughtfully under the table.) And, really, as I have had nothing myself these last three days but half a raw cabbage, I begin to think it is almost time, as I said the other night, to ask ourselves the question—is there any remedy for this state of things? Force, I know, is no remedy. Yet, don't you begin to feel, perhaps, seeing that I am hungry, that a few policemen now—?

Younger Member (with enthusiasm). Never! For, as I also said the other night, it may be the work of the Tories, to crush out disaffection; it is the better and higher work of the Liberals to find out its cause!

Elder Member. Most true! On second thoughts, you're right,—quite right! And as this is all we wish to ascertain, suppose you, now, put your head out of window—and ask!

[Is continuing his suggestions, when a wild "Ho-roosh" below announces that the "boys" have carried the hall. Tableau. Curtain.

TELEGRAMS.

Lord Mayor to Sultan.—Where's Dulcigno?

Sultan to Lord Mayor.—Good conundrum, but won't give it up.



NINCOMPOOPIANA.

Young Milkington Sopley (a follower of Postlethwaite's). "A—YOU WERE NOT AT THE CIMABUE BROWN'S LAST NIGHT, MISS DIANA?"

Miss Diana (who does not like *Aesthetes*). "No. WERE YOU?"

Sopley. "OH YES, INDEED."

Miss Diana. "AND WAS IT A PLEASANT PARTY?"

Sopley. "MOST CONSUMMATELY SO!"

Miss Diana. "AND WERE YOU VERY MUCH ADMIRE?"

Our Hero.

POOR Sir F. ROBERTS! First-rate soldier, but wretched sailor! The sea had already been sufficiently rough on the gallant warrior (Tuesday, November 16th), between Calais and Dover, but it was rougher still on him when, on turning up again on his native shores, he was seized upon by the Municipal Authorities and forced to listen to and make a speech, and so undergo a second attack of *Mal de Mayeur*.

CURIOSUS FACT IN SCOTCH NATURAL HISTORY.—If you call a McIntosh a whiskey-and-water proof, he doesn't like it.



"NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"

Smith (meeting the Browns at the Station on their return from the Continent). "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU BACK, MY BOY! BUT—WELL, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE ITALY?"

Mrs. B. (who is "artistic"). "OH, CHARMING, YOU KNOW, THE PICTURES AND STATUES AND ALL THAT! BUT CHARLES HAD TYPHOID FOR SIX WEEKS AT FEVERENZ (OUR HOTEL WAS CLOSE TO THAT GLORIOUS MELFIZZI PALAZZO, Y' KNOW), AND AFTER THAT I CAUGHT THE ROMAN FEVER, AND SO," &c., &c. [They think they go to Ramsgate next year.]

THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.

By JESTIN' MACHEARTY.

CHAPTER ONE.

1837.—“*A Jove principium.*” (*Mem.*—Always bring in quotations where possible, especially Latin ones: shows one knows Latin. How about a few Greek ditto? Must really buy a Greek Grammar.) On the decease of King WILLIAM THE FOURTH, the youthful Princess VICTORIA ascended the throne. She had been excellently brought up, and was a most admirable and accomplished young lady. (*Query*—does this sound too patronising?) At her very first Council, this juvenile Sovereign of an Empire on which the sun never sets—(*Query*—hackneyed?)—behaved with an extraordinary degree of self-possession. Everybody, of course, stared at her: Lord MELBOURNE got on a chair, with an opera-glass, and stared through that, until WELLINGTON pulled him down by the coat-tails. WELLINGTON was heard to remark, “MELBOURNE has no manners.” MELBOURNE was not a great Statesman. MELBOURNE was not a strong man. MELBOURNE was not the sort of man to “make good grow where it wasn’t growing before,”—to quote a great writer, whose name I’ve forgotten. (*Mem.*—“Great writer” saves bother of looking him up.) And so much for Lord MELBOURNE.

CHAPTER Two.

Now for 1838.—Nothing important. Why not talk a little about Steam? I will. Trains are a wonderful invention—people go much faster than they used to. STEPHENSON invented training. ARTEMUS WARD tells a most amusing story of a Red Indian who tried to lasso a locomotive. The locomotive didn’t stop till it got to the next Station—nor did the Red Indian. This story conclusively proves the value of the invention of Steam. (*Mem.* for myself—always bring in entertaining anecdotes where possible. Think this one entertaining.)

CHAPTER THREE.

Next few years taken up with Chartism, China, and Cabul. Lord ELLENBOROUGH and Dr. BRYDON chief figures in troubles at latter place. Lord E. was showy. He had a good deal of the quack about him. So much for Lord ELLENBOROUGH. (Polished *him* off—*hurroo!*) Then came the “Repeal Year”—so called because nothing was repealed. (But it *will* be—you trust PARNELL and me!—Mustn’t print *this*.)

VOLUME II.

On the death of PEEL, PALMERSTON was the most prominent English Statesman. His light way of treating serious topics very distressing. (*To me?* Not a bit!) He knew a good deal about foreign politics, was disliked by foreign statesmen, had a quarrel with the Crown, and was immortalised by *Punch* as the “Judicious Bottle-holder.” So much for PAM. As to the Crimean War, I may as well polish that off by saying that it was very damaging to our military reputation, and not a success politically.

VOLUME III.

PAM was buried. Consequently, Lord PALMERSTON was *ex necessitate rei*—(notice the Latin!)—no longer able to lead the House of Commons. His mantle fell on a rising young Statesman—(*was he young at this time?* *Mem.* for myself—look it up)—Mr. GLADSTONE. (May as well polish W. E. G. off while I’m about it—*here goes!*) Mr. GLADSTONE had a great deal of earnestness, though not so much tact as Lord PALMERSTON. He led the House, while DISRAELI led the Opposition. DISRAELI has been called a political gladiator—(don’t know why, but sounds well)—so he was! Mr. GLADSTONE has been said to talk in *italics*—(what on earth does this mean?—never mind)—so he did! And so much for GLADSTONE and DISRAELI.

This was to be a reforming Administration. Rumour gave Mr. BRIGHT India, Mr. MILL the Board of Trade. Very kind of Rumour. Talking of BRIGHT, may as well polish *him* off now. Mr. BRIGHT was not a Statesman. Mr. BRIGHT was not a man of profound and varied culture. Mr. BRIGHT was not a good many other things that he might with advantage have been. But he was a fluent debater, and a strong Radical. And so much for Mr. BRIGHT.

All this was the “Reform” time. (Anybody desirous of further details can easily get ‘em from HAYDN’s *Dictionary of Dates*, or other reference book. N.B.—Capital work, HAYDN’s! HAYDN’s *Dictionary* for facts, MACAULAY’S *Essays* for style, and there’s your *History of Our Own Times*,—or, rather, my *History of Our Own Times*, of course.)

When RUSSELL brought in his Reform Bill in 1866, GLADSTONE stumped the country in its favour. (*Mem.*—Colloquial style—ensures popularity, and covers a multitude of troublesome details.) DISRAELI made fun of it; LOWE was its chief opponent. He was the Achilles (Greek character) of the Anti-Reformers. This was his hour of triumph. He had, it is true, an awkward and ungainly presence; his voice was hard and rasping; his sight was very short, and his memory far from long. Where was he compared with the silver trumpet of W. E. G.’s oratory, or with Mr. BRIGHT’s mingled pathos and bathos—I mean humour? Nowhere at all. Oh dear, no!

VOLUME IV.

Bother this Reform business! Not done with it yet. To cut it short, DERBY and DIZZY brought in a Reform Bill in 1867—(*vide* HAYDN as before)—of a strongly Radical type. “They found the Whigs bathing, and ran away with their clothes.” (*Query*—Who said this? Don’t know. Sounds racy. Let it stand!) In 1868 Mr. GLADSTONE rose to introduce his Irish Church Resolutions. As GLADSTONE rose, DERBY and DIZZY fell.

Then came 1868–1874, six fat years; 1874–1880, six lean ditto. And that brings me, thank Heaven! to end of my *History*. Must first polish off late and present Lord DERBY, however. Father all fire, Son all ice. Former loved HOMER—latter Blue Books. There you have ‘em.

As to recent politics, I know all about ‘em, and so does everybody else. Tories say, “Can we be so insane as to support Russia?”—Liberals say, “Can we be so wicked as to support Turkey?” There’s the last four years in a nut-shell; and so ends my *History*, the four volumes of which have “perished like snow,” long, long ago,

in the time of the Barmecides. (*Query*—Who were the Barmecides? Were they Egyptian barmaids? Look it up in HAYDN some day. Anyhow, nothing like poetry to end up with.)

CHAPTER ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEENTH—AND LAST.

By the bye, must say something about Literature. *Happy Thought!*—Chuck in an extra chapter on Literature!

The latter half of this century has produced a few first-class literary geniuses (such as MACAULAY, myself, TENNYSON, and ANTHONY TROLLOPE), and no end of second-raters. MACAULAY made History popular: nobody had done this before. (Who's done it since?—give it up?) FROUDE introduced the Paradoxical school of Historians. They don't study to be accurate: they deal more with persons than with events, and a good deal more with fiction than with fact: they discover that some great man was all our fancy never painted him: in fact, this way of writing history has the advantage that it is seldom true, but never uninteresting.

Now for Science. HERSCHEL was a man who, in the words of the German poet—(which?)—"made eyes of the stars, and had his soul in the blue ether." (Have I got that quotation right?—No matter, on we go.) Then there's DARWIN, of course. His idea not new. Somebody in one of DIZZY's novels says that "we were once fishes, and shall some day become crows." Then there's HUXLEY,—and TYNDALL. TYNDALL's more poetical than HUXLEY—more "coarsely materialistic" too. How can he be both? (Ask somebody this—but it doesn't matter, as I'm making a brilliant finish.) HERBERT SPENCER is DARWIN, HUXLEY, and TYNDALL all in one. And there's an end of the Evolutionists, thank Heaven!

As to Fiction. THACKERAY, DICKENS, &c., not at all bad. But do read *Donna Quixote*—beats 'em hollow. Also *Lady Judith*. GEORGE ELIOT tolerable novelist. A. TROLLOPE A 1. No time for more: off to press. Hurroo!

MONTE CRAMPTO.

(A Chapter from a recent Election Commission Romance.)

It was the old town of Veau et Jambon. It was at the time of the General Election. A Stranger had arrived. It was MONTE CRAMPTO!

Gaily the party rolled away towards *Le Crayon et l'Ardoise*, a hotel which MONTE CRAMPTO, the mysterious stranger, had hired at enormous expense.

"Why, he has prepared quite a *fête* for us!" said the Baronne. "Behold what a brave show these flags make!"

She was right. Hesitating at no expense when the pleasure of his guests was concerned, the town of Veau et Jambon was richly decorated with flags by MONTE CRAMPTO.

"Quick! see them!" said L'OURS NOIR. "Why, one, two—there are six persons making promenades on the Pier. Such a sight has ne'er gladdened my eyes before."

"MONTE CRAMPTO," replied the Prince, "does nothing by the half. All enjoy his bounty. He has thrown the Pier open free. Hence the crowd you behold."

"And the dead walls of the town," said DE LA BOUCHERIE, "they are all gaily hidden. Oh, it is beautiful!"

And so it was, for every available inch of wall-space was covered with what looked like tapestry, bearing for device—

VOTE FOR MONTE CRAMPTO! VOTE EARLY AND OFTEN!!

VOTE FOR MONTE CRAMPTO!!!

The guests did full justice to a sumptuous repast, presided over by their munificent host, which would have recalled LUCULLUS to their minds had they ever heard of him.

"But you eat not yourself!" said the Baronne.

"My tastes are ascetic," replied MONTE CRAMPTO, with his calm, cold manner.

"But this ham is uncommon good," said the Prince.

"It is the ham of York. I'm glad it is good. I care not what I spend, but I hate to be cheated. That ham costs me seven-and-sixpence the pound."

"This beefsteak-pie is superb, Count MONTE CRAMPTO."

"A mere bagatelle. Fifteen guineas they charged me for it."

"So crisp, so sweet, so fresh is this celery, that you must try it."

"A poor, humble vegetable," replied MONTE CRAMPTO, still calm and cold, "half a sovereign a stick."

"I enjoyed the beer—"

"At three shillings the glass, beer, I believe, ought to be good."

"—but this gin is very magnificent."

"I am happy," said MONTE CRAMPTO, still calm and cold, "they but ask me twenty or thirty-five shillings the bottle."

"And you know not," asked LES TREES HEUREUX POSTILLONS, "what it precisely stands you in?"

"Bah!" replied MONTE CRAMPTO, "when one spends thirty, or forty, or fifty thousand a year, one is not apt to think of trifles."

The guests shortly afterwards took their departure.

(To be discontinued.)

OUR LITTLE GAMES.



A CENT-PER-SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.

The following letter is understood to be on its way from Constantinople to Berlin.

Stamboul.

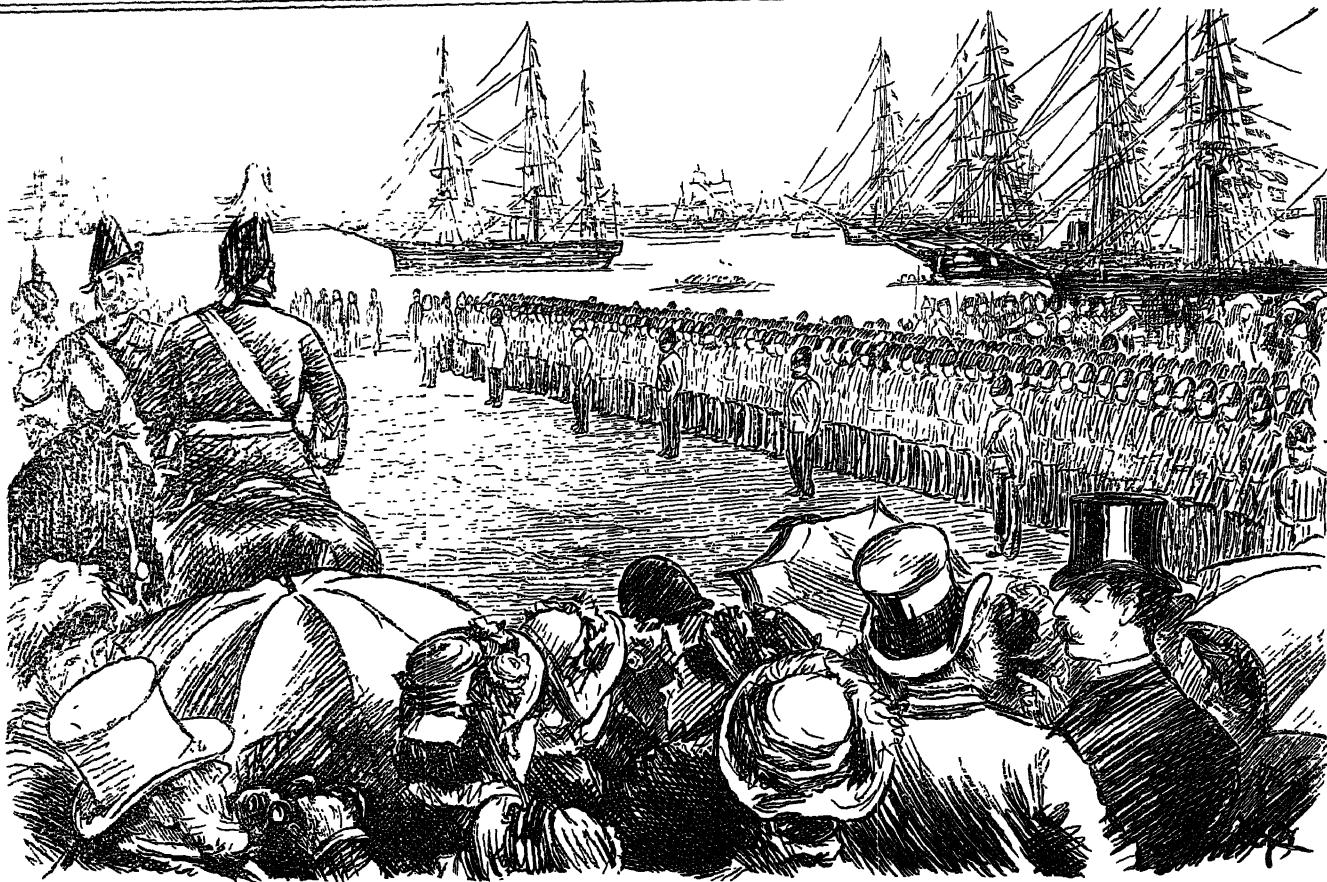
The SULTAN presents his compliments to Prince VON BISMARCK, and regrets to note that His Excellency is embarrassed by the presence of certain members of an ancient race within the dominions of His Imperial and Royal Majesty the Emperor King. The SULTAN, in continuance of the enlightened policy of his august predecessors, has striven to the utmost to oblige the whole of Europe. From the benevolence of his heart His Majesty would now assist His Excellency. The SULTAN and his subjects have no sort of objection to Israelites; they scarcely understand the meaning of the word *Judenhass*. He thinks the Christian hass just as big a donkey as the Judenhass. The Sublime Porte is too civilised, too business-like, to feel any prejudice about a question of race. Under these circumstances His Majesty with all his heart invites the Hebrews resident in Germany to leave Prussia and to take up their abode in His Majesty's dominions. They will certainly be allowed to partake in the financial arrangements of the country, and will be encouraged to enter upon commercial transactions of vast proportions. Such an arrangement will doubtless be most satisfactory to Prince VON BISMARCK. It will also be very agreeable to His Majesty. The SULTAN has no sort of objection to the Jews. On the contrary, *he feels that he cannot get on without them!*

(Dated) The Last Day of Courban Bairam Festival.

Bishops and Doctors.

"I am not ashamed to say I have a son a doctor."—*Speech of the Bishop of Liverpool to Medical Men.*

How kind of the Bishop, and how patronising,
And yet to his *Punch* 'tis a little surprising,
That speaking to medical men there in session,
He dared speak of shame and a noble profession.
A Bishop looks after our souls, but how odd is
The sneer that's implied at the curers of bodies.
For surely it would be no hard task to fish up,
A hundred brave Doctors as good as the Bishop.



OUR DEFENDERS.

First Spectator (Diplomatic Service, home on leave). "WHAT MILITARY SCHOOL IS THIS?—THESE LITTLE FELLOWS HERE, DRAWN UP ON THE RIGHT!"

Second Spectator (his Father, Retired General). "SCHOOL! LITTLE FELLOWS! WHY, BLESS YOUR SOUL, MY DEAR BOY, THAT'S THE OLD ROYAL BLANKSHIRE BUFFS! HER MAJ'TY'S TWELFTH-DOZENTH REG'MENT O' THE LINE!!"

LIBERTY'S LICENCE!

THERE came to our shores a poor exile dejected,
Who saw in the distance his country depart;
He had buried in France all the faith he respected,
And the love of a patriot died in his heart.
"I have come here," he said, "just to warn, not to win you,
To point to the rocks and the breakers ahead;
Be true, in these days, to the light that is in you—
There'll be darkness in England when Liberty's dead!
"When Governments call us to stand and deliver,
In highwayman fashion, denying all right
Of property, conscience, of gift and of giver,
When custom is nought, and might only is right;
When the will of a father or mother is doubted
To teach what they choose to the boys they have bred;
When possession is scorned, and when justice is scouted,
Then I ask for an answer—'Is Liberty dead?'

"Is Republican fury to harass and harry
The men who have given brave blood for their land—
To turn away Peace from her olive, and carry
A Communist cry with an arrogant hand?
When they banish the friends of the sick and the dying,
And call back base women of crimes in their stead;
When subjects are slaves, and society sighing
For honour!—Don't ask me, 'Is Liberty dead?'

"They dug at the roots that MONTALEMBERT planted,
When Liberal France was fraternal as well,
The landmarks are gone that our history granted,
Of safety our tyrants have sounded the knell.
They bind us with seals of the laws they have broken,
And pistols of policy hold at our head;

The pen may not publish the words they have spoken,
But the sword is the token that Liberty's dead!

"It is freedom of action, most truly, to banish
The men who would die for their freedom of thought;
But where are their Radical creeds?—well, they vanish.
And whence the Republican spirit?—it's bought.
When the men, without blame, are denied contemplation,
And the women are cursed who our starving have fed,
Then, I say, that a crime has disfigured the nation
That scatters the victims of Liberty dead!

"I have come a poor exile, a friend, not a stranger,
For England is near me—America far.
Here hunted from home I am out of all danger;
I'm weary of stripes and have followed the star.
And it still shines in England—be true to its warning,
Be firm in the faith for which Englishmen bled.
Night settles on France; but your land is the morning,
Where Liberty lives and where Tyranny's dead!"

What are we Coming to Next?

THE following advertisement from a contemporary seems to denote a strange demand:—

YOUTH wanted for the bar. No knowledge of the business required.
Apply, &c.

But there are hundreds of talented young men, all McPHUNKIES, who are doubtless admirably qualified to fill the vacant position.

COMPARATIVE PLEASURE.—The great Gale last week wasn't enough for the Parisians, so they had a Gala performance in honour of OFFENBACH. Another Gale at Lillie Bridge this week; case of "Walker."



THE NEW STAMP DUTY.

MR. FAWCETT. "NOW, THEN, ALL OF YOU, 'IN FOR A PENNY IN FOR A POUND.'"

"Mr. Fawcett's scheme brings saving within everybody's reach."—*Times*.



THE NEW BUTLER.

"AND ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND?"
"No, SIR. THE LITTLE I EVER DO IN THAT LINE IS WITH THE HANABAPTISTS."

BILLINGSGATE BILLINGSGATED.

LOWEE Thames Street is a narrow passage at the side of the Thames, about broad enough for a wheelbarrow. It is called Lower Thames Street, it being almost impossible for the Corporation to sink lower, or for the street to be in a lower condition. It is guarded at one end by an old fortress called the Tower, where big guns, some Beefeaters, and a small army are kept to repel any foreign invasion. The guns and the army might be sent where they are more wanted, as no foreigner in his senses would invade Lower Thames Street, or come willingly within a mile of it. If the delicate odour did not kill him, it would drive him away as a warning to other invaders. This pervading perfume—which outspoken people inclined to "Billingsgate" would term "stench"—comes principally from a crowded fish-market, called Billingsgate, which has been re-built at great expense by the Corporation, when it ought to have been removed, and partly from the unsavoury proceedings of the Thames Street fishmongers. As usual with all London Markets, the highway and the neighbouring streets are seized by the marketers, and flooded with filthy slime from scores of dripping fish-carts. Rotten fish and anatomical parts of fish are deposited freely in the gutters, but though the Thames flows within a few yards and there are plenty of appliances, the art of flushing appears to be comparatively unknown to the natives. Attempts have been made by private individuals to lessen this evil by starting rival and more favourably placed markets, but the founder of Hungerford Market did not succeed, and the advisers of a certain charitable Lady spent £250,000 in a set of cloisters at Bethnal Green, which could not be created a fish-market by simply calling them a market. A calculation has been made that more wine is drunk at the City feasts in the course of the year than water is used by the Corporation to cleanse Lower Thames Street, and yet the inhabitants of Billingsgate have coolly asked the Metropolitan Board of Works to request the Corporation to make new thoroughfares into this charming retreat. They want half the City pulled down so that the public may come freely into the dirt, when they ought to sweep up their muck, and go with clean hands to the public.

NOT YET WITHIN THE PAIL OF CIVILISATION.—London Milk.

THE CLOUD.

(After Shelley—only from another point of view.)

I BRING the rain again and again,
From the seas and rivers,
And I pour it down on the deluged town
Till it reeks and shivers.
From my skirts are shaken the floods that waken
Poor Cits with the morning light;
I shower my best till they go to rest,
And I keep up the game all night.
By the bucket and pail, like a watery flail,
I lash the wet world under
With occasional spurts of hail (which hurts)
And frequent claps of thunder.
My pall of grey from day to day
Hangs over the dripping lands,
And from hour to hour of the night I pour
Unceasing as Time's own sands.
The dreamer waking hears windows shaking,
Whipped by my lashing flood,
It splashes and sputters from spouts and gutters,
And churns the poor earth into mud.
When the morning breaks the world awakes
To another day of drench,
And the walls all reek, and the roofs all leak,
And the drains all distribute their stench;
And noses red, with colds in the head
From perpetual damp, abound,
And every throat from the buttoned-up coat
Emitteth a bronchial sound.
Wheresoever you go it is blow, blow, blow!
With complaints of rheumatic pain.
And I all the while in the dark sky smile,
Whilst the world seems dissolving in rain.
The dainty maiden, with tennis-bat laden,
In vain prepares for sport;
For with heavy wet I have soaked the net,
And utterly swamped the Court.
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof
O'er the sodden cricket-ground,
Keeping all things damp as a dripping lamp
All the summer season round,
Until most mankind goes half out of its mind,
And the damp earth seems half drowned.
I am the daughter of smoke and water,
The child of a cheerless sky;
All, save ducks and pumps, must be down in the
dumps
In a world that is never dry!
For after the rain, when my victims fain
Would believe in sign "set fair,"
And ginghams are furled, and waterproofs hurled
Into corners, anywhere.
I silently laugh at my own cruel chaff;
And deriding man's hopes so vain,
From a sky all gloom, to an earth like a tomb,
I come down a drencher again!

Who Will Collar it?

THE Horse-Guards are going a-head. The other day they taught half a troop of cavalry the importance of knowing how to move about twenty-four hours without provisions. They have now shown energy in another direction. The distinguishing badges are to be removed from the collar to the sleeve throughout the entire British Army. As this trifling improvement will put about £30,000 into somebody's pocket, the policy that prompted it, though dashing, can scarcely be said to involve "neck or nothing."

"Ads. and Ends."

A CLIPPING Correspondent from New York sends us this:—

WAITER.—By a highly respectable, genteel coloured youth, in a family of refinement and wealth; is a waiter by birth and education; understands making salads; age 21; has not yet approached the altar of Hymen; heart and hands are still unfeathered; only parties of the highest social standing telegraph or address.

"Waiter by birth" is good. He oughtn't to be kept waiting long.

ALL UP WITH ENGLAND.

It being with England all up,
haul down the English flag. The
old country is worn out. Already
in the records we can read—

"November 16, 1880.—Championship of the World sculled for
on English waters by EDWARD
HANLAN of Canada, and EDWARD
TRICKETT of Australia. The
former handled his sculls with
such skill and dexterity as to
cover himself with honour free
from all trick(t)ry."

We shall one day read:—

"May 27, 1890. The Derby
won by an American horse, an
Australian one second, a Cana-
dian a good third."

"March 4, 1900. The Uni-
versity Boat-Race. Won, after
a good race with Yale, by Cor-
nell. The race was somewhat
remarkable owing to the fact that
neither Oxford nor Cambridge
was strong enough this year to
send a crew to Putney."

News from London.

PARISIANS are exceedingly well-informed on all foreign matters. The *Figaro*-programme tells them that Mr. HENRY HARVING receives applause and guineas with the *Corsican's Brothers*; that Mr. AUGUSTIN HARRIS possesses a success in *le Nord*; that the *Criterion* has played for more than a year in *the Sucks Betzy*; and that the *Vaudeville* has found a second *Ours Boys*.

MY LITTLE BROWN MARE.

A Song for the commencement of the Hunting Season.

SHE's rather too lean but her head's a large size,
And she hasn't the average number of eyes:
Her hind legs are not what you'd call a good pair,
And she's broken both knees, has my little brown mare.

You can find some amusement in counting each rib,
And she bites when she's hungry like mad at her crib;
When viewed from behind she seems all on the square,
She's quite a Freemason—my little brown mare.

Her paces are rather too fast, I suppose,
For she often comes down on her fine Roman nose,
And the way she takes fences makes hunting men stare,
For she backs through the gaps does my little brown mare.

She has curbs on her hocks and no hair on her knees;
She has splints and has spavins wherever you please;
Her neck, like a vulture's, is horribly bare,
But still she's a beauty, my little brown mare.

She owns an aversion to windmills and ricks,
When passing a wagon she lies down and kicks;
And the clothes of her groom she'll persistently tear—
But still she's no vice has my little brown mare.

When turned down to grass she oft strays out of bounds;
She always was famous for snapping at hounds;
And even the baby has learnt to beware
The too playful bite of my little brown mare.

She prances like mad and she jumps like a flea,
And her waltz to a brass band is something to see:
No circus had ever a horse, I declare,
That could go through the hoops like my little brown mare.

I mount her but seldom—in fact, to be plain,
Like the Frenchman, when hunting I "do not remain":
Since I've only one neck it would hardly be fair
To risk it in riding my little brown mare!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 9.



RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

AS THE DRAMATIC AUTHOR WHO TRIES TO SEE HIS WAY TO A SUCCESSFUL IRISH PEACE WITHOUT A PLOT, AND WITH "NO GREAT PROPERTIES."

EXTRACTION AND EXTORTION.

Sufferer (who has just had an Obstructionist tooth out). What! (To Cheap Dentist.) Not three shillings!

Dentist. Couldn't do it for less. Time's money to me, you see; and—(looking at his watch)—I've only charged you eighteen-pence an hour!

[Exit, to next patient.]

The Manchester Mystery.

The greatest mystery in this case is the selection of the Judge who tried it. Baron HUDDLESTON'S illness may be a reason for creating a new Judge, but it is no reason for dragging an old Judge from his retirement, who was superannuated in consequence of a physical infirmity. Justice ought not to be deaf as well as blind, especially when people have to be tried for murder.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

Mrs. RAMSBOOTHAM, Junior, writes to say that last Saturday she heard her nephew reading out from the *Times* a letter about the loss of some Affidavits. She is delighted to be able to inform anyone whom it may concern, that on visiting the Zoo, the other day, she saw a lot of Affidavits flying about their cage as happy as possible. Can these be the lost birds? she asks.

GOING IT—BY DEGREES.

FROM a circular advocating the admission of Women to Bachelors' degrees, which has been sent round to members of the University, we extract the following:—

"So much having been done—i.e., for the higher education of Women and by the London University having thrown open its Degrees to female students—What more is needed? . . . An essential element of the older University system is wanting—that of the requirement of residence. The Cambridge Higher Local Examination is well adapted to encourage women of limited resources to use such opportunities of study as they may possess; but if regarded as a provision for the sisters of our Undergraduates, it is obviously defective."

Cambridge lodging-house keepers had better advertise their apartments to let in the *Matrimonial News*. But wherever they do advertise they could give particulars as to the eligibility of the Undergraduates who happen to be "keeping" in the same house. If the Ladies (bless 'em!) once come into residence, will there be any Degrees at all except for the pale students, who, like the good Saint Anthony of old, fixed his eyes on his old brown book, and wouldn't be distracted from his work by the greatest—ahem!—Beauty of 'em all.

The only Degree List that will then be generally interesting will be the List of Prohibited Degrees which includes some Cousins and all the Aunts and Grandmothers. If Degrees are to be granted to the Spindle as well as the Spear side, let the former be Spinsters of Arts, and the latter remain Bachelors—if they can. We must give this important subject our further consideration; but if we sign the requisition, the moment it comes into operation off we go into residence at Trin. Coll., Cam., as it suddenly occurs to us we have not yet taken our M.A. "Wo, M.A.!" Ahem! How pretty the caps and gowns will be. The Head of the Undergraduates will, of course, be a blooming Cancellaria. Delightful!

A PENNY READING.

"FORSITAN hec olim meminisse juvabit," i.e., "This Post-Office Savings Bank plan will be a pleasant reminiscence of FAWCETT."



THREE JOLLY AGNOSTICS.

"AND MY WIFE, SHE SAYS, 'A MAN OUGHT TO HAVE SOME RELIGION,' SAYS SHE. (Hic.)
'RELIGION!' SAYS I. 'I AIN'T GOT 'NY, AN' I DON' WANT 'NY! ALL MY RELIGION,' SAYS
I, 'ISH COMPRISHED IN THE SHIMPLE WORD DUTY!! AN'SH 'LONG'SH I SHTICK TO THAT
I'M ALL BY'!" "EAR! 'EAR!"

ADAPTATION v. ROBBERY.

ROBBERY.

Bow Street.—A man, described as JAMES BILLING, was placed at the bar, charged with being in possession of a valuable book, the property of a Lady who gave the name of WEEDEER. The prisoner's defence was that he had found the book, and, having torn out several leaves for pipe-lights, written a few remarks on one page, and his name on the title-page, he considered he had established a new proprietary right. The Magistrate took a totally opposite view, and sent him to Newgate to take his trial.

ADAPTATION.

The Times' Newspaper—To the Editor.

Sir,—I see that a novel of mine has been dramatised, sold and bought, performed in public, abused by some papers and praised by others, all without my knowledge and consent. The title is the only thing not stolen from me,—that has been stolen from M. VICTORIEN SARDOU.

WEEDEER.

JAMES BILLING'S reply, not this time heard at *Bow Street*, but inserted as an unpaid advertisement in the leading Journal.

Sir,—I never heard of SARDOU, or a dramatic work bearing my title. The drama is not adapted from, but founded on the Lady's novel. What I intend to do with the profits of this play must always remain a question of sentiment between dramatic authors and novelists.

Note.—Book-stealers who are wise will only steal the contents of books, being careful always to buy the paper and binding.

KING LOG!

(A leaf of it—for the Coming Yachtsman.)

Monday.—Ran up ensign of R.P.Y.C. Royal Popoff Yacht Club) on my new craft, *The Bloomsbury Square*, to-day, and spun out of Sheerness like a bird with sixteen tugs. Pretty sight. Marble staircases much admired. Went all over her on horseback.

Tuesday.—Last five-and-forty guests turned up this morning. Sat down two hundred and seventy to dinner. Hurricane raging. Not a candle flickered. Told we carried away head of Margate Pier at half-past ten. Funny. Thought it was somebody dropping a soup-plate.

Wednesday.—On the Goodwins. Very pleasant. Counted seven-and-twenty wrecks break up one after another. Billiards. Masked ball. Slept like a top. Woke up in night by Ramsgate life-boat. Threatened 'em with a summons.

Thursday.—Still on Goodwins. Man on light-ship signals that if we don't get off we shall wear the bank out and spoil the Admiralty map. Polo in afternoon. Bank worn out at 11 P.M. Off, and over the light-ship.

Friday.—Light-ship still bumping under bottom. Lovely morning. Making eight-and-twenty knots an hour. Amused ourselves by planting potatoes. Raced *Calais-Douvres* into Calais, and got stuck in piers. Backed, and took away half a mile of each. Left 'em at Pegwell Bay to be mended. To bed, laughing. Fireworks.

Saturday.—Woke at 5 A.M. by light-ship coming through bottom. Have gone down suddenly, apparently off Erith. Electric light most cheerful. Evidently in for a month of it. Sit down two hundred and eighty to dinner. Instrumental concert. Dublin steamer run on the top of us. Great fun. More fireworks. All of us to bed, roaring.

The (J.) T. B. Memorial.

Suggestion to the Chairman of the Epping Forest Committee.—Take the Griffin away, and turn him loose in Epping Forest. It will afford capital sport, and in the summer it can be let out as a scarecrow.

GREEK AT CAMBRIDGE.

SHADES of PORSON and of BENTLEY! did you hover in the air O'er the Senate House in Cambridge when the Dons were gathered there?

Did you hear the strange proposal to give up Hellenic lore, That the ancient home of Scholars should produce them nevermore? Did the angry flush come mounting to each spirit's classic cheek When utilitarian monsters wanted to abolish Greek?

Will the schoolboy of the future never hear of δ, ή, τ, ι, Shall the memories of τέττα vanish like a dream of woe, HOMER, PLATO be abandoned, while the youthful mind we drench With philosophies Teutonic and the follies of the French? No! The ancient halls were faithful to the old traditions still, And the Syndicate that threatened could not work its wicked will. Greek must aye be learnt at Cambridge ere you take an Arts degree, Until Cam's Plutonian waters slide no longer to the sea!

Cold Water and Good Advice.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of one hundred jokes on "The Main Difficulty nowadays—The Water Companies." Correspondents will kindly accept the above intimation, restrain their ardour and keep their postage stamps to put in Mr. FAWCETT's box. Imagine what a fortune! A joke saved will be a penny gained.

LORD SHERBROOKE in his recent article utterly repudiates the words of ROBERT LOWE. Comparisons are odious, but the readers of *Great Expectations* will remember the case of another returned gentleman from Australia whose constant assertion it was "I won't be Low(e), dear boy. I won't be Low(e)."

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

Windsor Castle.

On my arrival at Windsor, I learned that it was necessary to obtain an order. An Order! Which?—of the Garter or the Bath? As if so, where was the Lord Chamberlain with the decorations? As I was about to make this inquiry, I was informed by an obliging Porter that "I could get all I wanted from Mr. COLLIER."

I discovered Mr. COLLIER to be a bookseller. I entered his shop with a certain awe, and submitted my request in a tone denoting extreme humility. I wanted to go over the Castle. Mr. COLLIER (or his representative) eyed me sharply, as if he would gaze through my ulster coat into my very heart to discover whether I were a Nihilist, and asked me for my name and address. Mr. COLLIER (or his representative) was polite, but stern. I fancy he would have been better satisfied had I had an heraldic sketch of my coat in one hand, and my family-tree in the other. But as I had neither with me, my address card was considered an excellent substitute for both. The order was handed to me, and I learned that it was Her MAJESTY's express command that the ticket should be delivered gratis, but that I might buy a Guide-Book.

I approached the Castle, and was immediately surrounded by a number of individuals, who had been lying in wait for me from the time of my quitting the bookseller's, and now insisted that they were sure I wanted a guide. I haughtily repudiated the notion, and tried to look as if I hadn't come with an order, but was merely going to make a friendly call. After a while they reluctantly permitted me to continue my journey, and I reached a door.

I rang a bell, and was immediately received by a servant in full Court Livery. I jumped to the conclusion that I had made a mistake in the day, and that the Royal Family were at home, after all! I was about to leave a card, hope they were all quite well, and withdraw, when the red-coated, gold-braided footman respectfully took my name and address as a preliminary to ushering me into an apartment described by my Guide-Book as "the Queen's Audience Chamber."

I was bewildered as the thought occurred to me that perhaps I might be on the eve of receiving knighthood by mistake! A story of an obscure individual who had actually received the honour in error, passed through my mind. Had I been accepted by the Royal menial I had just passed, as a Lord Mayor, a successful General, or a superannuated Civil Servant who had come a little late? Fortunately at this moment other visitors arrived, and I felt that if there were a mistake I could pass unnoticed in the crowd. My hasty and unexplained elevation to the Knighthage would not attract attention until it appeared in the *Gazette*. The other visitors spoke in whispers, and looked anxiously towards a door.

Suddenly we were all startled by the arrival of a very distinguished-looking individual, who emerged from somewhere behind us. He wore morning-dress, and there was a dignity in his bearing telling of a life-acquaintanceship with the very highest circles of society. I was so surprised at his unexpected appearance that for a while I could not catch a word he was saying. At last I heard him talking of the Castle in a tone of easy familiarity, which warranted the conclusion that he must be a distant member of the Royal Family, a Hereditary Titular Deputy Arch-Duke, or perhaps a Hereditary Grand Duke of something ending in "itz," who, having some leisure to spare, was employing it in making himself generally useful and earning a small salary.

His Serene Highness was full of information. He gave us, with the kindest condescension possible, the subjects of the tapestry upon the walls. Now and then he added the cognomen of the painter. On these occasions His Serene Highness invariably alluded to the workman as "an artist of the name of So-and-So." I feel certain that if the Hereditary Titular Deputy Arch-Duke had had occasion to refer to the talented author of *Hamlet*, and other tragedies and poems, he would have spoken of him as "a writer of the name of SHAKESPEARE." When he had told us something about a person whose title sounded to me like "MORE DICKIE," (referred to in my Guide-Book as MORDECAR), he gracefully waved to us to enter another room. Then, when we had respectfully withdrawn, he locked all the doors of the apartment we had quitted with the dignity of a proprietor of at least fifty years standing. This air of being "quite at home and very pleased to see you" confirmed my impression that I was in the presence of a very illustrious personage indeed. It pained me to notice, however, that sometimes His Serene Highness misplaced the aspirate, and was a little uncertain about his "quantities." But this was pardonable and piquant

in a foreigner. We entered the Guard Chamber. The Hereditary Titular Deputy Arch-Duke gave the exact dimensions of the room, and pointed out two small flags that he said had been presented to the Queen by the Descendants of the Heroes of Blenheim and Waterloo. He kindly attracted our attention to one or two other little objects of a similarly interesting character. Then he looked round, and noticing a richly-chased shield, observed that "it had been exhibited at several exhibitions." He added (I believe as an after-thought) that it had been made by a foreign Artist of the name of BENVENUTO CELLINI. We now entered the St. George's, or Grand Banqueting Hall. His Serene Highness smilingly pointed to an enormous dining-table about forty yards long. "Some of the leaves have been removed," he mentioned carelessly, from which I inferred that many of the members of the Royal Family being away from Windsor, he had found the *buffet* inconveniently large, and had ordered it to be shortened to suit his personal requirements. On passing into the Grand Reception Room, his Serene Highness was good enough to give us a version of Jason and the Golden Fleece, which was illustrated in tapestry on the walls of the apartment. I could only catch a word here and there, but I believe the Hereditary Titular Deputy Arch-Duke spoke to the following effect—"There is Jason charming the Dragon. And there is Creusa, his second wife, putting on the fatal robe. And there is Medea, who has killed her children for falling out. Thinking of taking a flight to Athens, she would throw them at Jason's feet. And there is Jason wanting to kill her, but stopped by those two men, who, as you see, are restraining him."

After this exhaustive dip into classical lore, we entered several other apartments. And now our Deputy Arch-Ducal Guide began to unbend a little. Upon our admission to the Waterloo Chamber, he grew quite confidential about the domestic arrangements of the very Highest Lady in the Land. "The QUEEN," he said, "likes this room best for a dance. You see, she can put the musicians in this gallery; but in the other room she would have to build a place for the band if she used it." We all expressed ourselves thoroughly delighted at this piece of information, and felt (with the Court) quite a nice little family party. Next we went into a small dark closet, that His Serene Highness told us was a favourite dining-room of King GEORGE THE THIRD. Over the mantelpiece of this strange-looking apartment was a stained glass portrait of that eccentric monarch. "If you look in this," said His Serene Highness, pointing to a mirror immediately opposite the painting, "you will see the window reflected in it!" And, bless us! so it was!

We passed across a hall into another room. The Hereditary Titular Deputy Arch-Duke grew a little excited. He had approached the feature of the collection. He paused before a timepiece.

"It only requires winding up once a year!" he exclaimed, in triumph. "It is the only clock of the kind we have got in the Castle!" In another moment he had vanished, with the abruptness that had marked his first appearance. We saw him no more!

I stumbled up some stone steps, and found myself on the top of a tower. A jovial-looking Military Man was holding forth on the merits of the view before him. Hoping that I might be mistaken for an official visitor to the Castle, I said, languidly, "that I knew it all," as if I had been accustomed to the prospect for years.

I chatted on, and felt convinced that the Military Man believed me to be (at the very least) a Cabinet Minister in attendance upon the QUEEN, and staying in the Castle.

"You see those places down below, Sir?" he said. "In years gone by they used to be used as prisons."

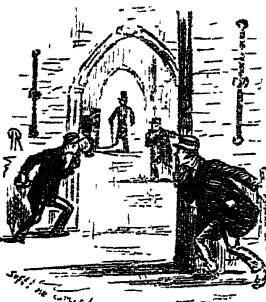
"Yes," I replied, languidly. "Dark, dreary-looking places! And so they were prisons! By the way, what are they used for now?"

"They are used now, Sir," was the prompt reply, "as bed-rooms for the guests of Her Majesty!"

To prevent any further mistakes, I returned to Town immediately!

"Which is the properest Day to Drink?"—*Old Song*.

AT Rochester, the other day, was observed a "Temperance Sunday." We don't know who observed it, but the barometer was so totally opposed to the notion, that it at once went down of its own accord, in order to prophesy a very wet Sunday.



ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

Lillie Bridge.

On receipt of an invitation to be present at "GALE'S Great Walk," I travelled down, a few days since, to West Brompton. My card of admission informed me that the feat would be performed by the pedestrian getting over "2500 miles in 1000 hours, walking 1½ miles every half-hour." I was further told that the promenade would continue "from Saturday, November 20th, 1880, to Saturday, January 1st, 1881."

Until my visit my impressions of Lillie Bridge had been rather vague. I had believed that it once had been the head-quarters of a Club given up to skating on wheels. I had heard it whispered that the Rink had been changed subsequently into a Gymnasium. I had seen on the hoardings about Town, just before Easter, large placards of men wrestling, labelled "Lillie Bridge on Good Friday," and from this I had gathered that the Club might have extended the scope of its original objects.

It has been my lot to be present at many depressing spectacles. I have visited a town immediately after a bombardment, I have seen convicts at work in a prison conducted on the silent system, I have passed through the confirmed melancholy ward of a lunatic asylum; but I never witnessed anything so utterly depressing as the grounds of Lillie Bridge during the early days of "GALE'S Great Walk."

I presented myself at half-past two on a cold and wet afternoon, a few days ago. A passage beside a Railway Station led to a deserted turnstile, over which was placed a placard giving the price of admission. The label had been altered from some larger sum to six-pence. As I reached the stile, a youth, who had been walking away, returned hurriedly, and seemed surprised to find that I desired admission. However, the exhibition of my card, inscribed "Admit Representative of *Punch*—H. B. GREEN, Manager," obtained ready recognition, and the lad was good enough to conduct me into the grounds.

At first I could hardly believe my eyes. I was prepared for a melancholy sight, but not for solitude. I had fancied that Mr. GALE

would have been surrounded by enthusiastic admirers and supporters, who would occasionally break into bursts of loud applause. I had even thought it possible that there might be some flags and a band. The place was quite empty, with the exception of two little men toiling round a heavy sodden track. One was Mr. GALE, and the other was his attendant. The first (in the distance) looked like a criminal lunatic doing his exercise, and the last like his keeper.

After learning from the youth that I was free of the place and might go where I pleased, I looked around me. I was standing on a large piece of uncultivated ground. There were two tracks—one was being used for the "Great Walk," the other was being slowly flooded

from a running tap of water. On one side were the walls of Brompton Cemetery; on the other, a number of new taverns and small dwelling-houses, amidst which towered a workshop that had come to grief, and was now in the hands of the auctioneers. On the north were some ramshackle refreshment-rooms, apparently closed for the winter; on the south some low building that looked like a laundry or a Parish Union. The principal features of the grounds themselves were a small unfinished iron summer-house, and a swing that seemingly was the forgotten remnant of a long-past country fair. In a corner were two cannons of ancient make, that might have belonged to a Volunteer Corps that had left them there after being disbanded. Near the unfinished iron summer house was a board recording the number of miles that had been walked, by the limping pedestrian now coming towards me.

"Two!" was shouted as I stood looking at the dismal scene in the drizzling rain. It was the only sound I had heard since entering the grounds, with the exception of the cemetery bell hard-by, which was tolling every minute in compliment to an approaching funeral. The Pedestrian, with a peculiar swinging gait, passed on and commenced Lap Three. As I stood, note-book in hand, an Official joined me. He was very civil and full of information. Yes, the Pedestrian had to come out every hour and half-hour to do his appointed distance. He generally took about twenty minutes, which gave him ten minutes rest. He could not sleep, but he sometimes dozed. I was not to mind the limp, it was his style, and he had had it during previous trials of endurance. I might go and talk to him. He was never tired of chattering. He had the Press to look after him. If I

liked (and this was told me as if a great favour were being conferred on me) I could come and see him walking in the middle of the night! The gate was always open, and he would be found doing his work every hour and half-hour from week's end to week's end.

"You have not many spectators," I observed.

"Well, no, they had not. My friend the Official was of opinion that they (presumably the Public) would not come much before the end. Then, he gave me to understand, they would flock to see him—if he only could last out!

"Does he ever have a band?" I asked, fancying that perhaps music might be an assistance in a "Great Walk."

The Official looked surprised. He evidently thought I was quizzing him. A band for one man! But finding I was serious, he did his best to conciliate me.

"Oh, I daresay he will have a band during the last week," he returned; and then added, as if to confirm the good opinion I certainly must now entertain of the arrangements, "And I shouldn't be surprised if they didn't give him a lot of illuminations!"

By this time the voice I had heard before had called "Three," "Four," and lastly, "Finished." Upon this the Pedestrian quitted the track, and was assisted up some steps into a large uncarpeted room surrounded with lockers. I followed him, and found two gentlemen seated at a wooden table. One was cutting out extracts from a sporting paper, the other was dividing the contents of a large dish of boiled beef, cabbages, and potatoes. Mr. GALE was assisted to take a seat on one chair, while his legs were propped up upon another. His lower man was covered with a horse-rug. I

now saw him close, and felt the sincerest pity for him. His face was thin, and his eyes seemed to be staring out of his head with an expression of intense weariness. He was wearing a cap closely drawn over his head, a rough coat, knee-breeches, woollen stockings, and a pair of heavy boots. These last had holes in them. He appeared to be a lively fellow enough, and most anxious to afford information. He would take beef, but no carrots. He was fond of beef-tea. He found the track soft now, but during the night it had been as hard as nails. He had just got through some mouthfuls of food when a bell sounded. In a moment he was on his feet, and the beef was discarded. Another bell sounded, and he was out and away once more with his attendant. The time had already arrived for him to do another mile and a quarter in the space of half-an-hour!

I followed him, and saw him again limping beside the small dwelling-house, the Parish Union, the slowly increasing pool. As he finished each lap the voice recorded the fact as before. Now he appeared to me pale, now flushed, but always distressed. And as I looked at all this I thought why has a card of invitation to witness this sorry sight been sent to "a representative of *Punch*?" There was nothing comic about it, nothing amusing. I did not laugh, and felt that no true description of the matter could provoke merriment.

I considered that the wretches of Portland would shudder at the idea of changing places with this poor creature. I knew that were a horse treated as this man was consenting to be treated, the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would interfere. But there's no Royal Society, and no power in the world that can prevent a man making an ass of himself if he chooses to do so. But why send a card of admission to "the representative of *Punch*?" Was it because many a shameful transaction has been crushed in these pages? Was it because *Mr. Punch* for nearly half a century has been a powerful advocate on the side of justice? Was it because the promoters of this stupid, cruel, degrading piece of tomfoolery wished the matter

to be placed in the proper light? Very well, then, *Mr. Punch's* Representative has done it. When I was at Lillie Bridge I did not see a single spectator who looked as if he had paid for admission, and I earnestly hope that not even "a band and illumination during the last week" will attract more visitors. But supposin' this walk kills Mr. GALE, what will be the Coroner's verdict? His own fault? or whose?

As I left, the voice was crying "Finished" to the appropriate accompaniment of a tolling bell—in the neighbouring Cemetery!



ON THE TRACK.



REST! (TEN MINUTES IN EACH HALF-HOUR.)



"FINISHED!"

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!!



A HURRY-skurry on the staircase! loud cries of excited people clamouring for instant audience. Calm, dignified, serene, *Mr. Punch* rose to the occasion, but before he could utter a word the folding-doors were burst open, and in rushed, *pelle mêle*, a crowd of highly respectable but almost frenzied individuals with books under their arms, books in their hands, books in their pockets, books on their heads, while several turbulent persons in the rear were wildly waving illustrations, games, picture-books, packets of cards, and vociferating all at once.

"May I ask the cause of this intrusion?" inquired *Mr. Punch* with the utmost composure.

"Christmas is coming!" they shouted.

"I am aware of the fact," replied the Sage; "and if my old friend is on the staircase, I regret that he will be compelled to wait till the twenty-fifth of next month."

"No! no!" they shouted again. "Look here! We've brought—"

The Philosopher of Fleet Street held up his hand, and commanded silence. He had recognised some familiar faces.

"I think," he said, smiling graciously, "I am addressing my excellent friends, the Publishers of Christmas Books for Children—"

"You are! You are!" they cried.

"Also the Publishers of charming Christmas Cards—"

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed the representatives of several eminent firms, dancing with delight at the recognition.

"And, if I mistake not, I see amongst you Artists and Authors whose works have delighted our dear children—for all children are *Mr. Punch's* pets—for many years past?"

"You do! You do!" was the grateful and subdued murmur.

"Then," said *Mr. Punch*, practically, "let's see what you've got."

First he warmly congratulated Miss KATE GREENAWAY on her *Birthday Book for Children*, with verses for every day in the year, by Mrs. SALE BARBER. "A most dainty little work," observed the Sage, "and a really happy thought for Christmas." *Splashes of Ink Explained*, by Mr. C. J. LILLIE, was then brought under his notice. "Not exactly the aesthetic lily and peacock feather, I am glad to see," observed *Mr. Punch*, pleasantly; "but what capital things for children to imitate with a nice new bright-patterned table-cloth and lots of ink! What fun!" Turning to Mr. MACMILLAN, he congratulated him on the possession of such a treasure as the *Necklace of Princess Fiorimunda*, manufactured by MARY DE MORGAN, and magnificently set by Mr. WALTER CRANE. "A real gem," said *Mr. Punch*. He smiled pleasantly on Mr. SAMBOUREN'S *Sandford and Merton*, and shook hands warmly with some old friends of Mr. CHARLES KEENE'S called *Our People*, presented on their re-publication in a collected form by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW.

Then he examined Mr. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE'S *Every Boy's Annual*, full of adventures by land and sea, with stories of Hardy Mountaineers' Ascents, by Mr. HENRY FRITH, Anecdotes of Sharks, by Lieutenant Low, and riddles, and pictures, and charades, and games, and "square words," and everything that every boy ought to know, and enough to keep every boy amused for the entire year. "In your *Fortune-Telling Book*," said the Philosopher, "I see a fortune; and as my dancing days are not by any means over, I should like to join in your *Singing Quadrille*, with its nursery rhymes set to music, and if I 'sat out' I could delight the children with the amusing designs of Messrs. STAPLES, CORBOULD, and LONGMUIR."

Mr. Punch fell back in his chair, as about fifty new books were placed before him. "I shall never get through all these. But stop," he cried, and he selected one from the lot, "this does take my fancy." In a second he had skimmed through it, and put it by for further perusal. It was Mrs. LOCKER'S *What the Blackbird Said*, illustrated by R. CALDECOTT.

Then he looked through *Pansie's Flour Bin*. "A sort of relation to my dear friend *Alice in Wonderland* I perceive," he observed. "The finish in Sky Land is very pretty, and not too much over the heads of the young people for whom it was intended. Now then, what's on the cards?" he asked, taking up several packs. It was impossible to award special praise to any set where all were so good. *Toby* pronounced Messrs. HILDESEIMER'S "Dogs" to be a real novelty, and *Mr. Punch* selected the Children's Parties, and the Little Babies, and the pictures of Snow-Balling and Skating with verses by F. E. WEATHERLY as very seasonable and cold weatherly. *De La Rue's* Christmas Cards, done in satin for sending by post to friends abroad, are charmingly executed. The ivory cards issued by J. WALKER & Co., hand-painted, "are," said *Mr. Punch*, "simply exquisite." *Mr. Rothe's* cards are specially appropriate where



DEFINITIVE.

Board Schoolmaster (desiring to explain the word "Conceited," which had occurred in the course of the Reading Lesson). "Now, Boys, suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal o' Latin for instance, or that my personal appearance was—that I was very good-looking, y' know—what should you say I was?"

Straightforward Boy (who had "caught the Speaker's eye"). "I sh' say you was a LIAR, S'!"

merriment might jar, and those issued by the Fine Art Publisher, Mr. Luks, are elegant in design, and marvellous in execution. The Sage suggested they should be called *affaires de Luks*. At all events," he added, "I like the *luks* of 'em." The cry was still "they come," and *Mr. Punch's* table was strewn with Christmas leaves.

A chorus of children's voices arose without. They had somehow heard the news, and were preparing to besiege their old friend in his own brown study. But on one point he was inflexible.

"You shan't see anything till the proper time," he called out to them; "and not then if you're not good."

"We will be so good!" was the answer.

"Bless you, my children!" returned *Mr. Punch*, paternally. "You shall take them and be happy—at Christmas!"

The Deputation having thanked *Mr. Punch* most cordially, were about to withdraw, when the Sage of Fleet Street intimated that he had just one request to make.

"Will you kindly inscribe your names," he said, "in the new *Guest-Book* provided by Messrs. MARCUS WARD & Co., for 'recording the Visits of Friends.' It is arranged on a plan for making notes and observations, which will provide a fund of amusement for many a hospitable country-house this coming Christmas. Gentlemen, the book is in the ante-chamber. *Toby*, conduct the Deputation to the dining-room, and see that they are served with the best of everything. The compliments of the forthcoming Season to you, Gentlemen!"

"Same to you, Old Boy, and many of 'em!" they shouted with one voice as they quitted the room and descended the staircase.

"Now," said *Mr. Punch* to himself, "for a grateful hannah and half-an-hour's quiet enjoyment over Mr. CALDECOTT'S *Three Jovial Huntsmen* to begin with, and his *Blackbirds baked in a Pie* to follow."

And as he opened the books his eyes twinkled with delight at the thoughts of the pleasure in store for all his children of all ages and all sorts and sizes.

PORK-CORNERS AND PIG-STYES.

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many pigs I see," &c.

PORK has suddenly become a topic. The *Times* has devoted a leader to it, and most of the other papers have treated it as a subject of importance. It has been served up with sage remarks and journalistic sance. Chicago in America, and Wednesbury in Staffordshire, England, are responsible for this. In Chicago a firm of speculators have made more than a million sterling by what is called a "pork-corner." In England a pork-corner is generally understood to mean a pig-stye, but in America it means a "ring"—a combination to forestall the market, and to raise prices by creating an artificial scarcity. In Wednesbury the pork-corner was a far more humble matter. The inhabitants wished to live with their pigs on terms of domestic intimacy, probably without a thought of cooking, and they held a meeting at the Town-Hall to protest against the tyrannical action of the Local Government Board in placing difficulties in the way of realising this happy state of existence. In America, Dr. WATTS's poem, as improved by Dr. JOHNSON, may be published without any alteration; but in England a new reading is evidently necessary:

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many pigs I see;
How thankful I should be to those
Who made a pig of me!"

FOR DR. BIRCH'S YOUNG FRIENDS.

LAST week, *The Guardian* informs us, the Marchioness CONYNGHAM laid the foundation stone of the Smack Boys' Home at Rams-gate. Now then, Sir WILLIAM, here's a place for your juvenile offenders.

BOOTHFUL STAR!

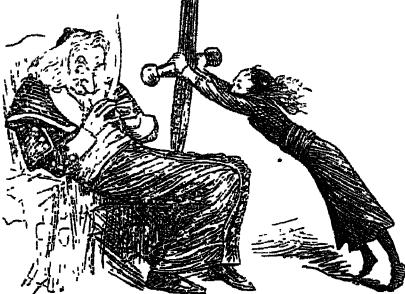
THE best ornament in Mr. Gooch's re-decorated Princess's is our American Cousin, Mr. EDWIN BOOTH, tragedian. Mr. Booth is disappointing as *Cardinal Richelieu*—only, be it understood, agreeably disappointing. His performance is free from vulgar rant, but it is wanting in light and shade. He evidently saves himself for one great situation, which brings the house down, and which should also bring the curtain down, as, after this, every effort to the end of the Act is an anti-climax. Mr. Booth, with his admirable stage face, and got up to represent *Cardinal Richelieu*, could be like no other person but his Eminence did he not bear a strongly-marked resemblance to Mr. CLARENCE HOLT as the American Detective in *New Babylon*. Perhaps the similarity may be suggested by the "goatee," which was as common in France and England at that period as it is nowadays in America. At all events, Mr. CLARENCE HOLT wore it as typical of the American, and it just gives Mr. Booth's *Cardinal* that 'cute Yankee appearance which a cigar, the received would com- this accidental tracts from Booth's por- liou, as Mr. Mr. Booth. us of Mr. gives us of the hacking chuckle a



BITTER ARMAND DE RICHELIEU, OR THE 'CUTE CARDINAL.'

HOLY ARMAND DE RICHELIEU may be like both the *Cardinal* and In manner Mr. Booth frequently reminds PHÆRS, only without the growl. He throughout his stage business, too much cough and the chuckle. Were he to little less, he would not be so liable to

this troublesome affection of the throat, which his supply of lozenges is apparently powerless to alleviate. Why not try the "Cough No More" between the Acts? (N.B.—This is not an advertisement.) With his private box of sweeties he might be described as a sucking Cardinal. No doubt Mr. Booth has carefully studied the costume, but we are curious to know what authority he has for *Richelieu* in a yellow



"VOICI LE SABRE DE MON PÈRE!"

dressing-gown trimmed with fur?—a robe far more appropriate to an old *beau* like *Sir Harcourt Courtly* in his reception-chamber. This is a detail, but not unimportant in what is intended for an historical portrait. And while on details—we are glad to learn that coals were so plentiful in France at that period, judging, that is, from the fireplace in the *Cardinal's* Palace. There might have been a log or two thrown on just for appearance sake, but perhaps all the sticks were otherwise employed.

Oh, Mr. Gooch! call this "support" a backing of your friends? Why, with the not very brilliant exception—but still exception—of Mr. EDMUND LEATHES as *Louis the Thirteenth*, and, of course, "Honest JOHN" RYDER as the Monk *Joseph*, the "support" given to Mr. Booth is of the feeblest possible description. Fortunately for Mr. Booth, his strongest "support" will come from the English public, which is thoroughly capable of appreciating all the finest points of his performance. Mr. CARTWRIGHT as *Adrien de Mauprat* treats us to a sort of "Reminiscences-of-Irving" entertainment, and a peculiar intonation, which if intended as a specimen of ventriloquism is not absolutely without merit, but if meant to convey the idea of earnestness or passion, scarcely achieves its object. Had Miss

FATHER RYDER.
"THERE ARE CHORDS
—BUT NOT FOR
JOSEPH."

GERARD as *Julie* simply to look pretty she would be a pronounced success; but, unfortunately, the part requires some little acting, and though it is only fair to her to say that she does give us as little as possible, yet that little is not strong. The appearance of Mr. SWINBURNE, in the double character (according to the bills), of Mr. REDMUND and *Baradas*, suggests the notion of an overfed tenor very much out of training, and constantly disappointing the public by not indulging in a Solo. He is described by *Richelieu* as "that smileless man,"—(good idea for a song by Mr. GROSSMITH,—"He was such a Smileless Man!"—rights reserved,)—but if *Richelieu* had been in front he would soon have corrected that mistaken impression, as *Baradas* was perpetually smiling, and smiling "horribly." He was murdering with a smile the whole time; but this, of course, was his artful way of masking his deep-dyed villainy.

On *François* (Mr. YOUNG) *Richelieu* has to impress that there is "no such word as fail,"—a very necessary lesson:—only what matter the word when we have the thing itself? as the Frenchman said of the absence from the English language of any equivalent for *ennui*.

MR. W. YOUNG has an expressive eye: the right being the more expressive of the two, at least, he lets us see more of it than the other, which he is constantly closing into a spasmodic "I-know-all-about-it-and-I'm-up-to-you" sort of wink. Perhaps, (this being a historical play) *François* did wink in this manner.

But what a tawdry fustian theatrical play it is! only redeemed from burlesque absurdity by some fine lines here and there, and by certain telling situations which are known as "Actor's chances." By these alone, but specially by these last, it has held possession of the stage, and in powerful hands it may hold its own for many years to come.

What a foolish muddle-headed plot! What utterly farcical and impossible dialogues between the *Cardinal* and his confidant, *Joseph*, who are little better than a couple of mountebanks in ecclesiastical habits. A warming-pan might long ago have been introduced with advantage in the bedroom scene. Mr. BOOTH wisely avoids the Bulwer-and-Macready tradition of thrusting out his head or from behind a curtain, in the warming-pan and bedroom scene, and screaming with laughter at the approach of the conspirators, who, headed by the transpontine melodramatic ruffian, *Huguet*, are "heard without." In fact, his performance throughout errs rather on the side of caution. His great scene startles us by its sudden passion, but it does not strike us with awe for his priestly dignity, and the impression is so transient, that on recovering from our surprise, we feel angry at having been imposed upon by so shallow a trick as that just practised upon *Baradas* by this veteran practical joker, who can thus trifile with the most sacred subjects.

The bathos of the speech itself is only equalled by the celebrated anathema in the *Jackdaw of Rheims*, which, if given by a powerful tragedian, would tell with as thrilling effect as does this "Curse of Rome" in *Richelieu*. However, these are the faults of the play, not of the actor, who in this scene recognises a dramatic opportunity big enough to cover a multitude of absurdities. From what we have seen of Mr. BOOTH, we should imagine that one of his best impersonations will be *Bertuccio* in the *Fool's Revenge*.

At the Criterion, *Where is the Cat?* has been produced. The author was anonymous until Mr. WYNNDHAM, in a burst of candour, let the Cat out of the bag, and informed the first-night audience that it was Mr. ALBERY, who seems to have thought that



JULIE—TRÈS JULIE.



BARADAS, A JOWLY BAD CHAP.



YOUNG ACO-LYTE COMEDIAN GOING IT "LIKE WINKING."

everybody had been troubling their heads about him and his work since his last appearance on the boards at the Vaudeville. Bless his sublime innocence! Why, to the majority of the public, the personality of any dramatic author, unless he be also an actor, is as little an object of interest as that of the master carpenter or the gasman.



MR. WYNDHAM LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

ODE TO MY CROWN DERBY.

AIE—"Darby and Joan."

DERBY dear, you are cracked and old ;
Fifty years since you last were sold,
Saucer and cup, as they packed you up,
And the years rolled on.
Derby dear, if the world goes wry,
Fret at no trouble or loss shall I ;
Ah, my Crown Derby, you'll cheer me then.
All else may go, so as you remain.
Always the same, Derby my own !
Always the same, with your D and Crown.
Derby dear, but my heart was wild
When a cup was smashed by a careless child,
Until one whispered, "Diamond Cement,"
Then my grief found vent.
Derby dear, when a loving hand
Mended you neatly and made you stand,
Ah, my cup ! as I wiped each tear,
Never had china appeared more dear.
Always the same, Derby my own !
Always the same with your D and Crown.
Cup in hand, when my life is May ;
Cup in hand, when my hair turns grey ;
Saucer and cup, as they packed you up,
In the years that are gone.
Cup in hand, till it's past bedtime,
And I sadly part till the morning prime.
Ah, my cup, how I nurse you then,
Till I've to leave you for town at ten.
Always the same, Derby my own !
Always the same, with your D and Crown.

Journalistic Enterprise.

No less than five leading papers telegraphed full particulars of a rough-and-tumble fight in a Parisian pot-house, in which one combatant used the marble top of a table, and the other a pair of decanters. The fighters were said to be Corsicans—not *Brothers and Co.*—and a *vendetta* was expected; but, according to the latest telegrams from Our Own Correspondent, the affair has ended in a rather tame duel. If any further intelligence arrives connected with this affair, we will publish it in a special edition.

THE PLAY KING.

(Not included in Mr. Tennyson's New Volume.)

You may take and bill me early, bill me early, HENRY dear;
I'm going to make the biggest hit of all the coming year;
Of all the coming year, HENRY, the safest spec to pay;
For I'm going to write you a play, HENRY, I'm going to write you a play.

There's lots of blank blank verse, you know, but none so neat as mine ;
There's GILBERT, and there's WILLS, and—well, some others in their line,
But none of them are Laureates, though clever in their way ;
So I'm going to write you a play, HENRY, I'm going to write you a play.

'Twill be all right at night, HENRY, on that my name I'll stake ;
I've got a good Egyptian plot, that's safe, I'm told, to take.
You're poisoned in a temple, Miss TERRY dies at bay,—
I am writing you such a play, HENRY, I am writing you such a play.

As I came towards the theatre, whom think ye I should see,
But MESSRS. HARE and KENDAL, looking sorrowful at me ?
They were thinking of *The Falcon* I wrote but yesterday,
And they didn't ask me for a play, HENRY, they didn't ask me for a play.

I know your Ghost draws well, HENRY, but don't be in a fright,
My forte isn't stage-effect : when I write plays, I write.
You'll have five pages at a time,—as much as you can say ;
But a Poet is writing your play, HENRY, a Poet is writing your play.

Some critics tell me that my place is not behind the scenes ;
That if I must descend I might stop short at magazines.
But as *Queen Mary* from the doors the money turned away,
You must long for another big play, HENRY, you must long for another big play.

For fads and fancies grow, HENRY, to wither like the grass,—
The latest, *culture* ;—and for that, my name doth current pass.
So that's why, though I can't construct, and you feel all astray,
You've asked me to write you a play, HENRY, you've asked me to write you a play.

So take and bill me early, bill me early, HENRY dear ;
I'm going to make the biggest hit of all the coming year ;
Of all the coming year, HENRY :—and if it shouldn't pay :—
Still I shall have written your play, HENRY, I shall have written your play !

HOW IT WAS DONE.

(From a Dervish's Private Diary.)

6 A.M.—Just received telegram from Stamboul :—"Dulcigno to be occupied to-day, with a struggle." Have turned out. Nobody to struggle with. Nothing to occupy. Have wired back for further instructions.

7 A.M.—Second telegram. "Must do something. Powers pressing. GOSCHEN terrible. Can't make out *why*. So act at once. N.B.—Struggle is to prove sincerity to Europe. If nobody will fight, pay them to do it?" Have shown this to Chief of Albanian League. Wants to know the figure and will think it over.

8 A.M.—Reply to hand. Every member of League to receive "semi-detached villa in Asia Minor, and five hundred a year, recoverable on the ra-haat-la-koum duties." Shown this to Chief. He doesn't see it. Won't struggle under fifteen hundred a year (cash), and a house in the Cromwell Road.

9 A.M.—Fresh telegram from Stamboul :—"Powers unanimous. GOSCHEN has explained. Anxious about Fleet. Hasn't been heard of for weeks. Thinks if cession is accomplished it will turn up at once. Proceed with it. Conditions as to Cromwell Road granted."

10 A.M.—Shown this to Chief. Settled that we are to breakfast together, then burn blue fire, shout, play at "One, two, three, and under" in the town ditch for half-an-hour, and finally march in with a brass band.

11 A.M.—Have done this. Wired to all the Capitals of Europe that "Dulcigno has been occupied after a stubborn resistance." Breakfast excellent.

NOON.—Telegrams from all Capitals in Europe :—"Bother Dulcigno ! Have you seen the Fleet ?" Haven't. Have gone up on heights with Chief to look for it. Stuck up signal, "Row over. Come along. It's all right."

1 P.M.—Lunched with Chief and Montenegrin Commissioner. Latter very disgusted. Says he thought Dulcigno was nearly half as big as Herne Bay. Doesn't think he'll have it. Wired this to Stamboul.

2 P.M.—Reply. "He must have it. Offer him a house in the Cromwell Road, thrown in." Commissioner accepts on those terms. All of us anxious about the Fleet. Have stuck up fresh signal, in six languages, "Really there's no chance of your being wanted. Do turn up!"

3 P.M.—Glorious news. Signal seen. Fleet in sight. Have wired this to Stamboul.

4 P.M.—Answer direct from SULTAN :—"Am so glad ! Allah be praised ! Powers all relieved. GOSCHEN dancing a hornpipe. Shall receive some of your salary of year before last. Enclose you a Yellow Book sent to me anonymously. Illuminate."

5 P.M.—Have illuminated. Five o'clock tea with Chief. Mournful.

6 P.M.—To bed, rearing over Yellow Book.



WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.

Eldest Daughter. "I THINK YOU MIGHT LET ME COME OUT, MAMMA ! I'M TWENTY, YOU KNOW, AND SURELY I'VE FINISHED MY EDUCATION !"

Festive Mamma (*by no means prepared to act the part of Chaperone and Wallflower*). "NOT YET, MY LOVE. SOCIETY IS SO HOLLOW ! I REALLY MUST PRESERVE THAT SWEET GIRLISH FRESHNESS OF YOURS A LITTLE WHILE LONGER !"

ENDYMION.

THE shades of night were falling fast
Round Hughenden,—for some time past
A Statesman, working day and night,
A flowery fiction did indite—

Endymion.

His hair was dark, and you could trace
A *suspicion* of an ancient race ;
And still, in quite his early way,
He wrote of Lords and Ladies gay—

Endymion.

"Tempt not the Press," Lord Rowlton said.
"Of critics have a timely dread :
They skinned you when you wrote *Lothair*."
He answered, with his nose in air,

Endymion !

"Oh stay," the Tory said, "and make
That wicked Gladstone writhe and quake."
A twinkle flash'd from out his eye :
"I'll give him rope," he said, "and try

Endymion !

"Beware the day they may begin
To break the Treaty of Berlin !"
This was the Tory's last appeal.
He only said, "I will reveal

Endymion !

And so, when Ireland was afame,
The Eastern Question just the same,
Conservatives beheld with doubt
Their Leader bring his novel out—

Endymion.

And all who waded through the book,
Met Titles, Tailor, Prince and Dook :
What wonder it is all the rage ?
For epigram adorns thy page,
Endymion !

There, in the twilight, cold and grey,
Serene in Curzon Street he lay.
"This cheque from LONGMANS' will go far,"
A voice said. "Now for a cigar!"
Endymion !

THE GAYMARKET AGAIN !

THE make-believe and somewhat unjust prosecutions of one or two restaurant-keepers in Coventry Street, for "harbouring" the natural inhabitants of the district, appear to have satisfied the police authorities and those who put their trust in them. The mock-modesty of respectability requires some such display as this, at certain intervals, and gets it. In the meantime the favoured division of police who have been kept in possession of this Tom Tiddler's Ground for several years, are still enjoying their valuable privilege, much to the disgust of their less fortunate fellows. To smoke cigars, accept pleasant drinks, hand ladies into cabs and broughams, and occasionally hold bouquets, is far more agreeable than struggling with drunken sailors in Ratcliffe Highway, or keeping order in the turbulent alleys of Drury Lane. Our parochial rulers are doing all they can to make this Gaymarket district even more desirable. When the Coventry Street improvements are complete, there will not be a finer promenade for houseless frivolity in London.

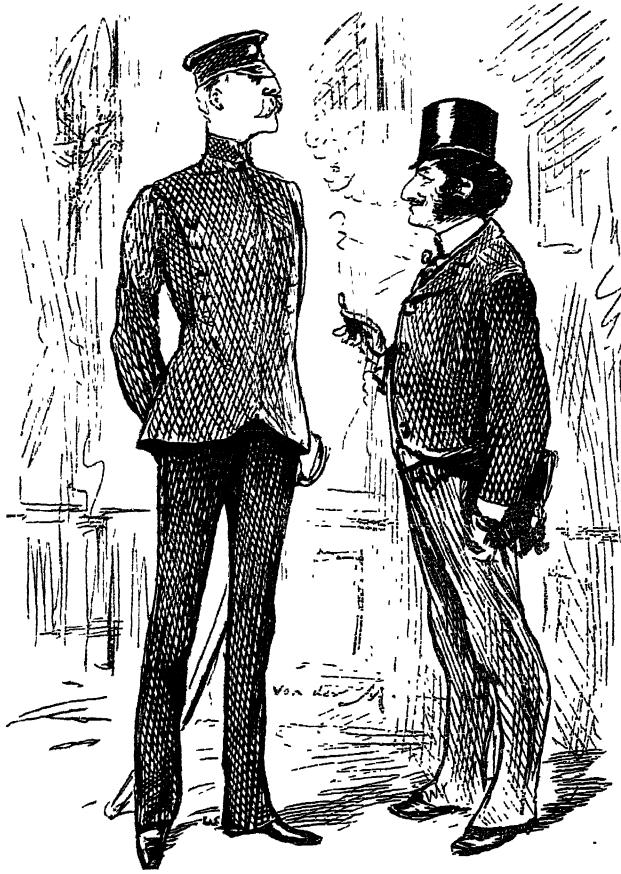
REGENT STREET NIGHT WATCH.—Not the "C Division"—the "Won't See Division."



ENDYMION.

—“AND THE MINISTER FLATTERED HIMSELF THAT BOTH THE LITERARY AND THE GRAPHIC REPRESENTATIONS OF HIMSELF IN SCARAMOUCHE MIGHT POSSIBLY FOR THE FUTURE BE MITIGATED.”—Vol. i., p. 312.

[Ahem! He did flatter himself!]



HAPPY THOUGHT! HOW TO THOLVE THE DIFFICULTY.

(Unter den Linden.)

"LOOK YOU NOW, MOTHT HIGHEBORN AND HANDTHOME, BUT QUITE IMPECOUNIOUTH AND MUTTON-HEADED HERE BARON! LET UTH KITH AND BE FRIENDTH, AND YOU THALL MARRY MY THITHTEE, AND I'LL MARRY YOUTH!"

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO STATION.

SCENE—A straggling, dirty, and draughty Railway Terminus. Enter Timid Traveller, bound for the distant wilds of Vauxhall.

Timid Traveller. Dear me, where am I? This Waterl—oh, I see! Scaffolds, hoardings, heaps, much dust, many nasty smells,—ah! quite so! Station under repair again—though that's chronic or alteration—that's always going on, piecemeal. Hullo!

[Tumbles over an artfully planted plank, and barks his shins!]

Stalwart Myrmidon in Policeman's uniform. Now, then, Guy'nor, 'old 'em hump, can't yer? Mustn't 'ave old gents a-tumbling about all over the shop like this, yer know.

Timid Traveller (subduing a disposition to hoot). Wh—when will the next train start for Vauxhall?

Myrmidon (irrelevantly, but severely). Got yer ticket?

Timid Traveller. No, no, not yet, but—

Myrmidon. Then get it, and look sharp about it. No time to spare. [Walks away, hustling any small and unimposing persons he may come across.]

Timid Traveller (out of breath, and straining his neck to speak into a sort of low-placed pigeon-hole). First single, Vauxhall, if you please.

[No response; the solitary servitor within being engaged in a noisy dispute with a third-class passenger on the other side.]

Timid Traveller (nervously). Oh, do look sharp, if you please!

Voice from Within. Keep your hair on, there!—keep your hair on!

Timid Traveller. But the train's just in—

Ticket Clerk (leisurely approaching pigeon-hole). Where for?

Timid Traveller. Vauxhall.

Ticket Clerk (having heard distinctly). Where?

Timid Traveller. Vauxhall, Vauxhall!

Ticket Clerk. Then why didn't yer say so?

[Delivers ticket with savage reluctance, and throws down change with such staccato violence that some of it falls to the floor, and rolls into distant corner.]

Myrmidon (approaching hurriedly). Now, then, what are you doing behind that door?

Timid Traveller (who has caught sight behind the door in question of a mysterious array of empty pots and glasses). Looking for a six-pence that I've dropped.

Myrmidon. Look sharp! Look sharp! You'll lose that train of yours if you don't mind.

[Timid Traveller, rushing to gate, encounters another stalwart

Myrmidon engaged in easy converse with a person of horsey appearance, and intermittently howling forth certain sounds supposed to be names of Stations.]

Timid Traveller (hurriedly). Vauxhall?

Myrmidon (to horsey man—mysteriously). You put your shirt on. She'll do the trick this time.

Timid Traveller (puzzled, thinking he is addressed). Put my shirt on? Why, it is on; and, besides—

[Myrmidon and horsey friend double themselves up in convulsions of coarse merriment.]

Myrmidon (recovering himself). What is it you want?

Timid Traveller. To know if this train goes to Vaux—

Myrmidon (violently). Yow!

[Rings big bell frantically, drowning voice of Timid Traveller, who wants to inquire whether "yow" means "yes" or "no." Timid Traveller (to another vociferating lunatic in a peaked cap). Does this train stop at Vauxhall?

Vociferating Lunatic (fortissimo). Yaas! Nar! Third Clarse forwud! Take yah Seats! Now then, you Sir, look sharp. STAND BACK THERE!!!

[Chivies Timid Traveller up and down platform, and finally, as he is plunging into a carriage, pulls him violently back by his coat-collar, and angrily abuses him, as train glides out of Station.]

Timid Traveller, much depressed, is driven forth from the gates, like a portly middle-aged Peri with a portmanteau. Seeks further information of more Myrmidons standing about in attitudes suggestive of lofty indifference, abstracted meditation, or philosophical observation of human nature in general, and well-dressed persons with promising game-baskets, in particular. The latter are the objects always of prompt attention, and often of deferential pleasantries. In the absence of such, Myrmidons occupy themselves agreeably in chaffing the News-boys, reading (gratis) the latest race-returns, shouting smart repartees over the heads of the crowd, exchanging mysterious and idiomatically-worded "tips"; gathering in groups, and talking, with much loud guffawing, back-bending, and elbow-crooking; and otherwise demeaning themselves as sporting gentlemen of airy humour and easy leisure. When a race-train comes in, they are observed to rush eagerly to their duties, which apparently consist in confidential colloquies with persons having rakish hats and race-glasses. These official occupations are agreeably varied by lively altercations with too inquisitive travellers, chuckling chaffing-matches with ladies of free deportment, and frequent visitations to those mysterious doors behind which fortuitous pots and glasses most do congregate. The Timid Traveller, whilst waiting twenty minutes for the next train, has abundant opportunity of observing these and other humours of the place. At last, bell sounds, and gates are flung open once more.

Timid Traveller (at one gate). Vauxhall?

Myrmidon (gruffly). Next gate!

[Whispers behind his hand to cad in loud "checks."]

Timid Traveller (at next gate). Vauxhall?

Myrmidon (peevishly). Next gate!

[Turns to finish his joke with a genial gent.]

Timid Traveller (at third and last gate). Vauxhall?

Myrmidon (ferociously). No! I tell you Middle Gate. Carntcher'eар?

[Nearly knocks Timid Traveller over by thrusting the gate in his face.]

Timid Traveller (picking up his hat). Oh, this is too bad, really!

Myrmidon (at centre gate, to fellow-Sportsman in helmet). Start at ten to one, I tell you.

Timid Traveller (alarmed). Ten to one? Why, you just now told me it would start at half-past twelve?

Myrmidon (after five minutes' interval for convulsions). Yah! Meant Teddy the Tiler for the Stakes—not the train! In yer go! Train jest a-startin'! Make a move of it, or you'll lose it agen, old Stick-in-the-Mud!

[Timid Traveller hastily takes his seat, shouts from the window a final inquiry, "Right for Vauxhall?" receives, in reply, a Stentorian "No!" is gaily whirled on to Clapham Junction, and finally arrives at his destination in not very much more than twice the time it would have taken him to reach it on foot.]

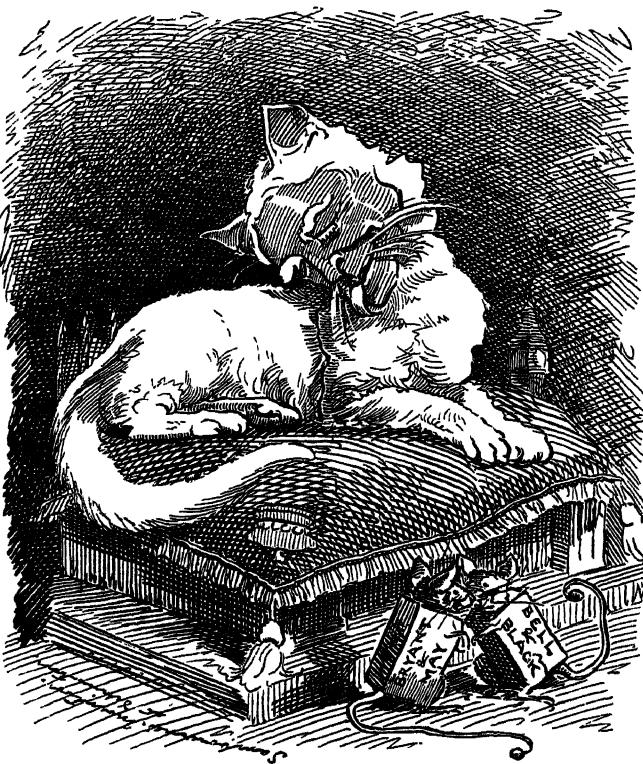
SMOKE AND FOG.

THE Committee formed to check the production of London smoke and the consequent creation of London Fog, will do well to turn their attention, in the first place, to Pall Mall. If they are under the impression that many less aristocratic neighbourhoods have a greater claim to inspection and prosecution, they are thoroughly mistaken. At four o'clock on a winter's afternoon, when the cooking furnaces of the great Clubs begin to show signs of activity, the street of palaces can compete in soot, gloom, and smoke with any quarter of Bilston, Oldham, or Wolverhampton. The great dinners of the Carlton, the Reform, and the Travellers create as much nuisance as a tin-plate factory or a dye-works. What with spongy roads, importunate crossing-sweepers, loafing cabmen, night coffee-stalls, and midnight prowlers, the inhabitants of this locality have very little to be thankful for.

New Brooms.

THE *Times* informs us that the "Brush System" of electric lighting "is to be applied to one of the dials of the Clock at the Houses of Parliament." Perhaps some member may suggest trying it inside—on the Upper House. A new brush system might make a clean sweep of it.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 10.



LORD SHERBROOKE.

NOW RAISED SO HIGH HE TRIES TO SHOW
HE QUITE FORGETS HE E'ER WAS LOWE.

BEN D'YMION.

By the Author of "Loafair," &c.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAPTER ONE.

IT was a warm and rich night in August, when the Right Hon. WILLIAM GLADSTARS* descended the celebrated eminence of Hounds-ditch Hill. He had hardly got beyond the top of Whitechapel Lane, when he met the Marquis of FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

"You are the precise person I was wanting to see," said the distinguished Statesman, lightly punching that nobleman in the region of his alimentary canal. The great are always affable.

The Marquis drew himself up. "I have but just returned from Windsor."

"From Windsor?"

"—And Newton. There's news at Newton—I mean Windsor. The King has sent for the Duke!"

Now Mr. GLADSTARS was a Tory,† and a firm believer in the Iron Duke; he could hardly restrain his delight at the intelligence. After throwing his hat into the air five times, slapping the Marquis very heartily in the small of the back, and executing a *pas seul* on the pavement, he ejaculated—

"The Duke has saved Europe!"

"Europe be blowed!" replied the Marquis, while a wrinkle of contempt disarranged his Titanic nose, and a frown gathered on his Olympian brow. "England doesn't want savings, unless in Fossor's Post Office. She wants some one to save England." Then, clutching GLADSTARS violently by the arm, at the same time foaming slightly at the mouth, he exclaimed, "It may be my fancy, but I can't resist the impression,—a change is coming!"

"I should welcome any change," remarked the Privy Councillor, "that took your hand off my biceps. 'Tis positive torture I endure."

"Endure!" said the Marquis, decidedly; "everything comes to him who can endure."

* *Earl to Editor.*—See the joke? They'll think I mean this for W. E. G. But do I? Watch me carefully, and you'll see—what you will see.

† *Some to save.*—Who is it now, eh? Mixed 'em up already, you see.

‡ *Earl to Editor.*—Almost prophetic, they'll think, won't they? Aha! *Editor now.* I slept it in at the last moment just as it was off to press! Good that, eh?

THE MUFFIN-BELL.

THE Marylebone police, who have evidently given up all search for the Harley Street murderer, are now devoting all their unemployed energy to the extinction of muffin-bells. A poor muffin-seller was summoned for unlawfully using a noisy instrument, to wit, a bell, his defence being that he had a bad cold, and no other means of earning a living. The Magistrate rather defended him on the score of the antiquity of muffin-bells, and adjourned the case. If the police, during the suspension of their more serious duties, are resolved to run-a-muck against bells, there is plenty of work for them to do, especially on Sundays. There are dismal, persistent, and monotonous ding-dongs, coming from chapels of all denominations, that are enough to drive the impious mad, and the pious into idiocy.

Credat Judæus.

THE Divinity Professors at Cambridge have selected, among other subjects for the Jeremie Prize, the "Dialogue with TRYPHO the Jew." Prince BISMARCK will compete. Should he fail in coming out first, he will receive an honorary or Jeremie Diddler prize.

MEM. FOR MOTHERS.—A weakly child should be brought up by a Monthly Nurse.

And parting, the two Statesmen pursued their respective courses; the nobleman wrapped his emblazoned cloak round his Corinthian form, and dived into the Dead Meat Market, while the Right Hon. GLADSTARS proceeded on the knife-board of a City bus to the office of the *Quarterly Screamer*.

CHAPTER TWO.

SEMOLINA was the Empress of London, of fashion, and of the Tory Party. She was always at home to her intimates, so she did not get much exercise; at this moment she was reclining on a brilliant sofa, a majestic footstool at her feet, supported by romantic cushions.

In a low chair just in front of her, with bib and pinafore on, and catching up every word that fell from her lips, sat a Great Personage. A couple of Bishops and a Cabinet Minister were playing at cat's-craddle in an alcove; while, more remote, some dames of high degree were surrounded by cavaliers of ancient lineage, whose every word was a *bon mot*, and every movement a whole volume of Society etiquette. Servants glided about in muffled skates over the shining parquet, distributing sherry cobblers and gin cocktails to the visitors, while at half-minute intervals mysterious and noble-looking strangers appeared at the door, flew to SEMOLINA's outstretched palm, imprinted an impassioned kiss on her jewelled finger, and then suddenly vanished into air!

"What I want you to see," said SEMOLINA, "only you're so incurably obtuse, is that reaction is the law of life, that you can't get on without the Temple and the Bar, that the introduction of Gas will be fatal to the Crown, that Public Opinion is all humbug, that changes are likely to happen unless things go on as they are, and that on the Eve of change Adamantine fortitude is imperatively demanded. I hope you clearly follow me?"

But the Great Personage had fallen fast asleep, and was snoring. SEMOLINA was disgusted.

"The age of Liberalism has come!" she exclaimed; and kicking the low chair from under the Great Personage, she bounced out of the apartment, and slammed the portal behind her.

CHAPTER THREE.

MR. GLADSTARS was a constant contributor to the *Quarterly Screamer*. He was not a heaven-born Minister, but where he came from is a matter of no importance here. Early initiated into the mysteries of Eton and Christchurch, he had a fund of Latin quota-

tions, a happy knack of catching the Speaker's eye, and was as eloquent as BURKE, and as accurate as SALISBURY. He had married a lady who was an heiress. They had two children—Twins.

"If I ever had a son," he said one day at dinner to Count GUAVAJELLI, "I swore his name should be BEN D'YMION. His sister's name is TYRA."

These children are to be my Hero and Heroine! They were excellently behaved young people. When any one spoke to them, they put out their tongues, shrugged their shoulders, and stared haughtily.

BEN D'YMION had a face of majestic beauty, and so had TYRA. He was clad in a blue velvet jacket, with red Spanish filagree buttons, a shirt of lace, and a waistcoat of yellow damask. TYRA also wore Spanish filagree buttons. Everything about her was either Spanish or filagree. Her long ringlets were braided with pearls. It was poetical—it was "*Tête and BRADY.*"

"What are you going to be?" asked kind old Lord GOOSEBERRY of the boy.

"It's like your impudence to ask," replied BEN D'YMION, at this time about eight years old. "I'm going to Eton and Christchurch, and then I shall be Prime Minister, a good deal sooner than you can say Jack Robinson."

"TYRA," remarked a handsome young Private Secretary, "remember you've promised to marry me some day!"

"Not if I know it," proudly answered the child. "Nobody under a Dook for yours truly." And the child resumed the cracking of the walnuts.

CHAPTER FOUR.

SEMOLINA was talking to GLADSTARS.

"I assure you 'tis quite settled. The King won't hear of the Reform Bill. You're to have Foreign Affairs, and the Duke's waiting to see you. Cut along!"

That was a wonderful walk for GLADSTARS. He was going to be in the Cabinet! Only Ministers and Davenport Brothers are in Cabinets, and both are fettered. He seemed to tread on air. His heart almost failed him, but he screwed it up to the sticking-point with one or two glasses of old bay rum, and appeared in that condition before the Great Man.

The Duke was easy, affable, pleasant. "He had found it impossible to form a Government. Could he do anything for Mr. GLADSTARS? Would he accept the Under-Secretaryship to the Governor of the Silly Islands? No? Then he was afraid he could do no more. Good day!"

Mr. GLADSTARS returned home. This time he didn't tread on air. On the contrary, he felt he was in very hot water. He let himself in with a latch-key, went to his study, and blew his brains out. The operation took some time, the difficulty being to discover where his brains were.

The Coroner's jury brought in a verdict that "deceased committed suicide from want of imagination." BEN D'YMION took a junior clerkship at Somerset House, and TYRA spelt her name with an "M"—she had the choice of "M or N as the case might be,"—and became temporary editress of *Myra's Journal*.

CHAPTER FIVE.

VIGIL PILLBOX had fallen in love with TYRA. He was fifteen, and she was twelve. He was a very High-and-dry-Church boy. He took her out for walks, and gave her almond-rock.

"You are not high and dry?" he asked, as they were walking through a valley in a storm.

"No, I feel particularly low and wet," she answered. "Shall we return?"

"TYRA! I love you! As you are not an Erastian, you shall be mine!"

"My dear VIGIL, I shan't. I live only for my brother—and myself. I intend to be a *grande dame*. I intend my brother to be Prime Minister. My creed is, that a Human Will can accomplish any object it resolutely determines to attain. It's not a very long creed, nor a very good one; but it'll do."

And so saying, she got into her perambulator, and VIGIL wheeled her home.

CHAPTER SIX.

At length TYRA became under-nursemaid in the family of the JEWCHATELS. This was the richest family in England. Mr. JEWCHATTEL was a Liberal. Somebody told him the Tory Dukes had come down handsome for Election expenses. "Have they?" he replied, "Put me down for double for our expenses. If they come down hansom, I'll come down a four-wheeler." Everybody laughed heartily at this *Jew d'esprit*. The pleasantries of the opulent are always amusing.

TYRA became the bosom friend of LEONORA, the daughter and heiress of the JEWCHATELS. A constant visitor was Lord LITTLEHAMPTON. He was Foreign Minister, and really ruled the country;*

* Editor to Earl.—Who on earth is this? PALMERSTON? PEEL? MELBOURNE?

Earl to Editor.—There is no deception. He looks like PALMERSTON now, doesn't he? Well, wait a bit!



ENGLISH HISTORY.

"AND WHO WAS THE KING WHO HAD SO MANY WIVES?"
"BLUEBEARD!"

he was old and ugly, but fascinating. Everybody thought he would marry the heiress. He sometimes thought so himself. A man who thinks is dangerous.

BEN D'YMION was comfortably settled in a garret in Ratcliffe Highway. It was in this situation that he became acquainted with the highest of the *haute monde*. TYRA got ten shillings a week from the JEWCHATELS, and she gave BEN D'YMION half.

One day the leading tailor in London sent for BEN D'YMION. His name was PONGO.* When a customer bought a waistcoat of him, he presented him with a case of Johannisberg and a box of choicest Havannahs on the spot.

"I like the cut of your jib," he said to BEN D'YMION. "You can go on tick at this shop to any extent, and pay me back when you're a Privy Councillor."

BEN D'YMION murmured his thanks, ordered twenty-five dress-coats at once, and went to call on Colonel ALBERT, alias Prince FORSTAN, the disguised and exiled King of the Haphazard Islands.†

CHAPTER SEVEN.

LORD LITTLEHAMPTON, though he was a Cabinet Minister, was of an obliging disposition. As people expected him to marry LEONORA, he thought he would try.

"LEONORA, do you love me?"

"'Tis my money only you want!" and the maiden blushed a damson hue.

"Money!" said Lord LITTLEHAMPTON, musing. "There's no doubt that money makes the Novelist."

"Base and naughty man!" sobbed LEONORA. "Then you do want my money;" and she fled in tears from the apartment.

* Earl to Editor.—Who's this? POOLE, eh?

Editor to Earl.—Oh, don't ask me! Give it up. He's a tailor now, but heaven knows what he'll be a chapter ahead!

Earl to Editor.—There you are! That's the fun of the thing. It's like a Pantomime play-bill—"POOLE—afterwards HUDSON,"—or, "PALMERSTON—afterwards CLOWN." Capital notion.

† Editor to Earl.—Who's FORSTAN?

Earl to Editor.—Don't quite know. Settle it in next volume.

Then Lord LITTLEHAMPTON determined to try TYRA. Though she was forty-five years and three-quarters his junior, he had always liked her.

"TYRA! Do you love me? Will you be mine?"

The penniless dependent was startled.

"Love you!" she replied. "Not a bit. But I will be yours. Listen!" And she grasped the aged nobleman rather violently by the wrist. "It is my creed that what a Human Will determines on—"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Lord LITTLEHAMPTON, "I've heard you say that before. The question is, *What have you determined on?*"

"To get to the top of the tree," said TYRA, "and to take BEN D'YMONT up with me. As I said before, to accomplish that object, I am even ready to marry you!"

"Beautiful and truly feminine creature!" exclaimed Lord LITTLEHAMPTON. "Some people would call this an ambition fit for an unscrupulous adventurer, not for a modern English maiden. But I don't think so at all." And folding her to his embroidered waist-coat in one fond embrace, he leaped into his brougham, lit a cigar, and thought about the coming Budget.

(End of Volume I.)

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

AIR:—"The Woodpecker Tapping."

I KNEW by the smoke that so sootily curled
Above the red roof that a chimney was near;
And I said if Asphyxia's found in this world,
The chest that's asthmatic might look for it here.
Not a yard could I see, not a sight met mine eye
But the soot-flakelets falling like showers from the sky.
Then I said, "Were such foul-belching chimneys as this—
As they ought to be—made to consume their own smoke,
Even winter in town were comparative bliss.
One could keep clean shirt-collars, nor constantly choke.
Not a yard could I see, not a sight met mine eye
But the soot-flakelets falling like showers from the sky.

FISHY PROCEEDINGS.

WHILE the Billingsgate fish "ring" are suggesting to the Metropolitan Board of Works the desirability of pulling down Stinkpot Alley and widening Hold-your-Nose Corner, for the benefit of themselves and Billingsgate Market, it may be as well to suggest to the Metropolitan Board of Works that Billingsgate Market is a wholly unnecessary nuisance, and something worse. By wasting the time of the small distributor, it increases the price of an important article of food, and it helps to destroy as much of this food as would feed many thousands of starving women and children.

Fifty years ago all the fish came to market by water, and there was some excuse for a river-side receptacle, however filthy and difficult to get at; but now that only a twelfth part of the London supply arrives by boat, and the other eleven parts by rail, and chiefly by one or two railroads, it might be wiser for the Market to go to the Railways, instead of dragging the Railways to the Market. The Fish-Ring and the Corporation are hardly the persons to initiate this reform. The first combination helped to strangle Columbia Market; and the second knows so little about the business, that one of its Committees takes tolls from the fish-dealers who obstruct the narrow alleys, while another of its Committees tries to prosecute these dealers as obstructionists. It will take a good deal of showy Mansion House philanthropy to wash away the physical and moral muck of Lowest Thames Street.

Note by Scaramouch St. Barbe & Co.

LORD BEACONSFIELD's motto for *Endymion* is "Quicquid agunt homines." But that's only half. Why not give the whole line, "Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli"? Didn't the noble author like the sound of "farrago" and "libelli"?

"Rule, Britannia!"

THE deaths from starvation in London during the last fortnight have been rather under the average, except amongst the lower orders, who are not generally honoured with inquests. No case has occurred to cause any great public scandal. There is nothing like keeping up appearances.

LONGMANS, TO THE EARL OF B-C-MSF-LD.—"La Propriété est Volé."

REST!

The Plea of the London Shop-Girl.

REST! I suppose there is some such thing
E'en in this our world, though the preacher's text
On Sunday warned us that Hope's tired wing
For final folding must wait the next.
Yet he seemed at ease in his pulpit snug,
And the shining Cits in their padded pews
Must have known rest's meaning, they looked so snug;
Nay, their stabled horses, in well-stall'd mews,
Having borne their burden of fine-clad flesh
From the crowded Church at the sermon's close,
Found e'en man-masters must fain refresh
A dumb brute's labour with slight repose.

But I? For a dozen long hours a day,
Six days in seven, to stand, stand, stand,
Till the sore-strained sinews with pain give way,
And the sick heart sinks,—that is Man's demand
Of mere flesh and blood in a Woman's shape,
When that Woman is poor and must toil for life,
The vesture vending that goes to drape
Fate-favoured sisters, or maid or wife.
And to talk of rest to such slaves as I
In the few snatched moments of toil's surcease,
Is like bidding the torturer's victim try
To sleep 'twixt the rack-turns and dream of peace.
I saw him there in the gilded Church,
My Christian master, a shining light.
Philanthropy is the saintly perch
He mounts in public, of conscious right.
I think he champions Slavs—or Turks,
I know he feeds upon platform praise;
Does he ever think of the slave who works
In his hell of shopdom through dreary days?
I am near, a nobody, no one cares
To sing my sufferings, preach my wrongs;
The harried vendors of huckster's wares
Provoke no speeches, inspire no songs.

Too poor, too prosy! And yet, dear Heaven,
How woefully weary poor flesh can be!
Romance's lovers are little given
To seek the tragic in such as we.
But Nature speaks in the lowliest heart,
Though it is not always a lyric cry.
There are many victims in Shoddy's mart;
I have seen them suffer, and pale, and die:
I have seen them take to the road of shame
As a ready, rosy, if short relief
From woman-woes that I may not name,
And petty wrongs that might pass belief.

And I—what better am I than they?
What stronger, hopefuller, after all?
Must it come at last, when, some wretched day
Of bitter bondage shall fire the thrall?
When ruthless shop-rules that war with health,
And merciless finings that mock at right,
My little strength and my lesser wealth
Have taxed till patience is put to flight:
When the weary flesh, and the spirit crushed,
And the secret, sore, life-sapping ills,
Sin-fire a fancy that once had blushed
At thought of the refuge that saves—and kills.

Not yet! But if, or—ah, Heaven!—when,
The pitiless rule and the penal rack
One more have maddened, and Mammon's pen
Strikes through the name of one more slain hawk,
Will the wealth-spoil'd women who, seated, wear
My flagging strength with their wanton whims,
The blame of the bondswoman's soul-wreck share?
Will the sleek-faced singers of saintly hymns,
The lynx-eyed traders on girlish toil,
Who urge, and harry, and tax, and test,
Take any stain from the shame and soil
Of an o'er-worked woman who sinned—for rest?

VERY NATURAL.

At the "Fog and Smoke" Conference last week some most important remarks were made by Mr. COLES. COLES ought to know something about it. He, of course, suggested grate improvements.



Hungry Visitor (ignorant of the nature of this particular delicacy). "AH, DONAL MON, WE KEN WEEV HEV THE RAWBIT FOR SAXPENCE. WE KEN GET TWA BAWBEEES FUR THE SKEEN WHEN WE GET BOCK TO GLASGOW!"

THE LAST STRAW.

(A Chapter from a modern Irish Romance.)

THE Major gloomily put an arm-chair upon the fire. Then he warmed his hands at the cheering blaze.

"It is an expensive comfort," he murmured; "but what can we do when they will not sell us a stick of fire-wood—an ounce of coal?"

His eldest daughter sighed as she noticed that the dining-room was nearly bare of furniture.

"What matters it!" laughed her father, bitterly. "If we have used up the dining-room table for fuel, was it not because we have long forgotten the meaning of dinner? *A propos*, are we to have any food to-day?"

His daughter burst into tears.

"They will sell us neither meat, fish, nor fowl!" she sobbed out, "and so I have had to sacrifice the parrot and my pet canary! Oh! cruel! cruel! They are roasting before the kitchen fire at this very moment!"

"The kitchen fire!" growled the Major, as he thought of his burning library and gun-cases. Then he added, "Enough of this! You know that however we may starve our body, we *must* feed our mind. I will give them one more trial. Good bye!"

In another moment the Major had put on his iron-sheathed great-coat, and had entered his fortified gig, and was off to the neighbouring county town.

As he disappeared his daughters raised their hands, and wished him "luck" with voices trembling equally from hunger and emotion. They waited for hours. At last there was a volley of musketry.

"It is papa!" cried the youngest. "I know the sound of the tenants' rifles."

The fair damsel was right. The Major entered weary and travel-stained. Shaking the bullets from his armour-plated coat, he sank upon a chair, and remained for a few minutes in earnest thought.

"My children," at last he said, "you know how I have striven to remain here. You know that I have put up with every indignity. I have tried to smile when all my cattle were destroyed, and attempted to laugh off the outrage as a thoughtless but withal amusing practical joke."

"Indeed, you have, dear father!" chorussed his children.

"When our supplies were cut off, I have never complained. I have treated the heartless conduct of our tradesmen as a bit of unseasonable jocularity. Yes,

even when the messenger from the Co-operative Stores was skinned alive and the contents of his parcel were cast to the winds,—even then I have said it is a piece of fun, and nothing more."

"You have, indeed, dear father!" again repeated his daughters.

"And when they tried to burn down my house," continued the Major, with a voice broken with emotion, "I have said, 'Bhoys (especially Irish bhoys) will be bhoys, and have merely tried to put it out. And admit, dearest ones, it is *not* pleasant to be shot at by a hundred waiting marksmen the moment one puts one's nose outside one's house? Now, is it?"

"It is *not* pleasant!" readily admitted his daughters.

"But I thought they *would* draw the line somewhere. I believed that when I went down on my knees and implored them with all the eloquence of a father and a man to grant me the boon I craved, they *would* consent! But, no, darlings, they are obdurate! I cried—I implored—in your name—in my own—in that of justice, civilisation, right—But, no, they refused me, and I have come home empty-handed! And yet they know that no one can exist without it! Oh! they are ruthless—brutal—merciless!"

Some of the sisters were crying, but the eldest was calm and firm.

"Then, dearest father, we *must* go to England," she said; "there is no alternative! It would be weakness—nay, wickedness—to hesitate a moment longer."

"Yes, yes," replied her father, "as they will not sell it to me here, we must go across the Channel to get it. It is a necessary of life to us as well as to them. Without it we shall die! We must go at once—for all may be sold if we arrive late!"

Within a week the Major and his family were in England. They were quite happy. Need it be added that they were now in possession of *Mr. Punch's Pocket-Book* for the coming year?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LORD BRABOURNE'S *Mountain Sprites* is occasionally amusing. The Illustrations, by ERNST GESETZ, are after the style of GUSTAVE DORÉ—only a very long way after. If names go for anything in Art, M. *GREASY* ought to come out well in oils—like a Sardine.

A new Edition of *The Works of Father Prout*, edited by CHAS. KENT (ROUTLEDGE AND SON). "What say you, KENT?" Well, what Mr. KENT does say in his Preface is the most interesting portion of the book. To quote the Bard again—"Tis noble, KENT," and is justly due to the memory of FRANCIS MAHONEY, of whom it may be honestly recorded, that, with all his rollicking Irish humour and classic wit,

"Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it."

The Secrets of Stage Conjuring, by the late ROBERT HOUDIN, edited by Professor HOFFMAN, are no secrets now. "Every school-boy" knows them, and has tried them, including the Decapitated Head, which necessitates some carpentering operations on the dining-room table when the Home-Ruling authorities are well out of the way.

A propos. Just wait till we publish *Our Own Boys' Own Book*! It will be filled with practical directions for cutting trapdoors in the floors, making *Corsican Brothers' Ghosts*' traps down into the cellar, and will include a lovely play of *Guy Fawkes* for private performance, showing how to pile up the gunpowder and the agony, and only omitting the blowing up—which will be supplied in our Companion Volume called *Our Paterfamilias's Own Book, or, How to Spend the Christmas Holiday Quietly*. All Rights Reserved.

An Opportunity.

The following advertisement has been sent us:—

A PRIVATE FIRM, distributing the richest milk from five dairies, belonging to Gentlemen Farmers, has VACANCY for THREE or FOUR NOBLEMEN and others, residing within two miles of Cavendish Square.—Apply, &c.

Here's an opportunity for noble Irish Landed Proprietors, who may be out of employment just now.



THE NE PLUS ULSTER.

Fair Customer. "BUT IT MAKES ONE LOOK SO LIKE A MAN!"
Showwoman. "THAT'S JUST THE BEAUTY OF IT, MISS!"

BEN D'YMION.

By the Author of "*Loafair*," &c.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAPTER ONE.

TYRA was triumphant. Instead of being under-nursemaid at the JEWCHATELS, she was Lady LITTLEHAMPTON. All the *haute monde* from Whitechapel was at the wedding. The *haute monde* very obligingly ate ortolans, and pocketed one or two of the most valuable presents.

"Tis a great coup," said ST. SNOBB,* the literary genius and Author of *Topsy Wopsy*; "we have now a Whig House!"

Lord LITTLEHAMPTON knew nothing of English politics. His *forte* was foreign affairs. "I don't care twopence," he used to say, "for a decline of the revenue, Reform, or the Corn Laws. Give me real politics—foreign politics+—keeping up the name and dignity of England!"

BEN D'YMION was now always spoken of as "Lady LITTLEHAMPTON's brother." That was quite enough. There were times when he thought it a good deal too much. But he had become a youth of fashion, and a Personage!

What more could he want?

CHAPTER Two.

BEN D'YMION was very fortunate in his apartments. The KIDLEY's were quite Model-Lodging-house-keepers. Though they lived in Ratcliff Highway, the

* *Earl to Editor.*—Do you recognise ST. SNOBB?
Editor to Earl.—Know nobody like him.

Earl to Editor.—Bless me! Don't you, really? It's a portrait of some one I knew when I was a boy at Stoke Newington. He was connected with the press, I think—

Editor to Earl.—Which 'is name were HARRIS; and you remember Mrs. GAMP, my Lord? The observation as she made lies in the application of it.

+ *Editor to Earl.*—Is this PALMERSTON or yourself? Do just stop a minute. Let's see. You're BEN D'YMION, of course. Then you can't be Lord LITTLEHAMPTON as well. Can't you stick to one character at a time.

Earl to Editor.—Can't possibly. I feel so gay. I am so volatile. Never was in such "form." Never was in any form at all, by the way, as I wasn't at Eton or Harrow, though I did write *Coddingsby*. Never mind, must mix 'em all up. It'll come out splendidly, you'll see. "Forti nihil difficile."

family was exceedingly refined. The two daughters, GORGEOUS and SCALICHA, were the belles of the Metropolis. There was a *table d'hôte* every day at one o'clock, when Earls and Marquises vied with Cabinet Councillors and the *jeunesse dorée* in walking into the KIDLEY's hashed mutton, and flirting with the daughters.

GORGEOUS, the youngest and handsomest, of course fell in love with BEN D'YMION.

So did IRREVALENTA, Countess MUMFORD.

So did everybody.

TYRA saw the danger. "BEN D'YMION," she said one day, "I've taken chambers for you at the Albany. You must get to the top of the tree."

"It strikes me," said BEN D'YMION, looking from his window out on to the chimney-pots, "I am as high as I can be; and as to trees, I am certainly up a pretty considerable poplar."

"Despondency is the death of action," she rejoined. "You know my theory, that the Human Will—"

"Oh, yes," hastily interrupted BEN D'YMION, "I can't help knowing it. I've heard it about forty times a day."

Then in her fondest tones TYRA resumed, "It shall have its 'ittle brougham, that it shall, the pretty pet, and its *valet*, and it shall be admired, and flattered, and get into Parliament, and be Prime Minister. *That*," she added, changing to a sterner key, "I have irrevocably determined on, and what the Human Will determines—"

But BEN D'YMION had stuffed his patrician fingers into his Arabesque ears, and fled from the apartment!

CHAPTER THREE.

IRREVALENTA, Countess MUMFORD,* was the genius of Whiggism, and the Queen of London Society. Of course she was surpassingly beautiful, or I shouldn't mention her. Her silken eye-lashes fell on a cheek of calico whiteness; her eyes were like emeralds of the first water; her hair was a delicate amber, and her breath amber-sial. Her alabaster fingers were loaded with diamonds; but there was no danger, as by way of brooch she wore an inscription—"Beware—Loaded! Please not to touch the fingers."

Her husband, Earl MUMFORD, was a most amiable character. Whenever his wife came home, he went out. If she had a party, he went fishing in St. James's Park. Even if he were under the same roof with his spouse, he never saw her, but always communicated with her by means of letters, post-cards, and a private telephone.

For all that, he loved her dearly, and she was devoted to him!

"DYMIE, darling," she said one day to our hero, "I'm going to have a tournament at Mumpford Castle; you must come up and help."

BEN D'YMION bowed his statuesque form to the ground, and kissed the lily-white digits of the Peeress.

"And you're to be Private Secretary to a Cabinet Minister as well," she went on. "That'll suit you, won't it, dear?"

"It certainly startles me," said BEN D'YMION, gulping down his emotion. "How can I ever repay you?" he added, while he took half-a-crown from his pocket, and wondered if that would be enough.

But IRREVALENTA, with a queenly gesture, motioned to him to put the coin back.

"Repay me," she said, "by becoming Prime Minister."

"I will," said BEN D'YMION, rapturously.

And he purchased a penny guide to the House of Commons, an old number of the *Statesman's Year Book*, and became Private Secretary to the Right Hon. SIDNEY STILTON.

CHAPTER FOUR.

VIGIL PILLBOX† was now Vicar of S. VESTIARIUS; and the Tournament at Mumpford Castle was got up to please him.

He was the great attraction of London. 'Twas IRREVALENTA that procured him the living. As she preferred

* *Earl to Editor.*—Do you know who this is? Eh?
Editor to Earl.—No. Give it up.

Earl to Editor.—So do I. Aha! excuse me. I am so volatile!

+ *Earl to Editor.*—Watch VIGIL carefully. You'll see. M-NN-NG or N-WM-N? "M. or N." as the case may be?



SYMPATHY.

Picture Dealer. "AH—IN EARLY LIFE I TOO MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ARTIST!"

Painter. "'LOR! WR' A PITY YOU WEREN'T!—TUT-T-T-T! COULD HAVE BOUGHT YOUR OWN PICTURES, Y'KNOW!!'

him to anybody else, of course he got preferment. He presided over a staff of extremely young, very handsome, and most ascetic Curates.

Mumpford Castle was a Northern stronghold. It was on a slight eminence, of some six thousand feet. The town lay at its feet. Ancestral deer roamed about the sylvan domains. There was a Donjon Keep, so called after Don JOHN, a Spanish prisoner, who paid for his own keep, after the Armada.

TYRA was the Queen of the Chivalry. Among the cavaliers assembled for the jousting were various kinds of Knights, including the Longest Knight, the Shortest Knight, the Knight before Last, and Last Knight.

"May I wear the colours of Lady LITTLEHAMPTON?" said Prince FORSTAN to TYRA, in tones that thrilled through her.

"Nay, dearest Prince," replied TYRA. "No one can wear my colours, because I am Queen."

The Prince turned his own colour—scarlet, and began to cry.

"What is it, then?" said TYRA, tenderly, as she wiped up the Prince's tears with her embroidered kerchief.

"Nothing at all," said FORSTAN, wildly. "Lord LITTLEHAMPTON, it is true, is old, and in the natural course of things will predecease you; and what will poor TYRA do then, poor thing? But I am dreaming!" he exclaimed, hysterically. "Who spoke of poison? Not I, TYRA!" he gasped, clutching the astonished noblewoman by her jewelled funny-bone, "I believe in Destiny.* I shall win." And he dashed into the fray, and out again.

"Chivalry and Church begin with the same letters," said VIGIL.

"Chivalry!" said Count BISMOLE,† while talking to IRREVALENTA. "Who cares for Chivalry? I believe in Blood and Iron!"

"And I believe in Destiny and my Star!" said FORSTAN.

"And I believe you are all cracked," added IRREVALENTA. And she took BISMOLE's arm.

* *Earl to Editor.*—They'll think this is NAP. His phrase, you know. Get hold of a phrase, slap it on to a man, and there's your political novel! Ain't I volatile?

† *Editor to Earl.*—Who on earth?—oh, BISMARCK, I suppose. Well, get on!

Earl to Editor.—Shall I change the name of BEN D'YMION to BEN D'INION in the next volume, just to give it an extra flavour?

Ed. to Earl.—Why D'INION? He's not of Spanish extraction. Too strong.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.—I. ZOOLOGY.

OH! merry is the Madrepore that sits beside the sea, The cheery little Coralline hath many charms for me; I love the fine Echinoderms of azure, green, and grey, That handled roughly fling their arms impulsively away: Then bring me here the microscope and let me see the cells, Wherin the little Zoophyte like garden floweret dwells.

We'll take the fair Anemone from off its rocky seat, Since RONDELETIUS has said when fried 'tis good to eat; Dyspepsies from Sea-Cucumbers a lesson well may win, They blithely take their organs out and then put fresh ones in. The Rotifer in whirling round may surely bear the bell, With Oceanic Hydrozooids that HUXLEY knows so well.

You've heard of the Octopus, 'tis a pleasant thing to know, He has a ganglion makes him blush not red, but white as snow: And why the strange Cercaria, to go a long way back, Wears ever, as some ladies do, a fashionable "sac:" And how the Prawn has parasites that on his head make holes, Ask Doctor COBDOLD, and he'll say they're just like tiny soles.

Then study well Zoology, and add unto your store, The tales of Biogenesis and Protoplasmic lore: As PALEY neatly has observed, when into life they burst, The frog and the philosopher are just the same at first. But what's the origin of life remains a puzzle still, Let TYNDALL, HAUCKEL, BASTIAN go wrangle as they will.

Above Proof.

"*Laying Spirits in the Red Sea.*" This suggests incubation by disembodied Mother Carey's Chickens. How many Spirits do they lay *per diem*? Consult MASKELYNE and COOKE, or Dr. GEORGE WYLD, M.D., to whom the Spirits, as reported in the *Spiritualist*, announced, when they had tied a knot, that they had "dood it." They "dood" Dr. GEORGE WYLD, we 'spect; and they've "dood" a lot of other clever people as well.

GAIETY AND FOLLY.

Dombey and Son was reduced to FLORENCE, FLORENCE appeared as Captain Cuttle twice, and has now disappeared altogether. We should like to see Mr. FLORENCE in a good piece; as yet we have not had that chance. We enjoyed his dry humour and his artistic acting in the *Mighty Dollar*, but a mighty duller piece than that can scarcely be imagined, always barring his one part, which he played to perfection.



THE CUTTLE SHOW.

if you come with good pieces, we shall welcome your return by a Large Majority.

There is method in some people's madness, and there is wisdom in Mr. TOOLE'S Folly, though he doesn't show his entire stock of it all at once. Nowadays when farce-acting is neglected, and when farces are of very little value to anybody—being reduced to "a mere farce"—the notion of giving a "laughable farce to follow," with the principal Comedian in it is excellent. But then the farce, should be really "laughable," there should be something in it as in MORTON'S *Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw*, the immortal *Box and Cox*, and many others that take us back to the palmy days of farce, when people went to "see WRIGHT," or "see BUCKSTONE," being sure of an Adelphi Screamer with WRIGHT at the one place, and something not quite so broad, but equally mirth-provoking, at the Haymarket, with BUCKSTONE and COMPTON in it.

The *Light Fantastic*, put forward as "a new and utter absurdity," is exactly what it describes itself to be, i.e., it is "new," never having been played before,—though we fancy Mr. H. J. BYRON could pretty well tell the value of each *jeu de mot* he has put into it, and fair be it from us to blame him for evincing a sentimental affection

towards old friends who have rendered him considerable service in their time,—and it is, there is no doubt about it, "an utter absurdity," specially in its absurd utter-ances.

The utterly absurd ditty, "*The Domestic Man*," is flogged in anyhow, and is not strikingly comic. "*The Domestic Man's*" sole merit of having invariably returned to his own house for dinner, is not very unlike the refrain of the song about the gentleman "who always came home to tea." As the apologists for the resemblance of *Billee Taylor* (why *Billee*?) in music and style of humour to the works of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN say, "It's in the same school."

The intended side-splitter begins well—that is, Mr. TOOLE begins well, his make-up and manner being intensely absurd; and the idea in itself was capital, as affording our popular tragedian a real good chance of an eccentric-character part. But when Mr. Samuel Slithery has once been seen, and when in five minutes you've become thoroughly acquainted with all that *Samuel Slithery* is likely to do, and when there are no fresh situations to develop *Slithery's* peculiarities, then *Slithery* becomes wearisome, and *Slithery* finds himself lecturing to a disappointed audience. The puns may be pearls, and the audience may represent those animals on whom a shower of pearls is as thrown away as is the best joke in the world told in a deaf man's ear. Pigs, however, cannot give their opinions on pearls, but an audience can on puns and pieces; and if the public throng to *The Light Fantastic*, we shall be as ready to admit that there must be "something in it" as Mr. TOOLE will be to admit everybody. Then the "Crawl," which we had expected

so early, came so late, and, when it arrived, the "Crawl," despite our tragedian's most strenuous endeavours, was undeniably slow.

The "utter absurdity" is solely remarkable for Mr. GARDEN's wonderful make up as *Signore Gassatieri*, which cannot be properly appreciated except by those who have previously seen him as the young Country Squire, *Sir Robert Boobleton*, in *The Upper Crust*. It is not often that an Actor has two good chances in one evening; and Mr. GARDEN invests both parts with such distinct individuality as shows him to be a genuine artist.

If Mr. TOOLE, as *Mr. Doublechick*, almost exhausts himself, and the merriment of the audience in *The Upper Crust*, it is an arduous task to keep the fun at high pressure through the last piece, which ought therefore to be very strong farce, with rattling dialogue, and laughable situations, capable of supporting the Actor, and not depending solely on the popularity of an individual performer for its chance of success. We came away with one deep regret, engendered by the careful perusal, alas, too late! of the programme, where we found the following information, that—

"In the Saloon of this Theatre is on view the picture of a Chinese Lady, painted by Mr. WALTER GOODMAN, who has had the honour of submitting the work to the inspection of Her Majesty the QUEEN, at Windsor Castle. This is the first representation of a Chinese Lady in her native costume ever painted by a European Artist."

What a chance we missed! By the way, the paragraph does not inform us what opinion HER MAJESTY was graciously pleased to express on this work of art. Was he invited to submit it? Or was he smuggled, picture and all, into Windsor Castle, and then did he happen to be in the vestibule as the QUEEN was passing through, who said, "What is he doing there?" "Chinese Lady, your Majesty," stammered the Chief Butler. "Take it away at once," replied the QUEEN. But this is merely

"an utter absurdity" as an hypothesis. To think, too, that every night there is a "First Representation" at the Folly! Why, it's a big advertisement in itself! And why doesn't Mr. TOOLE, who is not a bad hand at advertising, add it to his daily show—"Real Chinese Painted Lady! Now on view! Every night, Folly Theatre." "First Representation of a Chinese Lady in her Native Costume!! To-night, Folly Theatre." Then "Mr. TOOLE and the Chinese Lady! Every evening till further notice!"

Well, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, as long as the Public run after you, your little game in King William Street, Charing Cross, will be "Folly my Leader." Bless you! Take her (the Chinese Lady), and be happy! Curtain.

A propos of things theatrical, the Naval Demonstration at the St. James's came to an end last Saturday. WILLS is paid off, and the rest of the crew gone on board the *Good Fortune*, built by Mr. COGHLAN.

We've not seen *Where's the Cat?* but are informed that it has neither head nor tail. Queer animal!

We beg to recommend to the notice of playgoers a capital article on *Les Mousquetaires au Couvent*, in the *Theatre* of this month, written and signed by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT. The sooner those objectionable picture-posters advertising *Les Mousquetaires* disappear from our hoardings the better for the Manager's reputation, and, ultimately, for his pocket. For ourselves, we shall welcome almost anything at the Globe in the place of this so-called "comic opera," which might have been adapted so harmlessly and so amusingly, but which is, unfortunately, so stupidly vulgar.

COMFORT FOR VISITORS TO THE CATTLE SHOW.—Whatever the fog or drizzle may be in other parts of London, at Islington there's safe to be some very fine Wether.



THE POINT OF THE PIECE.



A FLOCK OF LANGUAGE.



THE FAUX PA.

NEW SUSSEX COUNTRY DANCE
—CRAWLEY.

A NEW WOULD-BE GOVERNMENT.

To the Seldom-at-Home Secretary.

SIR.—London is about to be pestered with a new form of Government. We have Imperial rulers who seem able to manage nothing that is not ten thousand miles from England; we have Local Rulers who are pulling down half London at a cost of countless millions, and fattening a hungry herd of land-jobbers, builders, and contractors, and now we have a new assembly springing into existence—a kind of Long-Eared Parliament, with deliberative and suggestive functions, but, at present, with little practical authority. This new would-be Government is no other than the Meddlevex Irresponsibles, who, probably to save themselves from speedy extinction, are displaying a fussy activity in fields far beyond the control of those fossil Acts of Parliament which have enabled them to make London one of the gloomiest and most disreputable cities in the world. Yesterday they were annihilating Music-halls, to-day they are attacking or asking others to attack Convents, and to-morrow they may be deliberating about Clubs, proposing to inspect 'Flats,' recommending domiciliary visits to Bachelors' chambers in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, instituting inquiries into the happiness of those who have taken the vows of marriage, and suggesting further restrictions on private and public liberty.

In their onslaught upon religious bodies they have shown even more than their average ignorance. During their one-sided discussion there was no voice to tell them that no religious bodies object to any inoffensive Government inspection. Sitting in all their wooden pride and self-sufficiency, glorying in the belief that Clapton and Stoke Newington are the solitary possessors of the true faith, and they, the Clerkenwell Fantoccini, the only moral censors, they had no one to tell them that Catholics are as careful of their sons and daughters as the strictest Puritans, and far less likely to consign them to such unlicensed, uninspected prisons as are socially represented by pharisaically ruled households. Do the Meddlevexers wish their own residences to be inspected, and Social Inquisitors appointed to inquire into the domestic affairs of each individual, from Paterfamilias down to the scullery maid?

The world is often governed, and is sometimes quite content to be governed, by fools, but the fools must be brilliant, and have some points of sympathy with the governed. But here is an unwieldy body of nameless mediocrities, speaking through mouthpieces that are hardly up to an ordinary Vestry level, who, having made the licensing system a farce, and our chief thoroughfare an open market for brazen-faced Vice, are now asking a sluggish Government Department that has never yet grappled with half its legitimate work, to go out of its way to fan the spark of religious discord into a Smithfield flame. The Law as it exists has full power to deal with any conventional grievance that may arise.

The Home Office has committed many follies in its time—follies that have led to crimes; but the instinct of self-preservation, which Governments share with the lowest animals, will surely save it from this last act of Clerkenwell inspired idiocy. PUNCH AND JUNIUS.

The "Beak" and the Birch.

"Sir JAMES INGHAM asked the surgeon if he had ever known any injury effected by a birch rod.—Mr. MURPHY said he had.—Sir JAMES: But nothing to signify. There is nothing injurious to health in a good administration of the birch."

A Schoolboy logitut—

No doubt, Sir JAMES, you're very glib and clever, Sir, but still You'd find the birch *does* signify when laid on with a will. Just let me take the rod in hand, and see how you would feel: A "good administration" might raise aggravating wheal. Though not "injurious to health," the birch would make you blench, And would you sit so easily next day upon the bench?

A Valuable Discovery.

In a police case reported last week the name of a place in Devonshire occurred, Burlescombe. This is, evidently, what the Royalty Theatre claims in its advertisements to be, "The Ancestral Home of Burlesque." Who discovered Burlescombe? What a subject for a picture—"Discovery of Burlescombe in the Regions of Art." Is there Pantomimecombe anywhere? We must send out explorers. A Company must be got up first. A Travelling Company on Tour would be most useful.

Latest Telegram to the Fleet.

W. E. G. to Admiral S-y-m-r.—"PORTS IT ISN'T."

[** This telegram was delayed in transmission, owing to considerable difficulty in finding the Fleet. *Fog prevalent.*]

TO A LADY DOCTOR.

AN AFFECTION OF THE HEART.



YES, Doctor, your physic I've taken,
That surely should conquer my ills;
The bottle was solemnly shaken,
I dole on those dear little pills.
I've followed your rules as to diet,
I don't know the taste of a tart;
But, though I've kept carefully quiet,—
The pain's at my heart.

Of course you've done good; convalescence
Seems dawning. And yet, it is true,
I fancy the light of your presence
Does more than your physic can do.
I'm well when you're here, but, believe me,
Each day when fate dooms us to part,
Come strangest sensations to grieve me—
That must be the heart.

Your knowledge is truly stupendous,
Each dainty prescription I see,
I read "*Haustus stain sumendus*,"
What wonder you took the M.D.!
I hang on each word that you utter
With sage *Esculapian* art,
But feel in a terrible flutter,—
It comes from the heart.

Have you ever felt the emotion,
That stethoscope ne'er could reveal?
If so, you'll perchance have a notion
Of all that I've felt, and still feel.
Oh say, could you ever endure me?
Dear Doctor, you blush and you start.
There's only one thing that can cure me—
Take me—and my heart!

"More Light!"

If the legal luminaries in the Chancery Courts are very brilliant, it would be a great boon to the public were a few Vice-Chancellors and Queen's Counsel placed along the pavement in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields to assist the public gas-lamps, which only resemble angels' visits, inasmuch as they are "few, and far between." The business of the Courts is concluded at 4 P.M., and, when the doors are closed, the fog of the Law Courts comes out and joins its brother fog outside. Hang out some of the *pendentes lites*.

SHAKESPEARE AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

"AND we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death."

Henry IV., 1st Part, Act V. Sc 2.



TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Gwendoline. "UNCLE GEORGE SAYS EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO HAVE A PROFESSION, AND I THINK HE'S QUITE RIGHT!"
Mamma. "INDEED! AND WHAT PROFESSION DO YOU MEAN TO CHOOSE?"
Gwendoline. "I MEAN TO BE A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY!"

THE GREEK QUESTION.

YESTERDAY afternoon a meeting was held at Flaneurs' Buildings to discuss the claims of the Greeks. Lord CONSTABLE presided, and among those present were Mr. DAUDLER, M.P., Mr. TWADDLER, M.P., Mr. DODDEREE, M.P., Mr. THYKE HEDDE, M.P., and Mr. ADGETTER, M.P.

Lord CONSTABLE remarked that he was going to be very brief (*Loud expressions of delight*), and would say what he had to say in the smallest possible space. (*Renewed demonstrations of pleasure*.) The Greeks were a very ancient race. Of that there could be no doubt. (*Hear! hear!*) Lord BYRON went to Greece and wrote some pretty poetry about the country. Mr. GLADSTONE (*uproarious cheering*) was very fond of HOMER. Hence it was the duty of every Englishman to support the claims of the Greeks. (*Hear! hear!*) Now, what were the claims of the Greeks? They were indeed multitudinous. For the Greeks were such a poetic and picturesque nation, that they would claim anything (*cheers*), and the less chance they had of getting what they claimed, the more they would claim it. (*Loud cheers*.) The Greeks had been very badly treated, and especially by England. Would it be believed that during the late administration, an administration which the speaker was happy to say had died for ever (*cheers*), a Greek, a descendant of the race which produced HOMER, had been sent to prison for writing threatening letters to a lady? (*Groans*.) They might well groan, but there was even a worse case in the background. (*Sensation*.) A Greek named PERICLES ARISTOTELIS, came not long ago over to this country and joined a certain Club, a Club into which Turks had been admitted. (*Groans*.) PERICLES ARISTOTELIS, with the simple romance which endears the Greek to the Englishman, played at cards at that Club. Poor, downtrodden, unsophisticated child of nature, he was discovered with two or three kings up his sleeve. The speaker and the audience lived in a Christian country, and he would ask them to moderate their indignation when they heard that PERICLES ARISTOTELIS was actually expelled from the Club. (*Groans*.) Was this the way to treat the Greeks? (*No! no!*) Was it not an essential part of the Greek's character to keep kings up their sleeves when they were playing cards? (*Hear! hear!*)

In the words of the great Greek poet, he would remark, "*polu-phloisboi thalasses*," and demand that something, he didn't know what, should be done for the Greeks. (*Loud cheers*.)

Mr. DODDEREE, M.P., concurred with every word that the noble Lord had said. It was disgraceful to this country to think of the way in which the Greeks were treated. He actually knew of a merchant in the City who would not deal with a firm of Greeks because he said they were such slippery thieves. (*Groans*.) Yes, he said they were slippery thieves. (*Renewed groans*.)

Mr. THYKE HEDDE, M.P., knew of even worse instances than had been quoted. (*Sensation*.) He had been told of a *restaurant* in the City, frequented by Greeks, which blind, bigoted Englishmen had given up using for the paltry reason that the Greeks stole their umbrellas. (*Groans*.)

The meeting then broke up.

THE CITY MONTENEGRO.

(One more Sonnet for the Laureate's New Book.)

I ROSE to show them a half-sovran tail,
To turn to chaff their "freedom" on this height,
Grim, comic, savage; worse by day and night
Than any Turk: yet here, all over scale,
I watch the passer as his footsteps fail
With dauntless hundreds struggling, main and might,
To cross,—the one policeman out of sight,—
And reach this haven where the strongest quail.
O, smallest among steeples! Precious throne
Of Freedom! Why, I merely swell the swarm
That surge and seethe in curses and in tears!
Great, Gog and Magog! Never since thine own
Odd dodges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Have you produced a mightier crop of jeers!

THE LORD MAYOR'S RESIDENCE.—The Munching House.

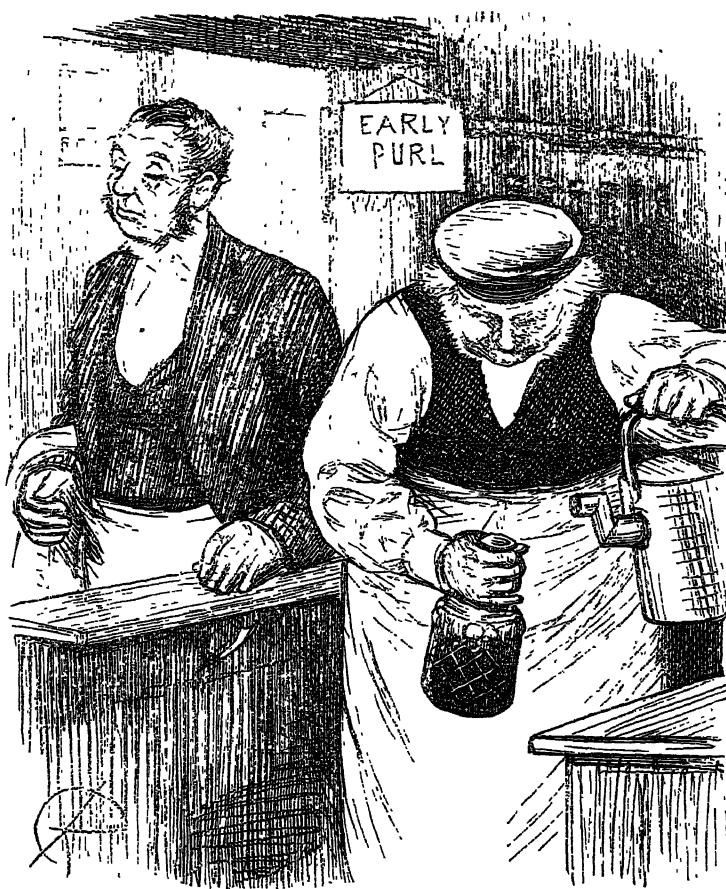


COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE.

THE PRIME MINISTER. "YES, AS YOU SAY, YOU'VE GIVEN UP DULCIGNO. WELL, WE'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR FRIEND, GOSCHEN!"

"Mr. Goschen has told his colleagues that he will return to Constantinople about the end of January."—*Times*, Dec. 1.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.



ONE of the gratest trubbles we poor Waiters has is with the Wine. For my part, after my long egsperience, I suppose I ought to know a glass of good wine when I tastes it, and so I do, and to my mind, the finest wine in the world is to be had at the Alls of the Grate Livery Compennies. And yet there are jelrous Idjuts who wants to abolish 'em!

But of coarse wen I speex of our trubbel about Wine, I means at Tavvuns. With the old staggers its all rite, we knows what they likes and we gives it 'em, but wen we has a lot of young Swells who knows nethink about Wine, in course we don't give them quite the *werry* best. It mightn't agree with 'em and would be like throin Purl afore Swyne.

Well, wen they calls me up and sez, "Waiter, this Port won't do, haven't you somethink better than this thick stuff?" I takes up the bottle and looks at it and smells it, and I sez, sez I, "This ain't a bad kind of wine, Gents, but it isn't the sort of thing they should ha' sent up for such as you. You want a older and a thinner wine, somethink like wat we gives the LORD MARE and the Sheriffs." "Yes," sez they, "of course we do." So away I goes with the decanter down to the Cellarman, and I sez to him, "BILL," sez I, "here's sum young swells up stares as wants a older and thinner wine," and I tips him a wink. "All right, ROBERT," sez he, so he pours out a glass and he drinks it, and then he pours out another glass and I drinks it, and then he takes the Water Can and fills up the Decanter and gives it to me, and then he gives me an old bottle quite black with crust, that he keeps on purpose, and up I goes to the young Swells. And then I takes 'em all clean glasses, and I fills 'em very carefully, and shose 'em the old black bottle, and a fine old cork as I always carries in my waistcoat pokit, and I waits while they drinks. "Ah," sez one of 'em, "this is somethink like, this is, it's just like the wine we used to get at my Guv'nor's or my Uncle's," as the case may be, and they all goes away happy and contented.

Ah, it's a funny world, my Lord Bishup!

I think it has been sed that more lies is told about the nobblest of all animals, Hosses, than about anything in the world, but I should back the noblist of all drinks, Wine, and I bleeve that for good downwrite unmistakeable Lyin, Wine would beat Hosses all into fits and win in a Decanter!

Job and Mayjob.

THE Temple Bar obstruction is to cost something like £30,000, though the original estimate was £6,000. The obstinacy shown by the Corporation in this matter has even disgusted the tutelary deities of the City. They propose to change their names to JOB and MAYJOB.

A GUILDF GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

[REFERRING to a change lately made by the Society of Apothecaries in its business arrangements for the sale of drugs, the *City Press* remarks:—

"The reputation which Apothecaries' Hall has always had for the purity of the drugs to be obtained there will not be diminished one iota by the change, but will, if that be possible, be added to. The Society of Apothecaries is one of the City Companies which has retained to the present day its ancient functions to the advantage of the community, and the Society has devoted the funds at its disposal to giving prizes in competition in botany for registered students, prizes in botany also for young women, pharmaceutical chemistry, &c. The Society has also a fund for widows, and one for distressed members, &c."]

DEEM not the Civic Guilds a prey
To rank corruption, all,
For one can bear the light of day;
Apothecaries' Hall:

In scientific trade expert,
A Guild whose goods are sure,
Select, and clear of dregs and dirt;
Their drugs, and hands too, pure.

Culture of physic to promote
In part their bounty tends;
Endowments partly they devote
To charitable ends:

Do not as those who pocket cash
They should by right bestow,
Nor cause in green-fat, calipash,
And calipee, to go.

O Gog and Magog, there's a Guild,
Whereof you well may brag,
Not as of bodies overfilled
By means of squandered swag:

A Guild unspotted by the stain
Of malversation see,
For choice, a gentleman were fain,
Of that Guild, rather, free.

If they to Hero, Prince, or Peer
Their freedom should concede,
The 'Potheccaries him, no fear,
Would honour do indeed.

So speed the Gallipot-Scrapers, thrive
The Pestle-and-Mortar-Pliers!
And may their Hall for aye survive
In Water Lane, Blackfriars!

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN LONDON.

A.D. 2002.

DURING the excavations for the New Sulphuric Railway now in course of construction between Whitechapel and Tyburnia, the workmen unearthed a curious ruin, which at first was naturally supposed to be the remains of a Roman villa. This belief was fostered by the discovery of a variety of Roman coins, fragments of urns, broken implements of war, and other ancient relics of that period, until an expert dispelled this illusion by proving the coins and other curiosities to be modern antiquities made in Birmingham, and supplied wholesale to the workmen, who sell them to the collectors. Further researches established the fact that the supposed Roman villa was a building quite as rare and extinct—a casino, or dancing-room, standing in a garden. There were one or two broken statues of Terpsichore, or some other goddess appropriate to the place, a rusty gas device, and parts of a structure that had doubtless been an orchestra. A circular platform, which had evidently stood in the open air, and in all probability had been used for dancing in fine weather, was discovered in a wonderful state of preservation. Several eminent Archaeologists have decided that the place was once the Dodo Gardens, and was the last place of amusement abolished by a magisterial body known as the Parliament of Sacred Jackasses, who did their best to Quakerise London in 1880.

"THE THREE F'S. (New reading).—France, Force, and Fanaticism.

GRIFFITHS'S VALUATIONS.

(From Mr. Dunbilk to Mr. Vigo,
the Tailor.)

SIR,—I have subjected your clothes to GRIFFITHS's Valuation, and find that they do not bear one-third of the value you have been accustomed to put upon them. In future I shall abide by GRIFFITHS's Valuation. I do not pledge myself to pay even that third at any given time, or to pay it at all, but I write to tell you what I think of your demand.

From Mr. Fluker, the Manager, to
Mr. Fagin, the Author.

SIR,—I have submitted your scale of fees to the test of GRIFFITHS's Valuation, and find that it is not only excessive, but extortionate. I shall play your pieces for six months without sending you a farthing, and import my dramas in future direct from France and Germany.

From Mr. Cockshure, the Critic, to
Mr. Plastic, the Actor.

SIR,—You write to me complaining of my last notice of your performance in a worthless American piece, first brought to this country by a more worthless American actor. I hate American pieces and American actors. With regard to yourself, all I can say is that I have tested your performance by GRIFFITHS's Valuation, and find that I have considerably overrated your talent.

[Who's GRIFFITHS?]

MOTHETH TO AARON.

TEAR AARON,

HERE'TH you health, my tear; I wish yer loth of luck!
RACHEL's a pargin! Beauty's trash, and thentiment mere muck.
But forty-five' th a nice thindre age, no nonthent after that,
And that bone and bottle bithneth ith a lovely bit of fat.
You have left it latish, AARON, but ath BEAKY thaith, vath Time?
Our tip ith Opportunity!—a thentiment thubline.
Success! Yeth, thath the shtar of life, the only *fixed* one, AARON;
Tho, if your RACHEL ithn't quite a budding rose of Sharon,
She hath the shekelth handy, and *they* do not fade, like blotthomth,
And her tongue ith thoft—at bargainth—and her cuteness like a
potthomth.

I believe you've just strhuck twelve, my tear, I do, upon my life,
And you will not be the firtht vone vot hash rithen through a wife!
Rithe? Corks ith foolth to uth at that, balloonth mere leaden
veighths.

You may keep down rath or radicalth, or little foreign statthes;
A vomanth tongue, the prithe of meat, or Irish dithcontent;
The impudenth of street boyth, or a lenderth rate per shant;
You may keep down the forbidden fleth, at thea,—yeth, even *that*,—
But you can't keep down The Peopleleth. No! though all the nooth
flat

From PHRAOTH time to BITHMARCKTH vere together leagued to try,
The Tribah would be too moch for them. A blesthe thought!

And vy?

Ith the *rath* that doth it, AARON. Down in Houndsditch ith the
thame,
Just the thame, ath up at Hughenden: no matter if the game
Ith'mere Old Clo' or empire, ve the Gentileth run too hard,
And ven the rubberth ended 'tith ve hold the vinning card.
The falth and flat-fathed Muthcovite may thrust uth from hith
snowth,

And the thausage-eating Tenton at uth cock hith coarth thnub nothe,
But it works, my tear, it works, just like the leaven in the lump,
And it ithn't the pest pargains vot vone reaches at a jump.
Ourth ith a *vaiting rath*, my friend, you know, and thooh or late,
They they, ath everything comth round to.otho who vill but vait.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 11.



GENERAL SIR F. ROBERTS, R.A.

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO—GOES. A PICTURE OF A SOLDIER,
AND A VERY VALUABLE SPECIMEN OF A ROBERTS, R.A.

"JESTER JAMES."

IN the Telephone Case the ATTORNEY-GENERAL made a punning point—a rare exception to the pointless pun which, coming from an eminent Counsel, elicits "laughter" from his own side, or if made by the Bench, sends the whole Court into fits—an expression which, incongruously enough, suggests the idea of "The Court going into Mourning." Nothing in the history of wit and humour is so invariably successful as a Judge's joke. It must be laughed at. Everybody, from the leading Q.C. down to the Policeman, is interested in laughing at it; and the weaker the pun the stronger must be the laughter.

In the Telephone Case Mr. BENJAMIN told the old story about the Marquis de St. Cyr, and the Republican Commissary. It was greeted with "laughter." Whereupon the ATTORNEY-GENERAL—not the late, but the early one—observed, that "this was not a 'sin-cere' argument," which was rewarded with "much laughter."

Good! Bravo, Sir HENRY JAMES! Not "Dismal JEMMY," at all events, but still not quite up to our mark as yet. Go on improving, and you might make it worth little BENJAMIN's while to give you another lead if you've got another trump joke in your hand. Any *facetiae* he likes to send in to our office, accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope to insure return, shall be punctually, or—as Sir HENRY would say—*Punch-tually* attended to.

Juth read *Endymion*! Thplendid wark! Altho' I don't quite twig Vy him ath I've so often thold on canvath thmall or big—
Often ath St. Sebastian, or nearly—in thith manner
Turnth up again in Lord B.'s book, togged, and without Dianner.
But lovely book! Gorgeouth, my tear. Shvelth all in Thunday
besth.

Thilkth, rotheth, alabaster armth, jewelth, and all the resth.
My JUDITH thyears it makes her faint, ith thplendourth are tho rich;
And JUDITH hath a pretty tatht in gems and garmenth, vich
Can hardly be too fine for her. But vy *Endymion*?
Vell, vell, vat matterth? Thereth vone thought I've often dvelt
upon,

And thath the uth of *Moonthine*! Ah, my tear, that ith a gift
Vat therves a feller bletht with it better than brainth or thrift.
I only wish the Moon had kithed my lips upon the thly,
And given me the knack of thpinning kiboth at full fly.

Vy to thell a picture, AARON, ven the buyer' th thlow to bite,
Or to path off paste for diamondth, ven there ithn't too mooh light,
Or to putteth thlow patrician brainth with vithionth vaguely grand,
Or to make a party theyear with vath they do not underthand,
Or to datthle diplomatic thvells with brilliant bagth o' trickth,
Thereth nothing in thith Univirth like Moonthine! Vy it lickth
Learning and Logic all to bitth, beats Vithdom out of thight;
But remember thith, mine AARON, that your Moonthine *musth* be
bright.

Dull gammon ithn't in it; you musth have *Endymion*' th liph,
Or you might ath vell attempt to light the world with farthing diphth.
Success! Ah, AARON, you shoudl thee my Ju' TH new thatin gown!
It lookth, tho thyear the neighbourth, the mosth thplendid thing in
town.

Perks, AARON! Oh, the vay she parth'd that picture off voth grand!
Thold it to THPOONER ath a Cuypp, and THPOONERTH an old hand!
"JUDITH," I thaith, "the profit' th yourth!" And tho the got the
dreth—

Thinining, and bought by thelling the Philithinth—*thath* thucceth!!
And, thpote of all the Gentilth wrath, till the world' th sthory clotheth,
The Peopleleth thtill vill vait, and *ein*, ath thure ath my nameth

MOTHETH.

"VIVE LA LIBERTÉ!"

MR. GRISWOOD, an English gentleman, attempted to rescue a poor, harmless old woman from the hands of some brutal French policemen. Wherenon, he was hauled off, and, says the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, "after thirty hours of ill-usage, fasting, imprisonment, and sleeplessness, Mr. GRISWOOD was liberated without any penalty, without any investigation or decision—the best proof that nothing could be seriously alleged against him!"

But what wonder in a country where the Government agents arrest their own countrymen for crying out "*Vive la Liberté!*!" What wonder in a country where peaceable citizens who live but to benefit their fellow-men are expatriated, and LOUISE MICHEL, the *pétroleuse*, is received with acclamation, and her speeches applauded to the echo, by those who enlist under the motto, "*Ni Dieu, ni Maître!*"

Mr. GRISWOOD may be to blame for not knowing the French language, but he is scarcely to blame if being acquainted only with the traditional chivalric character of the French nation, he failed to comprehend that the brutality of four policemen towards a poor, inoffensive old woman could be tacitly permitted by the manly bystanders, and, least of all, sanctioned and approved of by high officials, whose one idea of retaining their own liberty seems to consist, as *Figaro* has already declared, in "suppressing the liberty of others."

Roberts at Woolwich.

GENERAL ROBERTS gave his thanks
To the brave men "of all ranks,"
Who had battled in the van
There in far Afghanistan.
That was right, so Bravo "BOBS!"
Here's a man who never robs
Rank and file of meed of glory,
That their names may live in story.

"THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN."

A PUBLIC Appeal has lately been made for donations and subscriptions in aid of the "Destitute Children's Dinners Society." Here, certainly, is an innocent and praiseworthy dine a mite plot which all may safely conspire to help and encourage.

THE BENCHLESS BARON.

A Technical Tragedy in Active Rehearsal.

CHARACTERS.

THE BARON (*an outcast*). CHARLES (*his friend*).

Critical crowd of Appellants, Witnesses, Ushers, Defendants, Suitors, Advisers, &c., &c.

SCENE—A Hall of Justice—Enter BARON, wildly pursued by Critical Crowd. He makes for the Bench and seizes a chair. Thunder and lightning. Uproar.

Baron (arranging his wig, and glancing fiercely and defiantly at the surging tumult beneath). Ha! I am even with ye at last. This is the Court, and I, your rightful Baron, am once more on the Bench! Come out with your evidence, myrmidons though ye be. We are here for justice. To judgment!—I say. To judgment!

A Voice. Walker!

Baron. Ha! A question of jurisdiction! But it shall go hard with ye! Mr. USHER, quick; do your duty!

A Voice. Anything else! Why, who are you?

All. Yes! Who are you? Duty? Gammon!

[They shout. The stage darkens.

Baron (rising). And is it thus ye dare insult the highest official in the Court of Arches! Behold your Dean!

[Throws off his cloak and discovers the seal of office.

All. Yah! Get out with you!

Baron. What! Still a question of jurisdiction? (Resumes his cloak.) Then, once more, thus!

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Hold! 'Tis useless. Cloaked or uncloaked, you are a fearful mystery! Nay, wince not; CHARLES is your friend, and

**UNCOMPROMISING.**

The Doctor's Daughter. "I DECLARE YOU'RE A DREADFUL FANATIC, MESS. McCIZZOM. I DO BELIEVE YOU THINK NOBODY WILL BE SAVED BUT YOU AND YOUR MINISTER!"

Old Lady. "AWEEL, MY DEAR, AH WHILES HAE MA DOOBTS ABOOT THE MEENISTER!"

means it not unkindly. Do you not see, my good but mistaken Baron, that you have conceived that you have been acting in the exercise of your jurisdiction under the Public Worship Act, as Dean of the Arches, and have appeared and professed to act as Dean of the Arches, and not as Judge under the Public Worship Act; whereas, in truth, though you became under the Act Dean of the Arches, this was after the new jurisdiction was created and conferred; and that as Dean of the Arches you had no power to exercise the new jurisdiction, but could only act under the Church Discipline Act; so that thus, only showing an authority as Dean of the Arches, you failed to show any authority at all. (*Gently.*) I make it clear to ye, do I not?

Baron (*descending slowly from his chair*). Fairly, CHARLES, fairly! But yet methinks I am somewhat dazed and foggy! For if I be not the Dean—in heaven's name tell me, and let me know the worst,—who and what then may I be? [All fall back.

Charles (*with emotion*). Hush! Not before these! (*Whispering to him softly.*) Who mayst thou be? Ha! Blighted and benchless Baron, that is a secret that even CHARLES, thy friend, has yet to fathom! But I'll look into the Public Worship Act, and may be,—now cheer thee,—I say, may be—we shall know some day!

Chorus of Everybody (*without*)—

Twinkle, twinkle, legal star,
How we wonder what you are!

[CHARLES leads him off tenderly as the Curtain slowly descends.

Our Musical Box.

The Old Ship, composed by WALTER MAYNARD, for Mr. KENDAL at the St. James's but not the People's WILLIAM, is a good song with a capital chorus. At first we thought it was an advertisement for BACON's well-known hotel at Brighton. Not many new tunes in our Musical Box just at present.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

Lloyd's.

F course I knew something about the official home of the underwriters of England "who lived at home at ease," and, in spite of their comfort, were thoroughly conversant "with the dangers of the seas." A London dictionary had told me that they were an association of gentlemen dating from 1668, and that since 1774 they had occupied an upper floor of the Royal Exchange—ancient and modern. But I had drawn upon my "inner consciousness" for the rest. I had imagined clients in the shape of tough, weather-beaten sea-captains doing business with staid old gentlemen seated behind high desks covered with gigantic ledgers. I had thought it possible that now and again a piercing shriek would break the solemn calm as some poor orphan found by the notice-board of wrecks, that the ship upon which all her hopes were centred had sunk beneath the wave. Then I felt certain a sympathetic group of veteran underwriters would hasten to offer consolation, while some one (in the distance) played a low and touching chant on a hidden organ. The poor orphan, having received untold gold (from a benevolent fund kept for the purpose) would retire under the guardianship of two sea-captains of venerable appearance, who would declare that they would look after her "while a single shot remained in poor old Davey's locker," or something to the same nautically kind-hearted effect. And then staid, necessary, and old-fashioned business would commence once more. So much for my ideal of Lloyd's, and now for the reality.

I pushed open a swing-door, and came face to face with a beadle. He was more useful than ordinary beadles, for he was looking after some sticks and umbrellas. Then I ascended three flights of dark and dirty stairs fragrant with the fumes of smoke and cooking, and pushed open another swing-door to come face to face with a second beadle, who seemed to be about twice the size of the first. With the grace of a polite and civilised ogre, he asked me my business. I mentioned the name of a friend. Suddenly the name was repeated in stentorian accents, suggesting a mixture of a blast from a fog-signal and a report from a four-thousand-and-eighty-one-ton gun. Before the reverberating echoes had died away in the vaulted hall, a gentleman of the most engaging manners appeared before me. The gentleman was not my friend, but my friend's friend. He was extremely amiable, and in a second I was free of the place.

I passed the cheery shouter in the beadle's uniform and entered the great hall. It was, indeed, a wonderful place! Instead of the aged book-keepers I had pictured to myself, I found a number of dear acquaintances, more suggestive of the stalls at the Opera than business in the very heart of the City of London. One and all seemed delighted to see me, although I had *not* come to insure the *Great Eastern*. TOMMY, BILLY, FRANK, and JACK were all there. We had just begun to discuss the merits of the last Gaiety Burlesque, when I was startled with a "Bang!" a "ting!" a "smash!" and, lastly, a "crash!"

"What was it?" I asked, expecting to hear that it was the breaking up of some ill-fated vessel on the iron-bound coast of India, or elsewhere, the sounds of which were now being faithfully transmitted to Lloyd's by a new electric telephone of extra power.

"That's nothing," said TOMMY; "only the chimes on the top of the Royal Exchange! They give us a tune for every day of the week. This morning it's '*The Roast Beef of Old England*'—*'Bang-wang-ting-a-ring-booo!*' went the chimes defiantly.—'No, it isn't,' he continued; '*'The Roast Beef of Old England'* is kept for Saturday. Stay—it's '*The Old Hundredth*.'

He listened; and as he recognised a more than usually discordant "crash," corrected himself with the observation, "that when he said '*The Old Hundredth*', of course he meant '*God Save the Queen*.'"

My ears at last had rest; and after feasting my eyes upon the feeblest statue of Prince ALBERT in the world, (which appeared to be looking about for an absent screen) another sense was assailed.

"Yes," said BILLY, answering an interrogatory sniff, "it is not pleasant! We have spent a heap upon ventilation, but it's no go. First we pumped in sewer gas; then when that didn't seem to do, we pumped in something else. Now when it's windy outside, we are blown inside; when it snows over the way, we freeze here; when it's hot in the Poultry, we stifle over the Exchange. This morning you would think we were passing our time in keeping live rabbits, and making mutton-broth—now, wouldn't you?"

Fortunately my Friend's Friend interposed before I had time to answer. He had been exchanging merry remarks with some young gentlemen, who seemingly had been running up to him to tell him certain "good things." He now apologised for this. "They are my clients," he exclaimed; "and we have been doing business." "Business!" and yet no gold-rimmed spectacles, and enormous ledgers; only a few words entered in a little book, and the thing was done! Had my Friend's Friend been compiling a jest book, he could not have been more cheerful. Nay, he might have been a great deal less! We now made the rounds of the rooms.

I found myself passing a crowd of smiling gossiping gentlemen, seated opposite to one another at little tables, who looked as if they had nothing more serious in the world to do than to ask each other conundrums. Had they been Frenchmen, I am sure they would have been playing *écarté*, or partaking of the delicious excitement of dominoes! At the upper end were younger men. "The House of Lords!" whispered TOMMY, who joined us for a moment. "Only peers in their own right are admitted here!" and he was off before I could make any further inquiries. Entering a sort of cupboard, we saw the telephone in full operation. JACK was sending a message to Tom about something nautical—I think *Billee Taylor*. Next we entered a library, apparently full of dictionaries. There were also some models of new inventions. "Great larks those," said REGY, putting his head in. "We get the inventors to explain them!"

"And now," said my Friend's Friend, as REGY disappeared, "you must see the Captain's Room."

I paused, and a vision of *Captain Cuttle* appeared before me. I took out my note-book ready to record the tales of stormy adventures I expected to hear related.

I even headed a page with "How I Weathered the Horn in '26." I was prepared to find myself in a whole kennel of aged sea dogs. I thought I should find hooks for arms, and gigantic telescopes in lieu of umbrellas. I nearly hitched up my trowsers in sympathy, and brushed up my vocabulary (limited) of seaterms. I passed in, and found a luxurious eating house! Instead of weather-beaten tars, I met Tom, and DICK, and ALGY, and a lot of their "pals." There was a luncheon bar at the end, and there were boxes on either side. I was received with a shout of hospitality. I tried an appropriate joke about "the chops of the Channel." It fell flat. Nobody wanted to be nautical. The latest story from the "Steak" in exchange for the freshest "good thing" from "the House" was very much more to the purpose. "But why?" I asked—"why the Captain's Room?" "I am sure I don't know," answered ALGY, sipping his Chablis; "spose it's because they sell ships here while a fellow is quietly taking his luncheon! Waiter, some more natives!"

And with this explanation I left the Captain's Room.

But I had more to do. Before quitting Lloyd's I had to view the place in quite a different light. I had to see the books where every movement of every ship upon the face of the earth was kept from day to day. I had to recognise that in spite of the tone of universal cheeriness (extending even to "the Doctors" who helped their brother underwriters out of unusual risks), that everything was as well and as thoroughly done as if every member had worn gold-rimmed spectacles and had passed his life in doddering over musty folios resting on lofty desks. I noticed that, in spite of their airy manner, JACK, and his "pals" were thorough men of business.

As I left, the doorkeeper was shouting in stentorian tones the name of a firm I could not catch. If he had wished to describe the place in which he was standing, he might have called "Work combined with Pleasure!" and if he had, I should have heartily agreed with him!



TRANSACTING BUSINESS.



THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM—THE IDEAL.



THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM—THE REALITY.



" BUSINESS."

Belle. (She had tried him on the Royal Academy and "Grosvenor," the decoration of the Ball-room, the last Novels, Music and the Drama, Operas, &c.—couldn't get an idea out of him! Happy Thought!—perhaps he's Political.) "Is THERE ANY NEWS IN THE CITY THIS EVENING?"

Beau (brightening up). "AH; GREY SHIRTINGS STIFFENED, EXPoET YARNs HARDENED, AND FLAX STEADY AT FRIDAY'S CURRENCIES!"

[He was purely Commercial!]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MANY of the Pictures in Major SECCOMBE'S *Military Misreadings of Shakespeare* are very funny, and all are amusing. It is worth while purchasing the book for the sake of the illustration to the mis-reading of the line, "What power is it that mounts my love so high?" Capital! Of course it is published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE. We're getting tired of seeing the name of this firm, which seems to be doing everything everywhere.

Afternoon Tea for Children. Brightly illustrated with coloured pictures of the Sandford and Merton period is published by FREDE-
RICK WARNE & Co., and as it is sure to be popular with the little folks, its pages will be very well-warne before the holidays are over. See the illustration at p. 25 whence the book derives its title. The motto ought to have been *Fabula Narratur de Tea*—but it isn't, and we keep it to ourselves. Rights reserved. Be Warne'd in time, and don't say you Warne't a going to make use of it, because that isn't grammar, tho' we are not prepared to deny that it may be genius.

More Christmas Picture Cards! What games of cards everywhere! It must be overdone at last, and then discarded for ever—till the fashion returns. Mr. HARDING of Piccadilly has hit on a very original notion in his Hunting Christmas Cards, which are full of life and spirit, and, like the horses depicted, ought to go well.

His long cards of Lawn Tennis are very bright, but are rather too summery a mode of dealing with Christmas. As, however, their only legend is "The Compliments of the Season"—which is very complimentary to Christmas of course—they can be kept till July and presented when due. Why shouldn't there be compliments of the season in summer as well as winter? Why should all the compliments be kept for December? Are all the uncomplimentary things said during the other eleven months? We don't pause for a reply

because we haven't time, but at Christmas we follow the fashion and speak by the Christmas Card.

We oughtn't to forget one publisher of Festive Christmas Cards, who bears the very seasonable name of TUCK. He prefixes "RAPHAEL" to it, which may attract Pre-Raphaelites to his Christmas Cards, but for the boys and girls he has only to give himself out as TUCK—"TUCK OUT!"—or if he's at home to all of them, "TUCK IN!" and that will delight every JACK and JILL of them, who after the Tuck in and Tuck out, will go to bed for the Tuck up.

The *Graphic's* great success is in its delightful picture by Mr. MILLAIS; and the popularity of "*Cherry Ripe*" will consist in the fact that every Materfamilias in the kingdom is certain to be struck by the strong resemblance between this pretty face and that of her own little pet—for, however numerous the family, and however impartial Pater- and Materfamilias may profess themselves to be, there is sure to be just the little one of whom the prettiest picture is always the best representation. Of the illustrations, "plain and coloured," the best are W. L. THOMAS's "*First Party*";—not a political subject—Mr. S. P. HALE's "*Cupid Toboggarring*" (for translation see Plate—and something so nice on that Plate!)—Mr. R. CALDECOTT's "*Wychdale's Steeple-Chase*," for which we care less than for his usual illustrations of nursery rhymes—he is thoroughly at home in the nursery, and not so happy in the fields—and a charmingly pretty series by Miss CASELLA, called "*Grand-papa's Recollections*."

The *Illustrated* comes out strong with FRANK HOLL's picture of "*In Wonderland*," and a Special Extra Number for the Young People, full of fairies and toys and dolls, from the pencil of M. CRUIKSHANK. Oh, the happy, happy days when we were young! We didn't get all these pretty things! No; we were limited to *Peter Parley's Annual*.

The *Sporting and Dramatic* has a bright and cheery annual with plenty of readable writing by popular authors.

THAT MUFFIN-BELL!

AIR—*Those Evening Bells.*

THAT Muffin-Bell! That Muffin-Bell!
How many a tale its tinklings tell
Of youth, and hope, and that glad time
When my digestion yet was prime!

The bilious discs I then could eat.
The bell's wild whangling down the street
Was one of boyhood's special joys:
I never, never thought it noise.

How joyously at even rang
The tintinnabulary clang!
The gawping jaw, the raucous yell,
I loved them, loved them passing well.

Those happy hours are past away,
Age must not with its pepties play.
Strange qualms within me darkly dwell
Whene'er I hear the Muffin-Bell.

And yet soft memories of old times
Linger about the jangling chimes,
And, like Dr RUTZEN, I'd be tender
To the too noisy Muffin Vendor.

But oh! methinks when I am gone
That tuneless peal will not ring on;
For Man, with street-law ordered well,
Will hear no more the Muffin-Bell!

A Peep Behind a Grille.

MR. FREDERICK GORDON, the successful proprietor of the Holborn Restaurant, is the new caterer for the House of Commons Dining-rooms. Of course, in his parliamentary bills of fare, Mr. GORDON will prove himself truly Liberal, and in the cool larder he will be Conservative. He must be prepared to provide for any number of "parties," and whatever Honourable Members may be in other parts of the House, the Commons here will, no doubt, be found first-rate. It will be, we believe, what the Yankees call a "tall affair," and no short Commons. Mr. GORDON, however, is not expected to find all the "provisions" for every Bill introduced into Parliament. Mr. MALAPROP, M.P., has heard that the chef is a *Gordon bleu*.

A MAN OF ART AND LETTERS.—MR. RUSKIN.



SUFFICIENT GROUNDS FOR REFUSAL.

SCENE—Office in Dublin Life Assurance.

Surgeon of the Company. "HEART AND LIVER SOUND AS A BELL. BE JARGE, YE 'VR THE FINEST LOIFE I EVER SAW, SOR! FWHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS, OR PROFESSION, NOW?"

Applicant. "I HAVEN'T GOT ANY."

Surgeon. "FWHAT! YE DON'T MEAN TO SAY YE 'VE GOT LAND!" *Applicant.* "A FEW ACRES."

Surgeon. "FAITH! THIN I'M SORRY FOR YE! BUT YE WON'T DO FOR US!"

[Certificate refused.]

A WILD CHASE AT WINCHESTER.

"Fox-HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Wednesday the Hursley Hounds had a novel run. For some time the poultry yards at Barton Farm having been visited by Reynard, to discover his whereabouts about the Hursley pack met at Worthy, and, drawing the osier-beds in the Winnal Moors, Reynard was found near the farm. He bolted south, and came into the city, crossing the North Walls, and into St. George's Street, into Mrs. DILLOW's premises, whence he was dislodged, and crossing the gardens to Parchment Street, finally took refuge in Mr. RICHARDSON's garden. Here he was hunted by some terriers before the arrival of the pack, who, on coming up, soon despatched the depredator of the fowl-yards."—*Hampshire Independent.*

AIR.—"The Fox jumped over the Turnpike Gate."

THE FOX went stealing our fowls by night;
We suspected the case was so:

And thought we'd the neighbouring Hunt
invite,

That they would help bestow
To find our hen-roost's foes,

And the hounds let after him go,
Driving the vermin

To cease and determine;

Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!

Yoicks, &c.

The Hursley Hounds came over the Down,
As straight as flies the Crow,
To Barton Farm nigh Winchester Town,
Into the vale below,

Where Itchen's waters flow.

The Field was a sprightly show;
Squires in vermillion,

Horse and filly on,

Yoicks sing Tally-ho!

Yoicks, &c.

They went and drew the Winnal Moors,
In a bed where osiers grow,
And they found sly Reynard out of doors,
Where the scent of him served to show.

He went off as the wind did blow,
Which way all foxes know;

Southwards following,
We went holloaing

Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!

Yoicks, &c.

The hounds behind him off the scent
With deep design to throw,

O'er Winton's Northern Walls he went

As fast as bolt from bow.

And asylum sought from woe;

The domain of Dame DILLOWE:

But they turned him out

To our echoing shout—

Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!

Yoicks, &c.

Yet still, with tail towards the hounds,

Mid a general view hul-lo,

Away and away through private grounds

He fled in the morning's glow;

By terrace, lane, and row,

The traffic to and fro

Rather impeding

The Hunt's proceeding:

Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!

Yoicks, &c.

At length he reached his last retreat

In a thoroughfare, long ago
That was named by the name of Parchment
Street,

Where RICHARDSON's roses blow;
And his cauliflowers too, I trow:

And he plies the spade and hoe—

I beg your pardon,

RICHARDSON's garden—

Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!

Yoicks, &c.

There Smoker, Smiler, Snap, and Tray,
Forced Reynard fight to show—

'Gainst those domestic dogs at bay

He stood, till sure, if slow,

The Pack arrived, and lo!

We were in at the death; for O,

The bow-wows catched him,

And soon despatched him—

Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!

Yoicks, &c.

Now this was a case of a genuine chase,
For which there was cause to show.
It was doing away with a beast of prey;

We had reason for doing so;

And our huntsmen thanks we owe,

For they laid the purloiner low,

And stopped Reynard's thieving;

Head and tail only leaving—

Yoicks, sing Tally-ho!

Yoicks, &c.

A HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

A LADY sends us the following advertisement, extracted—extracted with pain—from the *Guardian*:

NURSERY GOVERNESS. French or English, Protestant, WANTED immediately, after Christmas, for one little girl. Must be competent to teach the rudiments of French, English, and music. Sole charge of child; nursery and wardrobe. Meals with the servants. Personal character of not less than two years required. Address particulars to —

Here it is again,—the old-fashioned cruel vulgarity, that no preaching, no protest, no satire, no effort that kindly and earnest sympathy can make, seems able to suppress. Some refined and well educated lady, for the reference to her accomplishments presupposes gentle antecedents, is to eat the bread for which her necessities oblige her to toil in discomfort, humiliation, and pain. There is an accepted courtesy which, in dealing with ugly social blots such as the above, erases the published initials, or name and address of the offender, and *Mr. Punch*, who is orthodox, follows the fashion. But he doubts whether it is always a wise or a right thing to do so. It seems hard that a poor Governess should not be warned off such a home as that offered in this advertisement, where it is quite clear that if, on the one hand, she escape the menial food prepared for her in the kitchen, she may have to face something infinitely more degrading and unrefined, in the shape of the social atmosphere of the drawing-room.

Lines on Legal Proceedings.

De Contumace Capiendo.

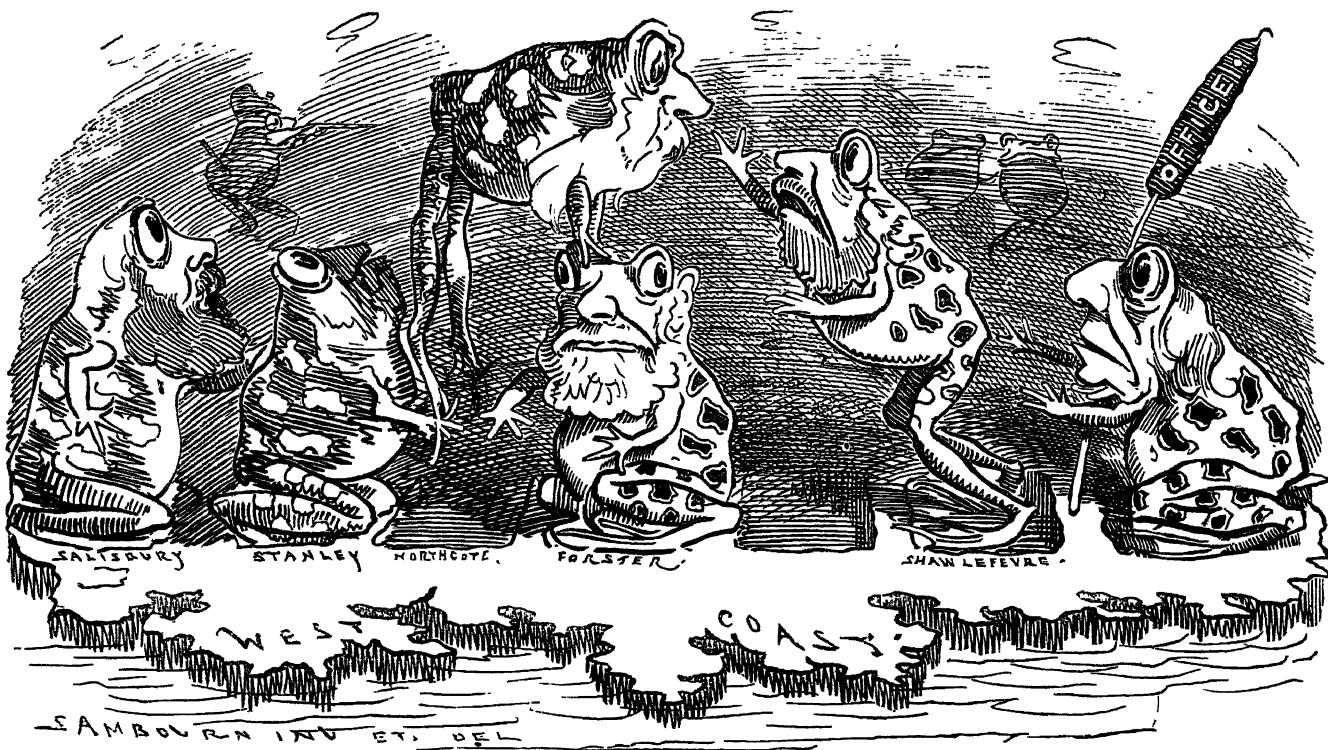
Fie, what prolixity of jaw!

O, *De Loquace Occludendo*,

That there were such a Writ in Law!

Different Doves.

At recent Live Meat Shows much attention has been attracted by some particularly fine specimens of Polled Scotch Cattle. Polled howsoever these cattle may be, they are a breed incapable of Bribery.



THE IRISH FROG PUZZLE—WITH A DEAL OF CROAKING.

THE PLEASING BIRTHDAY BOOK.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I suppose it has happened to you, not once or twice, but a hundred times, to be asked to inscribe your name in some young Lady's birthday book. It's a nuisance, and should it not be mitigated before long, I intend retiring from the world and seeking some spot where neither of those abominable arts—reading and writing—is known. The worst of the matter is the want of appropriateness in the mottoes selected for these birthday volumes. I am middle-aged, a bachelor, tolerably well-off, and opposite to where I inscribed my name the other day was—

"Short time seems long in Sorrow's sharp sustaining;
Though woe be heavy yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see Time how slow it creeps."

SHAKSPERE.

In the first place, I don't mind confessing that I don't understand the meaning of the above. In the second place, if I did, I don't see how it would apply to me. Subjoined is my idea of a birthday-book, if we are to have those evils at all. In these days of mixed society you will probably in any room get some dozen of the people enumerated below, and by making some uncomfortable, you will add to the happiness of many, which, after all, is the aim of society.

Singeon's Wood. Yours, very truly, DIOGENES BROWN.

First Instalment for December.

MOTTO—

For any Tailor; your own, if possible.

1st. "Tailors were brought into this world by sin! Ergo, to pay a tailor is to respect the origin of tailors."—JERROLD.

For a Guardsman.

2nd. "A Soldier and afeard."—SHAKSPERE.

For a Professional Beauty.

3rd. "Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover, Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense."—ADDISON.

For any Plunger.

4th. "Newmarket, that sink of iniquity and ill-manners."—CHESTERFIELD.

For an Irish Landlord.

5th. "See what a rent the envious Casca made."—SHAKSPERE.

For a Member of Parliament.

6th. "'Parliament' is derived from two French words—*parler*, to talk, and *mentir*, to lie."—PUNCH.

For a Medical Man.

7th. "But when ill indeed, E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed."—COLMAN.

For a Benedick.

8th. "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises."—BACON.

For an Original Dramatist.

9th. "I am but a gatherer and dispenser of other men's stuff."—WOTTON.

For a Schoolmaster.

10th. "Small Latin and less Greek."—JONSON.

For an Editor of a Newspaper.

11th. "This many - headed monster."—MASSINGER.

For a Total Abstainer.

12th. "And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October."—FLETCHER.

For a Cabinet Minister.

13th. "Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world."—SELDEN.

For a Bankrupt.

14th. "Honest labour bears a lovely face."—DEKKER.

For any one who has just been raised to the Peerage.

15th. "Satan; so call him now, his former name Is heard no more in heaven."—MELTON.

Clubs not Trumps.

I KNEW by the smoke that so heavily curled
From the roof of each club-house the Carlton was near;
And I said if there's fog to be found in the world,
The lungs that love asthma may look for it here.

LATEST FROM THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Q. Who was the first person to insist on daily washing?
A. TUB-AL CAIN.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP;
OR, THE BOY, THE BOGIE, AND THE INVISIBLE INVALID.

The above heading should be the title of Mr. COGHLAN's Three-Act Play, *Good Fortune*, at the St. James's. The plot is simply this. The Earl of Neath is left penniless, so he drops his title, calls himself by his family name of *Denis*, and goes as bailiff to the *Ransome* family—at least we believe it's the *Ransome* family, or, at all events, a rather mixed family living at *Mr. Ransome's*, Torwen House, Wales. Here he falls in love with *Miss Ransome*, and she snubs him. They are locked up in a ruined tower together on the *Ransome* estate, and to avoid the scandal which would be her ruin—it is her father's ruin where they are locked up—he jumps down from a perilous height of at least four feet, and then the lady is subsequently released by an accidental countryman. The hero's agility wins her heart, and she would marry him straight off were it not necessary to spin out a Third Act by some purposeless plotting; and the purposeless plotting not being sufficient, the heroine finds that her money

A FELLOW WHO WON'T THROW HIMSELF AWAY, AND A FELLOW WHO DOES.

is really *his* money; and as he won't have it at any price, they agree to divide it, and make it *their* money jointly. That's all.

The great situation in the piece always was the Lover's Leap, which at the Haymarket Mr. SOTHERN used to make really sensational; but here, after a feeble scene, Mr. KENDAL, as *Lord Neath*, lays hold of the branch of a "practicable" tree, swings easily down behind a wall, is seen to pass the aperture, then disappears quietly below, when *Lord Neath* becomes *Lord Underneath*; but nobody is thrilled—everybody sees there is no danger; and, worse than all, the interest in these two characters awakened in the First Act—which is by far the best—has utterly disappeared long before the end of the Second.

Just when a dashing action would rouse the audience from their apathy, the Hero of Romance shows the utmost caution, and evidently bearing in mind the old proverb, "Look before you leap," he takes a very good look a-head before taking a very bad leap.

Mr. JOHN CLAYTON plays the part of a portly but crafty Baronet, *Sir George Fallow*—who talks in the "'aw-'aw-ya-as" style, and is a vewwy absurd Fallow indeed.

One of the best characters in the piece is Mr. WENMAN'S *Spencer Ward*, the Solicitor, capitally made up, and unlike himself in any previous performance at this theatre. The same may be said of Mr. MACKINTOSH'S *Gilbert*, an eccentric old family servant, who seems to have been dug out of an old-fashioned farce.

Mrs. STEPHENS as *Lady Banks*, and Mrs. MURRAY as *Mrs. Ransome*,—the *Ransomes* and the *Banks* come together naturally—are both excellent. The unconscious villain of the piece is the mischievous Welsh boy—a regular little welsher—who locks the door of the ruin, and then when Mrs. KENDAL halloos to him from the top of the tower, he is supposed to be so utterly frightened by her hat—it

is a startler—and her six-foot sun-shade, which looks like a portable tent, that he takes to his heels and bolts incontinently,—probably over the border of the Principality into England, as he is never heard of or seen again.

Then there is the Invisible Invalid who is always supposed to be at his

last gasp, and always sending for CHARLES DENIS—CHARLES his only friend—either to play *écarté* with him or to make his will. Everything depends on his will—unless we entirely misunderstood the plot—and the audience are as fully able to realise the old boy chuckling to himself up-stairs in bed at all the trouble he is giving, as they are to imagine Mr. KENDAL's scene in the circle on a highly-trained steed, off the stage, so graphically described by *Miss Ransome*, who witnesses the performance

from the balcony. This description, which brings the curtain down on a successful First Act, is well written—as is the dialogue generally—and cleverly acted.

The Third Act is very weak. *Miss Ransome* has to read an explanatory letter, informing her how her grandfather—we couldn't quite follow it—had once been a boy—an extraordinary thing for a grandfather at any time of course—and had surprised the entire British Army in India to such an extent that he collared all their money (we admit that we could not follow the details of the crime exactly), came over to England, made a fortune, and when adopting the motto of "*Ransome is as Ransome does*," it suddenly occurred to him that he ought to refund the coin to the representative of the British Army in India, if alive, or to his heir, who, of course, happens to be, curiously enough, *Lord Neath*. So *Miss Ransome*, who thought that *Lord Neath* was only making up to her for her money (she has a hundred million thousand, or some trifle of that sort), hands over her fortune to him, and delicately hints that he may take her with it; but *Lord Neath* hands it back to her. And so, as far as we can see, they might go on at this battledore and shuttlecock business through an indefinite number of Acts till death did them part, and on this unsatisfactory conclusion the curtain finally descends, and the audience with *Miss Squeers* asks, "Is this the end?"

The best finish would have been for *Old Ransome*, the Invisible Invalid, to have rushed on in his dressing-gown, and saying, "Take her—be happy!" to have had one violent struggle with the comic butler, and been carried back forcibly to bed. Mr. HARE might have played this, as there are several opportunities for him to have a *Quiet Rubber* with Mr. KENDAL—double dummy of course—and Mr. KENDAL might have made a few suggestions for the disposal of his property out of *My Uncle's Will*.

Our Artist has represented Mr. KENDAL with his sketch-book and pencil. This is a good omen for the success of the piece, as it illustrates the situation in Act II., where Mr. KENDAL appears to draw.



A FELLOW WHO WON'T THROW HIMSELF AWAY, AND A FELLOW WHO DOES.



THE BOY AND THE BOGIE; OR, ISABELLA AND HER UMBRELLA.



OLD SLYBOOTS, THE INVISIBLE INVALID, CHUCKLING OVER IT—"WHAT LARKS!"



THE THREE GRACES AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

A Contribution from "Toby."

TOBY tells us, in strict confidence, that there is a large upper room in Leadenhall Market devoted to the reception of lost and stolen dogs. A friend of his, who was stolen, was taken there, and subsequently ransomed. Leadenhall Market is Corporation property. Is this a recognised—a half-recognised—or an officially unrecognised but actively existent department of the Market?

A RIVER NEVER MENTIONED IN FULL TO EARS POLITE.—The "big, big Dee."

OUR LITTLE GAMES.



BAGGY-TELL.



BOWLS.



GO-BANG.



BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR.

FOG. ITS FOES AND ITS FRIENDS.

THE Fog-Fiend must be shaking in his dirty old shoes. His realm, comparable only to that of Chaos and old Night, is menaced by many foes. *Mr. Punch* has evidently Cartoonised them into dangerous activity, and his urgent appeal to Science and Common Sense is being energetically responded to. Councils and Committees, lectures and letters to the papers, mean mischief to the villainous hanger-on of Old King Coal.

That cheery Potentate will have to part company with his unclean protégé. Let him put that in his pipe, and *not smoke it*. Science and Society have arrived—at last—at the conviction that unconsumed carbon and sulphurous acid in the atmosphere and the human lungs are fine illustrations of PALMERSTON's smart definition of dirt—matter in the wrong place. Also that their presence in either locality is not a law of nature, but an accident of ill-contrived human arrangements. So one more time-honoured Old Nuisance is deprived of the pretext of Necessity, one more Inevitable Evil receives Notice to Quit. Hooray!

Since 1843 legislative enactments of one sort and another have more or less feebly and ineffectively shown fight against the Fog Fiend and his friends. For the disreputable old demon *has friends*. Whilst Bumbledom is stupid, and Vested Interest selfish what Ancient Nuisance will lack them? Acts whose operation is left to the initiative of vestries and the police are like pulp-shotted pop-guns, powderless and powerless. "Thou shalt consume thine own smoke," looks a tremendous fiat. But what a toothless old lion of a legislative lark it becomes when followed by the humorous saving clause "as far as possible." Time and saving clauses would Nicodemus into nothing a Medo-Persic Ultimatum.

The Sub-Committee on Fog and Smoke, and all other Anti-Fog agencies, have their work cut out. Forests of Factory chimneys, three millions and a half of fire-places, and all the selfishness, stupidity, obstinacy, and inertia represented by or associated with these facts,—practical reformers will not want telling what a formidable array of opposition forces is here. Cloud and chimney may readily be tackled, but foggy wits and fixed interests are harder to deal with. When the question Bituminous *v.* Anthracite is raised, look out for squalls between the vendors of Anthracite and Bituminous Coal. Gas fires, slow combustion stoves, compulsory enactments for depriving coal of its smoke-producing quality, every suggestion for improvement will bring up its own batch of indignant protestants or con-

temptuous pooh-poohers. Mr. E. CHADWICK says he believes that if the Smoke nuisance were removed, the washing bill of the Metropolis, which he estimated at six millions annually, might be reduced by one half! And then, of course, there would be revolt among the soap-makers, and insurrection among the laundresses.

But though the Fog Fiend will die hard, yet he will have to die. When mist and smoke get together, they go in for fiendish high-jinks and "make a night of it"—even at midday. What is doubtless fun to them, is death to us. Like the fleet at Dulcigno, they must receive orders to "part company." Science can find other uses for unconsumed carbon than darkening our days, defacing our monuments, and irritating our bronchial mucous membranes. Carbon is too useful a creature to waste its heat-generating power upon the City air, and choke the multitudes it was intended to comfort. An immense per-cent of heat-producing power squandered, with the result of spoiling our City, and raising our death-rates! That is the state of things that Science and Sense have to deal with. The interested friends of the *status quo* will please stand aside and let Science and Sense have a fair field and lots of favour. The *status quo* is humorously represented by Tom Hood's graphic picture of "November."

Remember, remember
Hood's dismal November,
The Fog-fiend's demoniac plot!
Well, *Punch* knows no reason
Why that gloomy season
Should not be abolished—forget.

EAST AND WEST:

OR HOW IT WORKS AT BOTH ENDS.

SCENE—Discovered Two Unphilosophical Speculators in a region somewhere within the operation of the Betting Act.

First Unphilosophical Speculator (who gets a "straight tip" now and then, and drops something over it). Well, look 'ere mate, would yer like to have a cut in?

Second Unphilosophical Speculator (fresh to it). Well, don't mind if I do: but I ain't a blooming Courts, yer know; and shouldn't be game to drop 'eavy, I can tell yer.

First Unphilosophical Speculator. 'Eavy? Well, if yer can pay up wot yer drops, wot's the odds? It's straight sailin' in this 'ere shop; and yer needn't go wot yer earn't. Can yer do a quid?

Second Unphilosophical Speculator. A quid? Why, bless yer, mate, wot do yer think I'm made en?—hoyster shells and 'apence? A quid? Five wouldn't bust me!

First Unphilosophical Speculator. Right y're then; and yer might risk a couple and no 'arm'; though there's some of the blokes in the shop as would see twenty fly up and not so much as skin a heyloid. (Conclusively.) So, come along, mate, "cut in" 's the word.

[And they do it, anticipating results: when, very properly, their conduct BEING STRICTLY ILLEGAL, they are pounced upon by the police.

SCENE—Discovered Two Speculative Philosophers at a place anywhere outside it.

First Speculative Philosopher (who has gathered some useful experience at the "Olympus") Come, old man, what do you say? Shall I put you up?

Second Speculative Philosopher (who hasn't). Well, thanks, old boy; I think I should rather like it. But—(reflectively)—you see, I don't know, you know, whether with what the Guv'nor allows me—I-h'm—I could

First Speculative Philosopher. What? the screw? Eh? Oh, we're all in that boat, old chap. Besides it ain't high. Why, if you were to play like a plunger you couldn't drop more than ten thou at one innings!

Second Speculative Philosopher (seeing light). Eh! What? Ten thou—at one innings! Why, my dear fellow, every penny I've got in the world is sixty-two pound ten a quarter!

First Speculative Philosopher. Sixty-two pound ten a quarter,—why, man, that's two hundred and fifty a year? Why, hang it, you'll be the Cœsus of the Club! (Decisively.) I'll put you up this afternoon.

[And he does it with results: and, very properly, IT BEING QUITE WITHIN THE LAW,—nothing comes of it!]

"GUESS AGAIN!"

In answer to innumerable Correspondents all dying to know who is the author of "*Ben D'y'mion*," the last volume of which appears in our columns to-day, we are only at liberty to reply that the author's initials are not "W. E. G."

LAW COURT QUADRILLES.—Wanted: Dance-Music for Jurors and Witnesses dancing attendance.



HOW THEY LIVE NOW.

SCENE—*Smoking-Room at the Olympus.*

TIME—4 P.M.

Young Quiverful (Government Clerk on £120 per annum, to admiring Friend). “YES—DOOSID BAD LUCK AGAIN—DROPPED THREE HUNDRED HERE LAST NIGHT. IF THIS SORT O’ THING GOES ON FOR A MONTH, I SHALL HAVE TO DRAW ON THE GU’NOR. THE OLD BOY ’LL PULL RATHER A LONG FACE OVER IT, EH ?”

[Considering that the “old Boy” (the Rev. Denis Quiverful) has about fourteen children to provide for on a thousand a year, it is not improbable that he will.

“BREAKING UP !”

THE British Admiral-in-Chief ran up his last signal.

There was a distant and diffused clatter of opening telescopes, but the next moment “Part Company” had fluttered out gaily from the halyards. “I hope it’s clear,” he said, eyeing it critically. “There has been no end of a bother to get them to understand some of ‘em—but I fancy they’ll make that out fast enough.”

He was right. A prolonged cheer in five different languages floated pleasantly in on the breeze. Then without an instant’s delay the Admirals followed. With a wonderful alacrity they had come to take their leave.

“Well, Gentlemen,” said the Chief, looking at them with an affable smile, “if manoeuvring had happened to have been the order of the day, evidently *you* would have all been smart enough, eh?” A quiet wink went round the party. This pleased and encouraged him.

“And now, as to our next place of meeting?” he continued, looking inquiringly towards the Parisian sailor. “I think I gathered from you that you would have no objection to the Piraeus?”

The Berlin salt interposed. “The Piraeus!” he said decisively, “You must mean Primrose Hill.”

This was explained to the others. They instantly nodded their assent. The Admiral-in-Chief seemed puzzled.

“Well, Gentlemen,” he said, surveying them once more good-humouredly, “I suppose we shall meet again *somewhere*?”

“Not a doubt of it!” responded the spokesman of the party, promptly. “Quite look forward to it, all of you—don’t you?”

He turned to his *confrères* with another agreeable wink. Again they responded to it heartily. The Admiral-in-Chief still smiled.

“Well,” he said kindly, “come, you’ll all admit, at any rate, it was a very pleasant meeting. You can’t deny that there were some excellent dinners.”

“Excellent!” they all said, in a breath, “Excellent!”
“And the change of air has done ‘em all a deal of good?”
“A deal—a deal!” was the quick rejoinder.
“And not a single iron-clad was run down by the rest and sent to the bottom!”

“Not one! Not a single one!” they echoed quite enthusiastically.
“Well then, Gentlemen,” continued the Chief, summing up, and preparing to take his departure, “I think we may fairly admit to ourselves that it has been a really great success!”

“Great?” they once more shouted in unison. “Immense! Immense!”

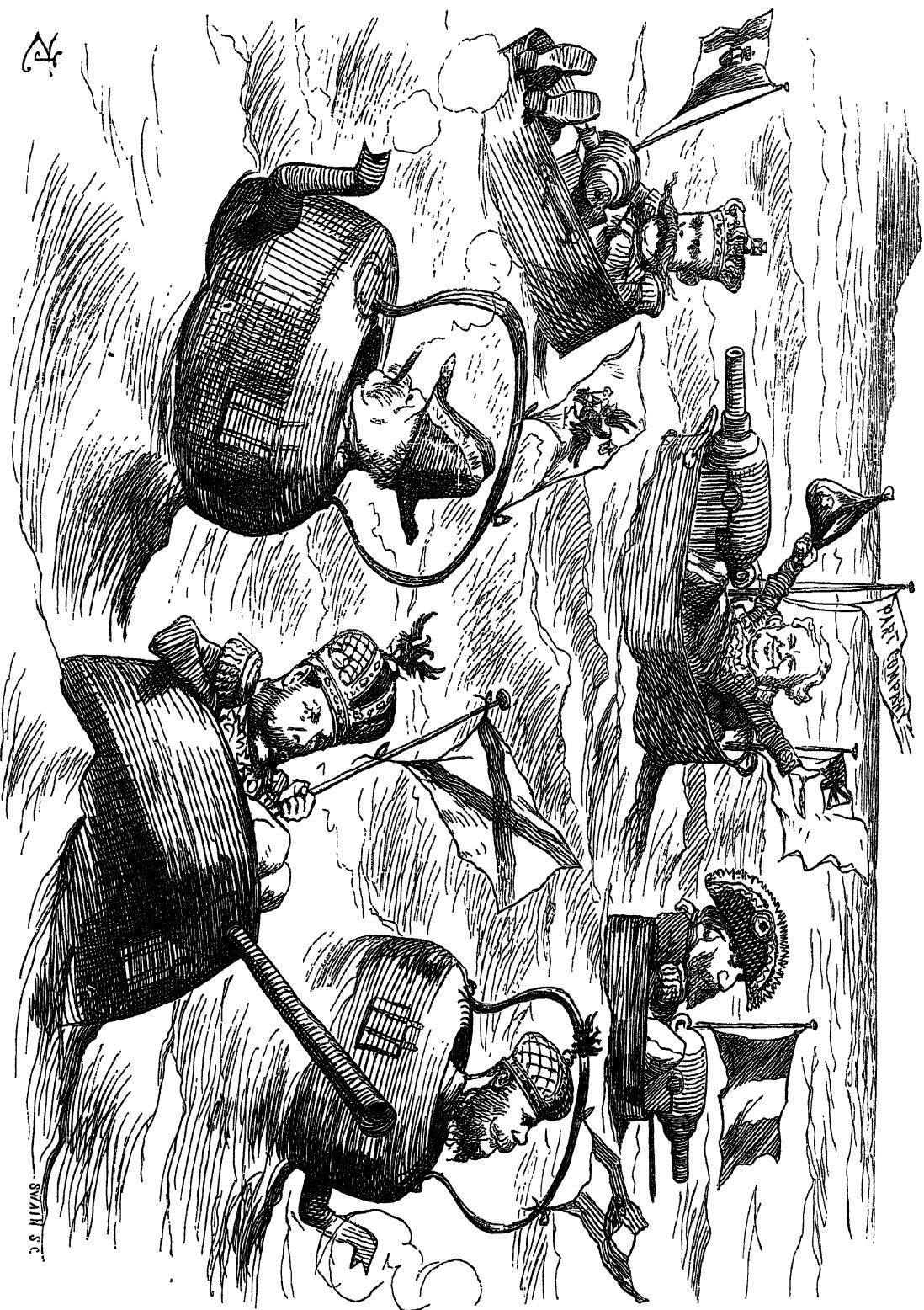
Then the party broke up.

There was a friendly exchanging of addresses, some hearty hand-shaking, an embrace—and even a tear or two.

And so, with one last quiet wink all round, the Admirals separated.

MYSTERIES OF LONDON.

THOSE respectable, but generally feeble-looking Porters in Lincoln’s Inn, who are always hurrying about the place—what are they? Superannuated Vice-Chancellors who have been failures? Are they poor relations of the Benchers? What are their duties? and is one of their duties to “carry a case through the Courts?” If so, the case mustn’t be a heavy one. Why white aprons? Are they presented with them once a week, when there is no cause on the list of the Courts to which they are attached, just as the Judge on circuit is presented with white gloves? They always appear to be on the look out for somebody who never arrives. We never saw them doing anything except shuffling their feet in winter to keep themselves warm, and we never remember to have seen them talking to one another. They are, as a body, one of the Mysteries of Legal London.



"BREAKIN' UP!"

(THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION DISPERSES ITSELF FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS)

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Agricultural Hall.

THE vast building at Islington is nothing if not sporting. In the summer the Horse Show makes its appearance, and Bicycle and Pedestrian Contests are held in the spring and autumn. A menagerie is quite at home in the place, and a circus can generally be accommodated with house-room. Sometimes a panorama appears for a few weeks, to disappear, with much satisfaction, into the provinces. The only real exception, however, to the rule is a body of Nigger Minstrels, who are usually to be found singing pathetic melodies and making well-seasoned jokes in one of its many recesses. But by far the greatest "feature" of the year is the Cattle Show.

After passing "the Angel," I found hundreds of "Sandwich men" silently imploring Farmer GILES, ROBIN, and DOLLY to visit this music-hall and that theatre. The vendors of patent medicines, too, appeared to imagine that none of the family could safely return to their rural home without taking back with them enormous packets of nostrums. Everybody seemed ready to disinfect them, to counteract the baneful effects of intemperance for them, to save them from the horrors of sea-sickness. One pertinacious advertiser was evidently convinced that our country cousins had never seen a cake of soap. Another was more than anxious to cure the toothache that too often results from a self-sacrificing career devoted entirely to agricultural pursuits. Having noticed all this, I turned up my nose scornfully at the presentation of a fat lady exhibiting at a rival show, fought my way through a moving forest of cabs and omnibuses, and entered the Hall.

Instead of the typical Farmer GILES and his family (of the Transpontine Theatres), I found ruddy-faced young gentlemen, in what the reporters would call "the height of fashion" lounging at the many bars, and chatting affably with the sprightly female attendants. Their fathers wore beards and moustaches, and bore a faint resemblance to the Poet LAUREATE. The ladies of the family had doubtless visited the show on the five shilling day to see the Prince, and now were conspicuous by their absence. The most thoroughly agricultural looking people in the place were unquestionably Londoners. The Cockneys affected pot hats, and never approached an unpleasantly corpulent bullock without punching him in the side with the forefinger of the right hand, or prodding him in the back with a stick. If the obese animal paid no attention to these unprovoked outrages, they seemed satisfied that he must be "as sound as a bell." If, on the other hand, the bull gave proofs that he was sufficiently unencumbered with superfluous flesh to move an inch, they beat a hasty and undignified retreat. I passed fat

sheep and fat oxen by the dozen, and at length came to the attraction of the show. This was an enormous grey and white steer surrounded by a hurdle. The poor creature seemed profoundly unconscious of the sensation he was creating. His lair was shared by a countryman, who was seated under a placard bearing the startling and puzzling announcement, "The Best Beast in the Show."

The steer, who, it appeared, belonged to Mr. COLMAN, M.P., seemed to take interest in nothing but food. As I watched him, in company with some fifty other pushing admirers, a load of hay was carted up to the pen. Upon noticing his lunch, Mr. COLMAN's brute indulged in a sort of flickering wink, which was accepted by the bystanders as a bovine equivalent to a human smile. Perhaps awed by the protecting presence of his guardian, none of us for a long while dared to punch him in the side, although all our right forefingers tingled to be at him. At last a young lady, (who, by the way, was not exactly my idea of a farmer's daughter), ventured to poke him stealthily in the ribs with a fan. Mr. COLMAN's brute made no effort to resent the assault, and we were satisfied that he deserved the umps that had been showered upon him. After this the prodding became general.

I had seen in the newspapers, with feelings of gratified loyalty, that the QUEEN had taken two prizes in small white pigs. It was obviously necessary that I should inspect the Royal property. So trusting to one or another of my senses I made my way to the porcine retreat. On entering I was informed by numerous placards that the place was disinfected by some well-advertised material. Without pretending to be much of a judge of perfumes, I think on the whole I should have preferred the pigs *au naturel*. But this is a detail, and I may be old-fashioned in my likings. I found the hogs fast asleep. There was but one exception, a truculent-looking brute who seemed

to be employing his ample leisure in making ingenious but unsuccessful attempts to murder his next door neighbour through the bars of his sty, because the latter had been "highly commended," when he had been passed over in silence. The Royal beasts were reclining in the orthodox fashion, and did not seem to be missing much the purple velvet fittings, the richly-liveried lackeys, and other gorgeous accessories, which doubtless characterised the home pen at Windsor. The bystanders regarded the distinguished porkers with awe, and seemed delighted when they contrived "to catch the grunter's eye." The general impression was that each of the animals "looked every inch a pig." I do not believe that a single person in the admiring throng grudged HER MAJESTY the £10 she had gained so meritoriously.

I had left the Bazaar to the last, feeling that in its instructive halls I should be able to bring my agricultural education to a successful conclusion. I had pictured to myself all kinds of rural curiosities. Although I had seen specimens of roots and farm instruments in the Galleries, I thought that the best specimens would be reserved for the Museum. I entered. Immediately a lively young Lady claimed my attention by volubly describing the numerous merits of a needle-threader! However as this little instrument had certainly some connection with sewing, I accepted it as remotely connected with Agriculture, and passed on. "Had I seen this?" asked a second lively young Lady, nearly as voluble as the first. I certainly had not. "This" was a doll smoking a small windmill in its mouth like a cigar, and wearing a mechanically expanding and contracting opera-hat of grotesque construction. The second young Lady urged me earnestly to purchase this truly rural "exhibit," but finding that I was disinclined to invest any money in such a property, became convinced that I could not possibly support existence without a box of tin soldiers!

Tearing myself away, I came to other lively Ladies. "Would I look at this, that, and t'other?" was murmured in both my ears, and, before I could remonstrate, all kinds of miscellaneous articles were forced upon me. I found that in the Bazaar belonging to the Smithfield Cattle Show "Agriculture" was considered a very wide term. It included fuzee-boxes, medicine-bottles, comic songs, bonbons, marking-ink, patent cement, hair-oil, and gas-burners. To judge from the wares presented to them, our country cousins must not only be wealthy but eccentric. At one end of the Hall a gentleman was lecturing upon the "cheapest shilling's-worth that ever was seen." As I approached, he pointedly addressed me—"I have sold them at Scarborough to the greatest engineers in the world, and they represented themselves perfectly satisfied with their purchase."

Subsequent investigation disclosed the fact that the gentleman was attempting, by his eloquence, to force a sale of pegtops and penknives! I walked on, and noticed that nearly all the stall-keepers were attempting to emulate the Lecturer on Scientific Subjects at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. "This useful little instrument," said one, "is well worthy of the attention of the Press and the Public. By inserting it with a rotary movement into a cork thus, it takes a firm hold, when the cork may be removed from the mouth of the bottle with the greatest facility." And a brilliant experiment in cork-drawing followed. I found that the smaller the article the more the vendor had to say about it. Weary with importunities to buy this and that, I at last came to a youth of retiring manners. In the fitness of things he should have been a salesman of sugar-sticks or hair-dye. He evidently did not care about speaking to me unless I opened the conversation. I stood still, and stared at him. Thus encouraged, he plucked up courage to address me. "Please, Sir," said he, in a deferential tone, "would you like to buy a gig?"

Fearing that I might be lured by this new temptation into unanticipated expenditure, I thought it best to beat a retreat. As I left the Agricultural Hall, thousands of fresh comers were entering, ready, I felt sure, to prod the beasts with the utmost heartiness.



A ROYAL PIG QUITE AT HOME.



A DISPLAY OF FEELING.



UNCLASSIFIED STOCK.

CITY PROPRIETIES.

A MOST respectable appeal case was tried at the Guildhall Quarter Sessions a few days ago. It was called *Regina v. Brooks*. The Recorder presided, and there was a very full bench of Aldermen. Distinguished Counsel appeared both for and against the prosecution, and no outward sign was wanting to show that it was a *bona fide* trial. The Defendant, with a waggon of fish and ice, obstructed Lowest Thames Street for several hours on a certain day as far back as May. The City Police Committee thought they would prosecute, and, of course, were quite ignorant of the fact that they had no authority. The Markets Committee, who ought to have prosecuted, looked on calmly, and, of course, were quite ignorant of the fact that they were the only legal representatives of the injured and insulted Corporation. The Tolls Committee filled its pockets and said nothing. The Counsel and the Bench behaved admirably. A little discussion was necessary before the conviction could be decently quashed. This discussion was cleverly regulated. There was just enough of it to give a dignified tone to the proceedings, and yet not enough to bore the assembly. The conviction was quashed. Mr. POLAND, of course, asked for a case, which, equally of course, was granted by the Court with stately politeness. In face of the dirt and blackguardism of Lowest Thames Street, it was quite beautiful to see such a perfect reproduction of the *Menuet de la Cour*.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 12.



MR. NARCISSUS RUSKIN.

"WHO IS IT THAT SAYS MOST? WHICH CAN SAY MORF,
THAN THIS RICH PRAISE,—THAT YOU ALONE ARE YOU!"

BEN D'YMION.

By the Author of "Loafair," &c.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAPTER ONE.

IRREVALENTA was determined that BEN D'YMION should have a Seat. She was a Whig, and, of course, devoted to Electoral Purity and Popular Rights.

"You haven't got such a thing as a Rotten Borough about you?" she asked the Electioneering Head-Agent for the Whigs.

A momentary contraction of the left eye-lid passed across the countenance of the myrmidon. "Borough?" he said with affected simplicity. "You mean the thing that rabbits—"

IRREVALENTA's Tartarean eye-brows corrugated. "Paltry Vassal!" she exclaimed; "when I ask for a Seat, I get it. Give me a seat!" And she took one on a resplendent nickelplated ottoman.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Agent, "'tis a Seat in Parliament you require? Now I understand. You shall have it. Clodborough is yours."

BEN D'YMION became an M.P. So did KIDLEY, the Lodging-house-keeper. So did PONGO, the Sailor. So did everybody.

CHAPTER TWO.

ALL this time FORSTAN was locked up in SIDNEY STILTON's coal-hole. SIDNEY STILTON was his guardian, and felt bound to put him there, to prevent his making trouble by trying to regain his kingdom. This was the time of the railway mania. New lines were projected everywhere, with attractive bait for all kinds of fish. The man who at once took the lead was PONGO.* Dukes

* Editor to Earl.—Pongo! Why, he's a Sailor; is he "something in the City" too?

Earl to Editor.—He had a branch establishment at the East End, and so was, *ex officio*, Member of the Stock Exchange and Governor of the Bank of England, don't you know?

Editor to Earl.—Oh, all right. You seem to know all about it. Fire away!

A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

On the part of the Government, Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE at Reading made the satisfactory announcement that—

"They had decided the time was come when the degrading punishment of flogging might wholly cease in the Navy."

This declaration was hailed with merited cheers, to which everybody but a few generic old Admirals will contribute an *ex post facto* hooray. Ministers, by the mouth of Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE, have supplied a seasonable and satisfactory answer to the question now so extensively posted among the advertisements about Town—"Where's the Cat?" Wherever the Cat is now, and wherever it may remain, for the chastisement of scoundrels, it will very soon be nowhere in the British Navy.

A Reviver.

THE Americans want to buy the old Temple Bar, and set it up in Central Park, New York. Out of compliment to London having so many "American Bars," they want to establish one English one. What'll be its *spécialité* in liquors?

MERRY-MAKING AT OXFORD.

JOLLY times are in store for the University, especially at the Commemoration. The new Public Orator is a MERRY one! Long may he remain so!

were dying for dividends, and Countesses cringed to him for shares. He presented twenty-six new railway bills to Parliament every night. Once he had taken the measures of M.P.'s. Now M.P.'s took his measures. He was on the Board of every bubble company floated; boards and bubbles always float. He became immensely rich; he talked of nothing but rolling-stock; his very dreams were of sleepers—this became quite his Permanent Way.

At length he was made Sir PETER PONGO, and shipped off to India as Governor-General!

CHAPTER THREE.

BEN D'YMION was in Paris, so, of course, TYRA and IRREVALENTA felt it necessary for their health to go there too.

"BENDY, darling!" said his sister one day, "Why don't you marry LEONORA? She is ugly, but she is very rich. Early marriages are to be deprecated, I know, because they are too frequently imprudent. But you will be prudent, bless you, I know you will. You can't marry too soon, or repent of it too late. Did I hesitate to marry in order to acquire rank and power?"

"No," replied BEN D'YMION, "to do you justice, I must say you didn't hesitate at all."

"You owe everything to LEONORA!" said TYRA.

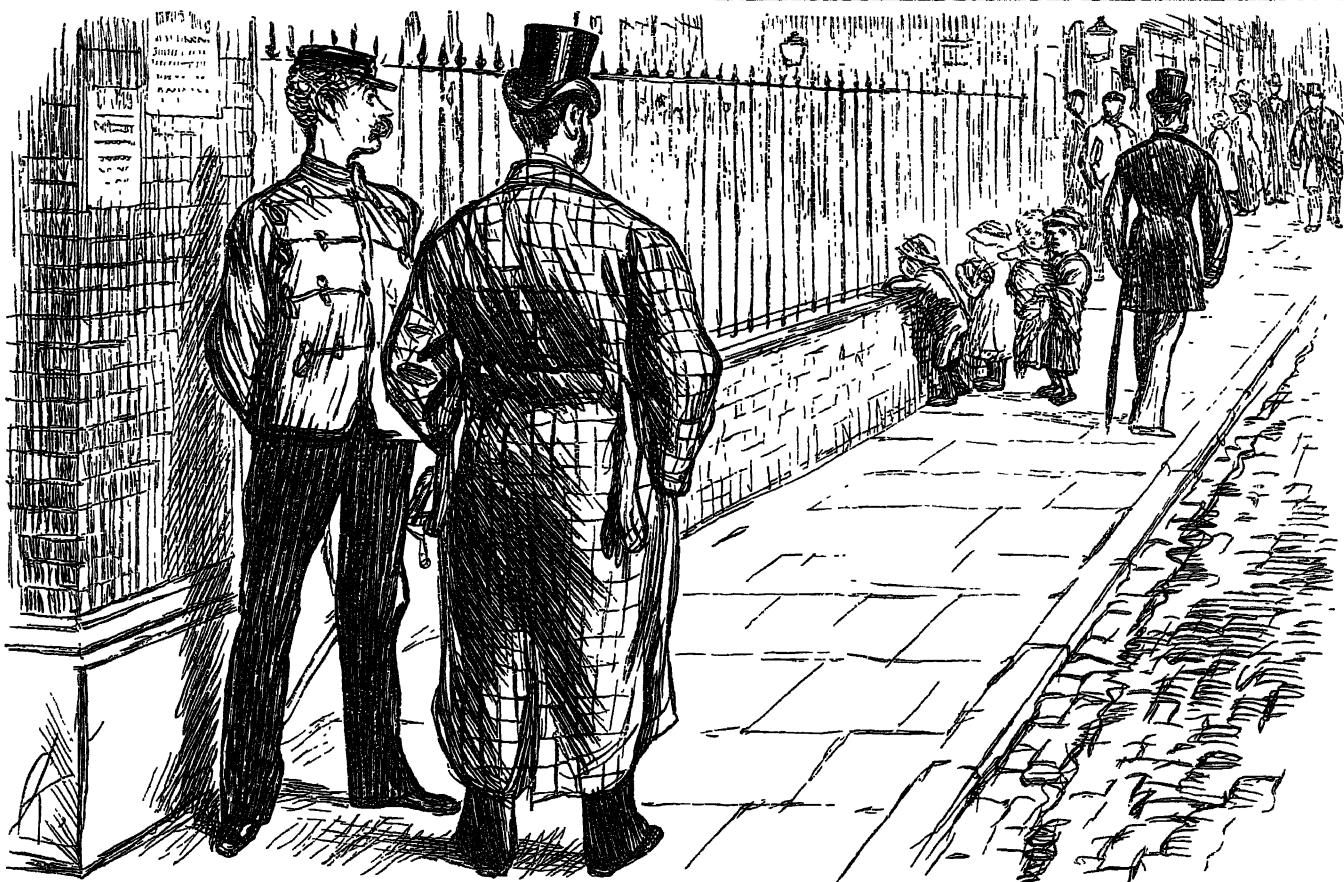
"I know she lent me twenty thousand," replied her brother; "but the debt is not recoverable at law, having been contracted while I was a minor. Besides, I quite forgot to put a stamp on the receipt, so—"

"Dear boy!" exclaimed the Peeress, and she imprinted an approving kiss on his ingenuous brow. "It's just like your artless little ways."

At this moment the Duc de St. BUNGALOW appeared with a gorgeously illuminated letter, stamped with a vermilion crown, and sealed with scarlet wax.

The letter was as follows:—

"MADAM—I have escaped from the coal-hole, and regained my kingdom. I have established a firm yet Liberal Government. All my chief men are either guillotined or in prison. When there is any disturbance I go out and make a bow. This wins all hearts, 'Tis a Government by posture; some people call it a Government by im-



Captain Jones (alluding to acquaintance who had just passed). "SEEMS A NICE SORT O' FELLOW, THAT BROWN. YOU SAY HE'S THE RIDING-MASTER OF THE 120TH HUSSARS?"

Lieutenant Krutch. "NO; THE VETERINARY SURGEON."

Captain Jones. "ARE YOU SURE?"

Lieutenant Krutch. "OH YES. HE'S GOT V.C. AFTER HIS NAME, AND I KNOW HE HASN'T GOT THE VICTORIA CROSS!!"

posture. Only one thing is wanted—a Queen! How is Lord LITTLEHAMPTON? Ailing a little through age? Has he a coldness about the lower extremities? This is a symptom often produced by natural causes; it can also be produced by bi-chloride of potassium, a slow but deadly poison which leaves no traces whatever. But I am wandering, and will merely subscribe myself as

FORSITAN—your slave, and King of
the Haphazard Islands.

TYRA had hardly finished the perusal of this truly kingly missive, when a telegraph-boy rushed in with a despatch.

Lord LITTLEHAMPTON had died that morning!
So had Lord MUMFORD!!*

CHAPTER FOUR.

BEN D'YMION had to make his first Parliamentary speech. He got through it pretty well. He only fainted away five times during its delivery. This was because he felt so dizzy. The Speaker fanned him with the Mace, and the Serjeant-at-Arms brought him iced water in his cocked-hat. The speech was rapturously applauded by TYRA and IRREVALENTA, who were looking in through a skylight: 'twas on the question of the Timbuctoo War, and was a master-piece. The Prime Minister felt so unable to answer it, that he resigned.

There was nothing for it but to make BEN D'YMION Prime Minister!

IRREVALENTA called to congratulate him.

"I have some news for you," she said. "You know LEONORA?"

"LEONORA!" echoed BEN D'YMION, rapturously.

"She is engaged to be married to St. SNOBB!"

BEN D'YMION masticated his patrician lip for some moments, and

* *Editor to Earl.*—That's right! Clear 'em off. Isn't this rather sudden, though?

Earl to Editor.—Oh, yes, 'tis sudden. Such things will happen—especially towards end of Vol. III. Besides, I must get 'em out of the way for final scenes.

they said, "Oh, I don't care! It doesn't matter to me! There are other people as rich, I dessay, and—"

"Dearest DYMIE!" said IRREVALENTA, "if you're thinking of marrying, Lord MUMFORD's fortune was not inconsiderable, and—"

"Well?" said BEN D'YMION, impatiently.

"Tis all settled upon me"

"Beauteous creature! What, all? A cool hundred thousand a year, as I'm a living Prime Minister. IRREVALENTA! you shall be mine!"

"Them's my sentiments, too," she said. And the peerless Peeress disappeared in his Titanic arms.

TYRA—she was Queen of the Haphazard Islands now—went with BEN D'YMION to see his old attic in Ratcliff Highway. It was quite a classical occasion. Let me hear it say its 'ittle cataclysm—I mean Catechism, DYMIE dear! What can the Human Will achieve?"

The Prime Minister put his hands weekly behind his back, and replied, "Whatever it determines on."

"And what is the Whole Duty of Man?"

"To get to the top of the tree."

"Good boy!" said TYRA. And she folded to her breast in a last embrace the First Lord of the Treasury!*

Editor to Earl.—I say, is this the end? What becomes of 'em all? And why last embrace?

Earl to Editor.—You don't expect Prime Ministers and Queens to go on embracing for ever, do you? Cleared 'em all off, y'see! It's gone first-rate, eh?

Editor to Earl.—Not bad, but nobody knows who's who.

Earl to Editor.—No, but somebody knows what's what! Send round the boy with the ten thousand. In all day. Ta! Ta! *Quicquid agunt homines*, &c. You know the rest, of course. If not, see Popular Quotation Book, where you get compressed version all ready for use in one line. It has been applied over and over again to SHAKSPEARE, why not to yours truly, £10,000?



LABORARE EST ORARE.

Senior Surgeon. "I WISH PARTICULARLY TO SEE CASE NO. 36 IN YOUR WARD BEFORE I LEAVE. I FEAR THE SYMPTOMS ARE NOT SO FAVOURABLE—"

Nurse. "YOU CANNOT ENTER NOW, SIR GEORGE. WE ARE JUST GOING TO HAVE EVENSONG!"

"THE MISSIS."

(AN IDYL IN AN ATTIC.)

TWELVE! He'll be blundering home by now, and I've let the fire burn low,
Along of visions I seem to see in the embers' ruddy glow.
Me dream? Well, I used to dream of *him* once, long ago, so long ago!

Ten years! 'Tis a little eternity, and I look so fur away,
A girl, with a red ribbon knot in her hair, and a laugh as the laverock gay.
And I've hardly laughed since he struck me first, and the roots of my hair are grey.

At thirty! 'Tisn't the thing I thought when he left me there at the gate,
With the bit of gold and forget-me-not on my finger. Though it was late,
I watched the stars till they faded in dawn,—the stars that to-night I hate!

Look at them glimmerin' coldly there, as lovely as ladies' eyes
When they shine on me out of a smooth, calm face, in their beautiful hard surprise
That all is not right in a world *they* light. Ah! beauty's the biggest of lies!

I was pretty once, but you can't keep looks in a London alley long;
And he was the smartest lad in the shop—so straight, and square, and strong.
If a man had offered to strike me *then*, had his life been worth a song?

But you see when a hand that has fondled once is lifted to bruise and maim,
There's a somethin' snaps in a woman's heart that the clever ones may name.
I know it seems bitterer fur than death, and I think it is worse than shame.

Bah! *Me* whimper?—the "Missis," old—for my heart is old—and grey,
As though I was nought but that gay soft girl I see so fur away?
Me,—who have fought it with red-faced MOLL, and can toil at the tub all day?

As that rag of curtain shakes in the draught, so I shook when he struck me first.

It wasn't the pain, though he smote the breast that his bantlings four had nurst;
But now I am hard as the hand that strikes—and I know not which is worst.

It's the smell o' that spray o' laylock there that softens me so to-night;
A bush of it stood by our cottage gate. I will fling it away. That's right!
The gin-whiff is better, after all, for in that one can live—and fight.

But love and flowers are folly, toys for the great ones, fur as I see.
Why I'm hardly sure that I love my brats when they're clamouring at my knee,
Cry, cry, cry! They're in bed at last; but when is there rest for me?

Now, in the silent chill night hours in this squalid stuffy room?
Waiting my Man, as the "Missis" must, though he linger till crack o' doom?—
And he was the lad who kissed me, kissed me under the laylock bloom.

Rest? When the black thoughts tear my heart, and I think could I strike one blow
Through his heart and mine as we lay at night, it were better fur to go.
But leave him, leave him to red-faced MOLL, and her broad-mouth'd laughter? No!

Sweetheart—Missis! Two wide extremes to touch in one little year;
The petted darling, the beaten drudge; and the law, that stands so near
To the starved bread-stealer or straying girl, seems so terrible fur from here.

It made this ring; can it do no more in the way o' binding lives?
Can't it tie a man to the bit o' work, can't it break the drunkard's gyves?
You are pulled if you starve or beat a beast. Are horses better than wives?

I must stir his supper. Poor stuff, poor stuff! Will he taste it? Why should I care?
Beaten flesh hardens, and why should souls keep soft?
Cold hearts can bear, Big Ben's a booming—and there's his step a-stumbling loud on the stair!

A GROWL FROM A KERR.

ONE day last week at the City of London Court, during the hearing of a disputed claim, Mr. Commissioner KERR is reported to have said, "Don't talk to me about the working man. I have a very strong opinion about him, and that is, that he is one of the greatest impostors of the day." If the Commissioner alluded to the loafer who calls himself a working man, the rough who never has and never wants any work to do, and fellows of that stamp, he is perfectly right. But the condemnation was too sweeping. Isn't the Commissioner himself a working man? Aren't all who honestly labour in any rank of life working men? and, above all, aren't journalists the most hard working, the most hard-worked and least complaining of all rightly-called working men? With these exceptions Commissioner KERR's remark is quite kerr-ect.

Telephone v. Telegraph.

IT must be a painful task for Mr. FAWCETT to appear as the Champion of a Government Monopoly, and the Opponent of Scientific Progress. The improvident bargain made with the Telegraph Companies in 1869 is now bearing bitter fruit. A man who has done so much for his Department, whose economical principles are above suspicion, is compelled to do battle for the worst form of Protection. The public, as usual, are the sufferers. Private enterprise would have given them sixpenny telegrams—the Government charges a shilling. Private enterprise and human ingenuity will probably supersede the telegraph, unless buried by Government and a more than Liberal Minister.

AN AESTHETIC PHILOSOPHER.—Sage Green.

What was Found in the Snow.



It was Christmas-time in the Land of Queer Fancies, which borders on the State of Indi-gestion, and *Mr. Punch*, who had been making various purchases of illustrated books, Christmas Cards—"DE LA RUE with a difference," as he observed to himself, chuckling over the misquotation—and all the illustrated papers, including the *Showman*, edited by "CODLIN," with a capital preface by "G. A. S." was wending his way back to his own home, situated on an eminence any number of thousand feet above the sea, but never over the heads of the people, among the Heights of Imagination.

"A Merry Christmas to you!" said a tall man, dressed in an old-fashioned style.

"Your name's SMITH, I believe," said *Mr. Punch*, who is endowed with the Royal faculty for remembering names and faces.

"Tom," replied that Gentleman.

"True," returned *Mr. Punch*; "but one hardly expects anything true from you, as you are so celebrated for your 'Crackers.' You're fresher than ever this year. Why don't you call your firm SMITH AND YOUNGER? Capital Fan Costume Crackers, those of yours. Very ingenious. Good-night. A Merry Christmas to you! Where's *Toby*?" and he looked about for his faithful follower.

Where was he? Careering far ahead, rolling over and over in the snow, as jolly a dog as ever was seen—a gay young dog as ever was heard of, going home for the holidays.

Growing colder and colder. *Mr. Punch*, in one of his own Dicky-Doyley wrappers, quickened his pace to increase his circulation, starting new ideas from their lairs at every step.

Higher and higher *Mr. Punch* mounted, far from the "madding

crowd," as he drew nearer and nearer to his Shooting-Box, which is the Noted Half-way House from Everywhere, situated on the Joke-capped summit of one of the loftiest Heights of the Imaginative Range. Thicker and thicker lay the snow.

Toby made a point. His tail became violently agitated.

What was that in the snow? A man's head? His boots? Heads or tails?

To dash at the head—to drag it out, and the body after it, was with *Mr. Punch* the work of less than half a second.

"All alive, O!" exclaimed the Benevolent Philosopher, cheerily. And a faint voice issued from the lips of the man just rescued,

"All alive, are they? Ah! I hope so!"

The Collective Wisdom of the Humane Society, embodied in their President, *Mr. Punch*, at once suggested a good shaking to prevent a relapse.

"Do you mean," shouted *Mr. Punch* in his ear, "that there are any more of you?"

"Lots!" was the almost inaudible answer.

"Where?"

"In the snow—all about—" And he collapsed.

Toby was barking furiously. He was finding them, one after the other, in the snow, just as a dog finds truffles.

In another five minutes eleven frozen-out, speechless, inanimate travellers were stretched out in as many comfortable arm-chairs before a roaring fire in *Mr. Punch's* Hall.

"JOEY!" said *Mr. Punch* to the faithful old family servant, "JOEY, bring the flowing bowl, the devilled bones, and the tobacco."

A gentle thrill seemed to vibrate through the eleven frames at the sound of these magic words. The eleven iced travellers, victims of a freezing politeness, were gradually yielding to the influence of genial hospitality.

"They are thawing," cried *Mr. Punch* in great glee. "Happy thaw'd! Hot Punch!"

He ladled it down their throats. Coughs and sneezes followed intermittently in rapid succession, then one exclamation arose from all lips, "More!!"

"Hooray! they're coming-to!" cried the Excellent Philanthropist, dancing with joy. "Glasses round again! Now a grilled bone! Cut into it! Hooray! that's your sort! How do you find yourselves now?"

"Where did they find themselves now" seemed likely to be their first question. *Mr. Punch's* presence explained that, and then they insisted on embracing him. "Our Life Preserver!" they cried.

"And now, Gentlemen, as there's plenty more where that comes from," said *Mr. Punch*, pointing to the liquor, "we can look forward to a jolly Christmas evening. Hallo! What's this?"

His attention had been suddenly attracted by a Wild-eye'd man, who was drawing a manuscript from his pocket.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed *Mr. Punch*. But, before he could utter another word, he saw that all the eleven strangers were pulling manuscripts from their pockets. Suddenly a light broke in upon *Mr. Punch*. "I see," he cried. "You're the usual set of Travellers who are always getting lost in the snow, or being shut up somewhere, or meeting in inns, or haunted houses at Christmas time, and then each of you tells a story or sings a song. I know you."

The Wild-eye'd one who had been the first to attract *Mr. Punch's* attention, replied as spokesman for the party.

"You are right, as you always are," he said. "We've brought all our Stories, and—"

"Fill your glasses," said *Mr. Punch*, bent on making a night of it. "I won't ask you who you are. Each one can introduce himself in turn. And now what's the first article?"

The Wild-eye'd person tossed off half a tumbler of the "mixture as before," and then read aloud—

The Mad Detective's Diary.

A GLOOMY December night. Time, 10 P.M.

Message suddenly flashed from Downing Street by special heliograph. "Cabinet to Blunderbore. —Come at once! Dreadful plot! You must find it out."

10.16 P.M.—I am in Downing Street. Always the professional Detective. I leap lightly on to the roof, and attempt to look down the chimney. Great difficulty to get near it, as the slates crowded with spies, eavesdroppers, emissaries, Irish landlords, Turkish bondholders, Greek and Montenegrin patriots, all interested in finding out the Government's intentions.

I slid down the chimney. Half-way I was wedged in by a Russian spy. He was going up. "There passed upwards and disappeared. The next moment I was in the Premier's room. He was reading aloud a poem called *The (Boy) Cotter's Saturday Night*.

"What answer shall I send Boycott?" asked the Secretary, venturing to interrupt his Chief.

"Answer?" returned the Premier, testily, "write 'Mind your own business' on a postcard, and send him that."

11.0 P.M.—Curious, none of them seem to know what the plot is. All sure there is one, however. Premier says Kurds are at the



THE "D.T."-ECTIVE.

is a plot," he whispered, as he passed upwards and disappeared.

The next moment I was in the Premier's room. He was reading aloud a poem called *The (Boy) Cotter's Saturday Night*.

"What answer shall I send Boycott?" asked the Secretary, venturing to interrupt his Chief.

"Answer?" returned the Premier, testily, "write 'Mind your own business' on a postcard, and send him that."

11.0 P.M.—Curious, none of them seem to know what the plot is. All sure there is one, however. Premier says Kurds are at the

bottom of it. Lord SELBORNE rather inclined to think Radicals have a finger in it. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN fancies it a plot of the Whigs to prevent reform in Land Laws. Earl GRANVILLE said he was sure the Americans were conspiring about Fishery question. Mr. BRIGHT beginning to remark that as there were no lords or kings in America, there couldn't possibly be a plot of any kind there. I cautiously inquired if the Plot was there? No. Aha! then I had found the Plot out!! Good!

12.0 P.M.—I am in Westminster Hall. Who is that figure? Lord PENZANCE disguised as OLIVER CROMWELL, spade in hand, shovelling earth out of a large hole which he has just made.

He throws down his implements, and says, "I am dressed as CROMWELL, and am digging a hole for CHARLES."

12.30 P.M.—House of Lords deserted, except by a single occupant. Lord SHERBROOKE sitting on a shelf, high up, looking very much changed.

"My Lord!" I said, taking out one of my blank forms of arrest; "I arrest you on a charge of *præmunire, scire facias, caveat emptor, de contumacia catchendo, and significavit*. So come along!"

"I'm not the man," he whispered, "try BRIGHT. We're governed nowadays from Birmingham!"

I wrote the information down in my pocket-book. Two men whispered, "Try Colney Hatch." I started for my destination. I was wandering in my mind towards the Heights of Imagination when I lost my way in the snow and you found me.

"All right!" said *Mr. Punch*, nodding to the Detective. "Keep quiet."

"Stands Scotland-Yard where it did?" asked a sombre-visaged person who subsequently introduced himself as an Un-blighted Tragedian.

"Well, I don't know," replied the Detective. "I don't like speaking against my own profession, but what do you think of this, eh?" and he read out—

Police Advertisement Extraordinary.

THE Metropolitan Commissioners of Police have much pleasure in informing the Public that they have now completed their arrangements for the speedy production of mock-murders, fictitious felonies, and phantom forgeries.

Imitation criminal-work in all its branches executed with neatness, punctuality, and despatch. A Protean witness kept in readiness, both day and night, on the premises. Please address all inquiries to "Manager, Criminal Investigation Department."

(Signed) JONATHAN WILD THE YOUNGER, Dec., 1880.

"Dangerous practice," observed *Mr. Punch*.

"Right you are, Guv'nor!" said a smart youth, waking up.

"Why! surely!" exclaimed *Mr. Punch*, as his face beamed again. "It must be—"

"Right again, Old Man! It's 'ARRY! It's me! It's myself! 'A1' 'ARRY THE FIRST! My name is 'ARRY on the Primrose Hill—"

"What's that?" growled the Un-blighted Tragedian. "Rash Boy! You mean *Norval*. I ought to know. I am a Professional in the Heavy line. Listen!" he cried, as he unfolded his manuscript. "Listen to—"

The Un-blighted Tragedian.

You will wonder why you have found me buried in an avalanche, ready dressed for *Hamlet*. I will tell you:—

I am the eldest son of a Duke, and heir, in direct succession to a couple of the wealthiest peerages in the three kingdoms. I was not "born" to the stage. The Duchess, my mother, had nourished a vast ambition for my future. She had said to my father, the Duke, "I am resolved about PLANTAGENET: he shall lead both parties in both Houses." My father had nodded approvingly, as he always did, and merely rejoined, "Very well, my dear; just as you like, of course." After this I began well. Cabinet Ministers were asked down to Boltons, and were hurried up to the nursery six at a time to look at me in my cradle. My earliest recollections are of nothing but crowned heads. At three and twenty, I was one of the acknowledged listeners of the House, had written a standard work on Blank Cheques, and was set down for a Junior Secretaryship. My reputation was European—at least, almost European. And now came the turning-point of my existence.

A literary Marquis had given me an order for two to the upper boxes, for a matinée at the King's Cross Theatre. I had never entered a play-house before. The piece was *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*. The hero spoke as if his mouth was full of potatoes. The heroine seemed on familiar terms with the leader of the band. But the blow was struck. The splendour of the whole thing seized on me like a mighty revelation. I felt, in an instant, that till now I had not known the meaning of that mysterious word "career." That very night, I saw the Prime Minister, and threw up everything I might have held. There was a scene, but I was obdurate. Within a week, I had been thoroughly prepared for the stage by an experienced advertiser. At the end of a fortnight, I had been driven from it in a shower of rotten eggs, on the occasion of my first appearance as *Virginius*. At the close of a month I was singing "Why don't they put Uncle to bed?" in a Music Hall at South Shields. But

no effort was spared at Boltons to win me back. My father, the Duke, joined the Four-in-Hand Club, with a real *Stage Coach*. He next entered a Circus horse for the Derby, but the Blue Ribbon fell to another. At home, however, there was no lack of energy. A Clown and Pantaloons were asked down for the Grouse Shooting, and the whole of the diplomatic corps were invited to meet them. Nor did matters end here. All the back numbers of the *Era*, from its commencement were left about in piles on the drawing-room tables. This killed my mother. Still I persevered. To take the town by storm with my Danish Prince was the one object I had proposed to myself in life. Yet I had made it a rule never to miss a chance. I have played the *Dog in the Forest of Bondy*, and six of the characters in *Macbeth*, including the *Thane* himself, in the same evening.

"WHAT AN ASS AM I!"
Hamlet. Act ii. Sc. 2.

But, perhaps, the best thing I ever did was a pepper-castor in a pantomime processional supper at a seaport town on the Essex coast. It was about this time, that my father received the Garter, and for a fortnight I was "wanted" in the second column of the *Times* by the family Solicitor. But I had chosen my career. My father was welcome to the Garter. Give me the Orders! To play *Hamlet* before a moderate house, that should not be more than three-fourths paper, was still the dream of my existence.

So I kept my counsel. While they were in mourning for me at Boltons, I was working the tail of the "Merry Mastodon" in a burlesque that had been written by a local poet at *Herne Bay*, and had run a whole night and a half. Once, and only once, I got a chance with *Hamlet*. It was at a place where somehow, they had not yet heard of my name. And I was getting on fairly, when the *Ghost* suddenly staggered on to the stage, and I saw at a glance that he had been following the Danish custom, more honoured in the breach than the observance, and was, in fact, stupidly drunk. Fortunately experience had taught me what to do, and, at the line "Alas, poor Ghost!" just as he was trying in an imbecile manner to rap my head with his truncheon, I took him out on my back. But though I introduced my "ten minutes interlude" of "Feeding the Beasts at the Zoo (with imitations)" to the players, the five people in the house who had paid, would have their money back, and I never got to my fight,—and I've never got to it since!

And so it has come to this,—that nobody will touch me at any price. Even Literary and Scientific Societies won't have me gratis. I can't even get out "To be or not to be" before an Infant School. Still, it is a glorious profession, and I am neither blighted nor disheartened. On the contrary, I am cheery. Ready to "slip in" a scene anywhere and anyhow, I now walk about in costume, and I was coming to give you a quiet reading, for a charity, when the avalanche overtook me. If you would like to hear"—

"Thank you, another time," interrupted the courteous host. "Take a cigar, and allow me to fill your glass."

"I ain't much of a playgoer myself," sententiously observed a shabby-looking man, in a dirty white tie and a shiny tail coat, "bein' mostly engaged in the evenin'."

"Your name, I should say, is ROBERT," said Mr. Punch, smiling graciously. "May I ask is that your diary you have with you?"

"Yessir. A mere hogstrack. You'd like to 'ear it? Yessir, comin' d'reckly, Sir."



"ALAS! POOR GHOST!"

The Waiter's Story.



E Waiters sometimes sees rum things and rum people too. I remember, many years ago, when I was engaged at a large Hotel in the Country, a Gent came in one day, looking in a great 'urry, and asked for a private room. I showed him into one, and he immediately locked the door. He had a large black bag with him, which he placed on a chair, and turning suddenly upon me said, "Can you keep a secret, Waiter?" "Yes, Sir," I said, "I think I can." He put a

sovereign in my 'and and said, "Now what do you say?" "Now," I said, "I'm quite sure I can." "Then," says he, "I'll clinch the bargain at once," and he gave me another sovereign. I think I was never more astonished in all my life. He then pointed to the black bag and said, "My secret is locked in that bag, and here's the key; but before I give it to you, listen to what I have to say. I was the heir to a Dukedom and a Garter." "Only one," said I. "No," said he, "both; and also to immense estates and large sums of money, thousands of acres and tens of thousands of pounds. The only living being that stood between me and my large inheritance is here, here," and he pointed to the black bag. I thought I should have fainted with 'rror. "But," I said, "how can a human being be packed in so small a space?" "It is," said he, "only a child, five years old, with beautiful fair soft hair, and such sweet sad eyes. Did you ever hear of a child's 'air turning white with fear in a single hour? Look here and see," and opening the bag he showed me a lock of perfectly white 'air! He then locked the bag again, and turning to me said, "You must carry this bag with me to the Railway Station, and, if I escape undiscovered, I will give you untold gold; if you betray me, this six-shot Revolver loaded to the muzzle, shall punish your wilful lie."

Feeling now sure that I was in the presence either of a Murderer or a Madman, I knew not what on earth to do. However, he didn't give me much time to think, but, bidding me carry the bag before him, we went out. Directly we got into the fields he said, "There is a short cut, this way across the river." "Yes," said I; "but there's no bridge." "What of that," said he, "we will swim!" "I can't swim," says I. "Coward!" says he, "then we'll catch the Express as it rushes along, and hang on by the Guard's Van!" "It can't be done," says I. "Caitiff," says he, "are you one of De COURCY's adherents?" "No," said I, "I'm only the Waiter at the Black Swan," and I sticks to that. "Whatever," says he, "you have been offered to betray me, I will double if you will be true. Hundreds for falsehoods, thousands for truth. Can you hesitate? Let us go to some retired spot, and then, safe from interruption, I will relate my sad story."

Good gracious, how frightened I was! I knew it was no use shouting for the Police, because there ain't none there. That's one good thing in London—savin' the Detective's presence, which I'm glad to see he's fast asleep—you never need go far for a Policeman; you're sure to find one in a small area. Well, just as we were turning round the corner by the church-yard, four men rushed out upon us, knocked the pistol out of the gentleman's hand, 'andcuffed him in less than no time, and seizing the black bag from my most willin' hands, opened it, and, to my intense astonishment and delight, took out a fine White Rabbit! The poor Maniac looked at it with 'rror and despair; and the Keepers placing him in a carriage they had in waiting, they drove away, giving me five shillings, as they said, for my trouble. Well, if my trouble was worth five shillings, what was my fright worth? 'Owever, I was so puzzled and overcome that I quite forgot to return the two sovereigns the poor Gent had so generously given me. Two pounds five shillins is a lot of money to receive all at once, and for about only twenty minutes work, but I think, upon the whole, I'd rather not earn it again in exactly the same way, not even to be a Alderman, and live on tuttle.

"Consummate!" sighed an *Aesthetic* Young Man, who had been found in the snow with a Lily in his hand, and a Peacock's Feather behind his ear.

"Mr. POSTLETHWAITE, I believe?" said *Mr. Punch*, bowing.

The *Aesthetic* gracefully acknowledged the salutation, and relapsed into silence.

"The world's a stage, Sir, as you say," observed a sad-looking, middle-aged Man, in reply to some remark from the Un-blighted Tragedian; "but it's the unprofessionals who have most experience of its tragedy."

Mr. Punch requested the Sad Traveller to oblige him by reading the manuscript which he had already produced.

"It's in verse," said the Sad Traveller. "And I call it"—

Holly-Ho!

"Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly!"—SHAKSPEARE.



THE holly was full of berry, the winter was hard and white,
As white as my girl-wife's face, and as hard as our life's long fight.

"It will sell all the better," she said, as she kissed me a faint good-bye.
And I gathered the scant rags round her, and went, with a tear-dimmed eye.

No fire in the rusted grate; chill cheer for our Christmas Eve!
And I left her, to wheel out the holly, though bitterly loth to leave.
It was brought from the far white woods, near the Cottage where POLLY was born, Twenty long miles I had trudged with it, only that same bleak morn.

But the shining red berries were thick on it, showing so ruddily warm,
That I left just one scarlet spray on her pillow. Her frost-pinched form Shook 'neath the tattered quilt; but she said, "I feel cosy and well.
And I never saw holly so fine, Tom; 'twill sell, dear, I'm sure it will sell."

Sell! 'Twas but little 'twould fetch, though it sold to the last red spray.
But what other chance of comfort was left for our Christmas Day?
A shilling or two meant dinner, a bit of fire in the stove,
And POLLY clasped warm in my arms,—yes *warm* as our sore tried love.

Ah! if only love could warm, spite of frost and of clothing scant,
Could keep off the biting of winter, the gnawing of hunger and want,



Then the cold had never struck home through the thin, thin rags of my wife, Nor consumption's merciless clutch have been laid on the core of her life.

The streets were white, but the gaslight gleamed from a myriad jets
On a myriad eager faces; e'en poverty's fevers and frets Seemed stilled, or they stole into corners, like bats when the daylight breaks; What have holiday buyers to do with the vision of hunger and aches?

"Holly-ho! Holly-ho! Holly-ho!" Oh, I shouted and smiled with the best, And I chaffed with the jovial chaffers, — longing for midnight and rest.
And an old stave ran in my head, about life being jolly, most jolly, As I looked on the girls' rosy faces, and thought of the white cheeks of POLLY.

Yet the pennies came slowly in; but, at last, when the throng had grown thin, There passed me a portly old fellow, wool-swathed to his round red chin. Was he caught by the gleam of the berries,—my face's cold trouble? Who knows?

But he turned, and he bought the whole lot. What a laugh to my lips arose!

"Wheel it home to my house, my good man." And I followed him home through the night.
As clean as his smooth shaven face, was the Villa, all comfort and light;

And his daughters thronged to the hall, and they kissed him, and welcomed the holly;
And again in my ears rang the cheery old strain, "Life is jolly, most jolly!"

Well, with six shining shillings in hand, wine-warmed, with a flask "for my wife." It was hardly for me to be bitter, or mock at the launders of life.

The thought of the glisten of POLLY's dark eyes drew me on, hot and swift, Till my scant breath failed, and I reeled, as the latch I was ready to lift.

One minute I paused on the threshold; I think that my thought was a prayer, A wordless thanksgiving for her who was waiting so patiently there.

Hist! Was that her low voice? "Tom!" Aye, I heard it close at my ear, The voice of the girl I had wooed in the holly wood, wondrously faint and clear.

And I burst in, singing the strain, "Oh, this life is jolly, most jolly!"

"It is Christmas morning, my girl, and I've sold every bit of our holly, Save the spray on your pillow, my pet. Let me kiss your poor cheeks as red." And I stooped, with my heart at my lips, almost happy, —and POLLY was dead!

Three minutes allowed for reflection, which was, however, interrupted by *Toby* rushing in with something in his mouth. "That dog is very troublesome," said *Mr. Punch*, apologetically. "One moment, Gentlemen," and he took up a roll of paper off the rug.

"The last Turkish Circular Note," he explained to the company, after perusing the document. "Will anyone cash it?"

There was a quiet laugh, but no one made an offer.

"Into the fire with it," said the business-like host. "And now, once more go on, if you please. Who's next?"

"I be!" cried a sturdy-looking Fellow, in velveteen.

"And what's your paper about?" inquired *Mr. Punch*.

"Well, Zur, it be better nor Playactors' ghoasties—it be about reel ghoasties." And laying down his pipe, the Velveteen Man read out—

The Haunted Preserve.

(*A Tale of a Village Tap-Room. Told by an Old Poacher.*)



O I believe in Ghoasties? Ees. Seeun is beleevun. There wuz sitch things once. There used to be Ghoasties afoor there wuz Raailways; but 'tis said Steam ha' sweep' um all away.

Did I ever see are a Ghoast myself? Aa, didn't I! There's them now livun besides me as remembers when they heerd say as how there wuz summat to

be sin down in Giles's 'Ood. So there wuz; and I know'd ut. I sin ut fust, though the fust to speake about ut wuz NED NORRIS, Sir THOMAS's Head Keeper; but I sin ut afoor he. So 'twasn't no news to me when 'told the storee, as I heerd 'un tell ut at the "White Hoss."

"A said 'a wuz out one fine winter's night, as med ha been yesterday a little afoor this here heavy snow come

on, a gwin of his rounds. The moon wuz up, and purty nigh at the full. "Tis my delight of a shiny night in the sazon of the year." NED, 'a know'd that well enough; set a thief to catch a thier; not that I allows poachun's thievun,—that is, poachun as it used to be in the old days, but 'a know'd a moonlight night was the time o' day, as the Irishman said, for the keepers to be on the look-out. So in the course of his beat 'a wuz takun of a turn in Giles's 'Ood, when some way off 'a see a light a glimmerun dro the cover. 'Cause by this time the clouds had rose and the sky begun to be overcast. So 'a made his way towards the light that shone brighter and brighter the darker the night grow'd and the nigher 'a got, till 'a come nigh enough to make ut out a summut shinun out o' the middle of a holler tree. 'A went a step or two closer, and then 'a see a sight 'a said 'a hoped 'a should never see no more agen as long as 'a lived, wot struck un all of a heap and gie un a shock like as if a ramrod o' cold iron had ben drove down his backbone. 'A said, and 'a s'ore, 'a sin as plain as eyes could see a figger of a body in a shroud wi' a Death's Head on, all alight inside, and the eyes a flamen like gurt glow-worms, and the nose and mouth too a breathing out fire. The arms on't was stretched out crosswise like as if invitun of un to come to un and offer'n to elapse un; and afoor 'a 'd got time to cry "Looramassy!" the thing gie a groan more dismaller than the last dynun grunt of a stuck pig; and then vanished, leavun un rooted to the earth beneath un like a ground-ash stiek. There 'a stood some time afoor 'a know'd what 'a wuz about. When 'a come to, the snow had begun to fall, and by the time 'a got whoam 'a was as white all over as a imidge o' Father Crissmus; and his veace white too—half froze to death awuz wi' cold and fright. Never no moor, never no moor would NED NORRIS nor nary one o' the Keepers venter into Giles's 'Ood arter dark; not they.

Well; but how about me? Had I seed this here Ghoast in Giles's 'Ood myself, and know'd on 'un already? Ees, I had. I ought to a sin un afoor anybody else, cause the truth o' the matter wuz I made un. I farmed un by manes of a prop and a palun and a pair o' old gloves at the ends on't, and an old sheet as had got moor holy than ritechus, and a good-sized turmut that I scooped out and carved wi' holes for eyes, nose, and mouth, like the Man i' the Moon, and by way of beautifyun the Ghoast's peepers in particlker, stuck bits o' green glass in un, which made un look all the moor soopernatural.

O' course, I needn't explaain who 'twas that hid hisself behind the Ghoast in the holler tree, and gied the horrable groan, and sud-duntly doused the glim in the turmut lantern.

"Why, you jolly old 'umbug!" exclaimed the Irrepressible One. "That wasn't a ghost! I don't believe in ghosts," said 'ARRY. POSTLETHWAITE heaved a sigh.

"I do," said the Un-blighted Being; "SHAKSPEARE did."

Some of the company rose at once to dispute this position, but before Mr. Punch had decided who was to speak first, *Toby* rushed in head over heels, barking furiously.

"I can't help it, Master," yelled *Toby* in his best dog-Latin, which his master translated for the company's benefit; "but there are three Gentlemen outside, who want to know whether you'll subscribe a trifle to the Land League."

"With the greatest pleasure!" instantly responded the Just and Generous Sage, his eye twinkling. "What, ho! without there! Start an avalanche!" There was a roar of thunder. "Now, Gentlemen," he said, smiling cheerily, "that's disposed of. Perhaps Mr. POSTLETHWAITE will oblige?"

The Ästhetic Young Man rose languidly from his seat, and leaning against a bookcase, with the Lily in his hand, and the Peacock's Feather in his hair, he read aloud—

Fleur des Alpes;

OR, POSTLETHWAITE'S LAST LOVE.

Good Philistines all, I don't carry manuscripts about me to read to the likes of you! and if I did, you couldn't understand them—and if you could, I should be Supremely disgusted,—moreover, you would have the advantage of me.

But I can speak plain English when it suits me, and make myself pretty well understood, when I like—even by such as yourselves—wherefore, since you are willing to listen, I will tell you why I am here to-night, far, far away from the CIMABUE BROWNS—remote, ah me! from the tender companionship of my MAUDIE!

You have never heard of MAUDIE and Mrs. CIMABUE BROWN? I dare say not. To know them is a Joy, and the privilege of a select and chosen few; for they are simply Perfect. Yet in their respective perfection, they differentiate from each other with a quite ineffably subtle exquisiteness.

For She is Supremely Consummate—whereas He is Consummately Supreme. I constantly tell them so, and they agree with me.

I also make a point of telling everybody else.

My modesty prevents me from revealing to you all they tell me (and everybody else) about myself, beyond the mere fact that they consider me alone to combine, in my own mind and person, Supreme Consummateness with Consummate Supremacy—and I agree with them. We get on uncommonly well together, I can tell you.

It will not surprise you, seeing that I am thus gifted, to hear that

for the last year or two I have been quite a Social Celebrity. It happened in this wise.

One evening, for want of anything better to say, I told Mrs. CIMABUE BROWN, in the strictest confidence, that I could sit up all night with a *Lily*. She was holding one in her hand, as usual. She was deeply moved. Her eye moistened. She said, "Quite so!" and wrung my fingers. And it struck her as such a beautiful thought, that she couldn't help letting it out before that blundering buffoon GRIGSBY, who always tries to poke his vulgar fun at MAUDIE and myself; and GRIGSBY went and told it to every soul he knew, as a good joke against Me!

NOW GRIGSBY, for some reason or other that I could never make out, knows everybody worth knowing, and everybody worth knowing very naturally wanted to know a man who could sit up all night with a *Lily*!

A *Lily*! Just think of it, ye worthy Philistines! what a flower to have chosen! and for what a purpose! How Consummate! How Perfect! how Supreme, Precious and Blessed! Nay, how Utter!

I became the fashion. These very adjectives of mine have grown into household words. Even GRIGSBY uses them now, and about me



of all people; me, whom he pretends to hate! For does he not call me, and to my very face, too, a Supreme duffer, a Consummate ass, a Blessed idiot, a Precious fool, a Perfect noodle, nay, an Utter Nin-compoop!

Poor GRIGSBY! What an utter sell for him! But he lacks the real sense of humour!

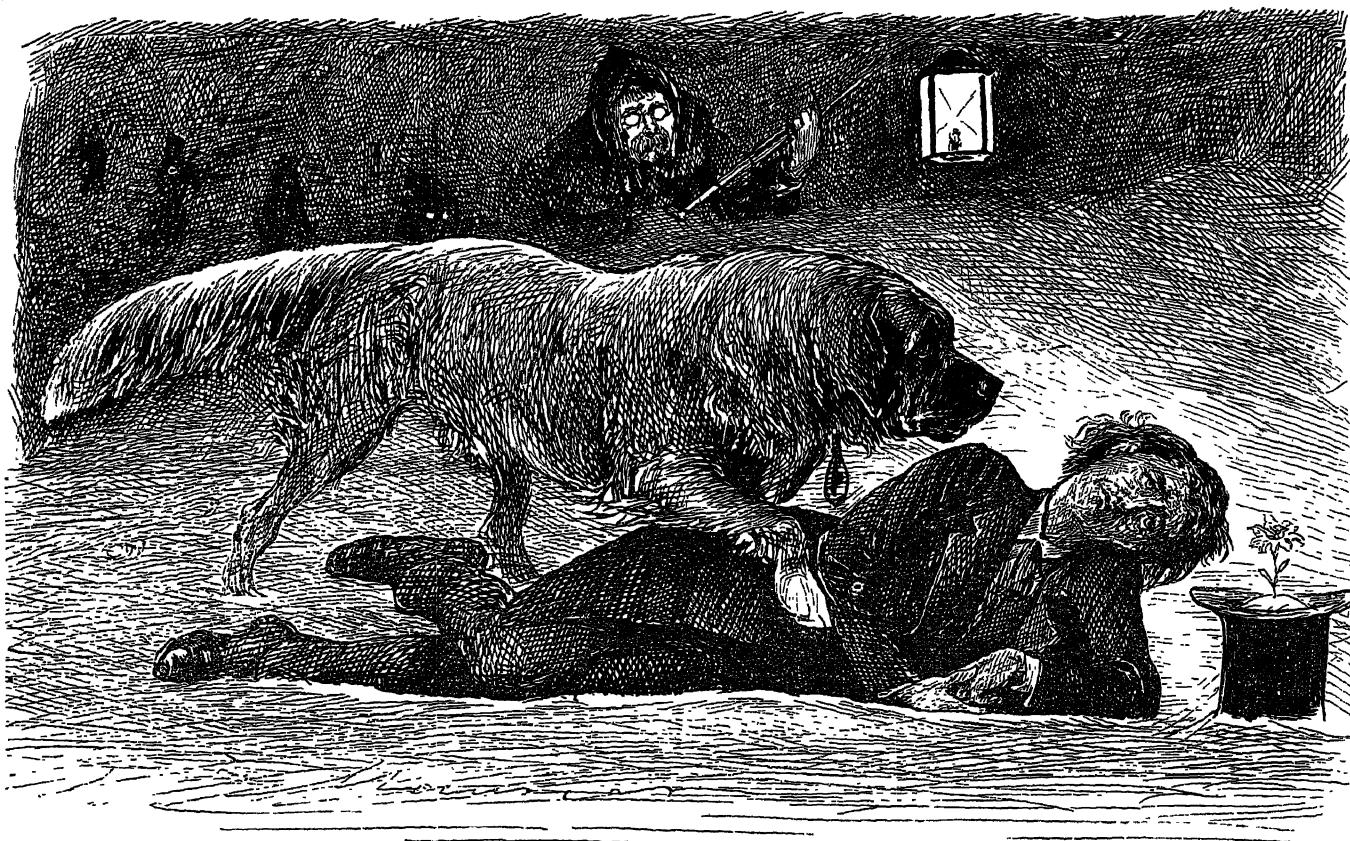
I had imitators, of course. I can hardly call them rivals. PILCOX declared he could sit up all night with a Stephanotis—and actually did so, I believe, and was seedy for a month in consequence! And as for MILKINGTON SOPLEY, he swore he never went to bed without an Aloe Blossom! a thing that only happens once in a century! They overdid it. They always do. And GRIGSBY lets them alone.

Next season I took MAUDIE aside, and whispered to him (in the hearing of GRIGSBY) that I had sat up all night with a *Primrose*. I thought it a capital change after the *Lily*. So simple, you know! And we all went in for simplicity just then, even the little CIMABUE BROWNS! And what a sell for PILCOX and SOPLEY, with their Aloe Blossoms and Stephanotises!

A tear rolled down the Perfect cheek of MAUDIE (for his cheek is almost as consummate as mine); pressing me to his bosom he said, "Distinctly so!" GRIGSBY let off a big D., and went forth like an indignant lamb to spread the news abroad.

It took immediately; the people worth knowing (GRIGSBY's people, Ha! Ha!) literally fought for me—GRIGSBY was nowhere.

PILCOX followed suit with a Marigold, or a Dandelion, or some such twaddling superannuated old weed. And SOPLEY, poor boy! tried it on with a Snowdrop, so he said: but it was in June, you know, and didn't do at all. They overdid it, as usual, and were out of it again! The fact is, "they ain't got no *Tack*," as GRIGSBY says when he wants to be funny. And as for the sense of humour, they are as badly off as GRIGSBY himself. Besides which, PILCOX gets his clothes



ready-made at EPHRAIM BROTHERS, in the Strand, or somewhere. And SORLEY can't bear up against a snub from a lady of title. It upsets his stomach, and he goes home and tells his mother and sisters—and they tell everybody all round. Fatal!

Now the Lily had carried me though my first season, the Primrose through my second. The question arose: what Flower of Flowers is to carry me through my next? It must be simpler than the Primrose, rarer than the Lily, and as consummate and all that as either; and such, moreover, as to rile GRIGSBY to madness, and leave SORLEY and PILCOX sticking in the mud for the rest of their lives.

I sat up all night with a Botanical Dictionary, and hit upon the very flower at last—The Utter Blossom! The Perfect Thing!! Oh, my GRIGSBY! It will be the death of you! And you, Professional Beauties, look well to your laurels! For this is a stroke of Genius, and will carry me on to 1883—or even '4!

And that is why I am here to-night.

Good Philistines, every one, you are the witnesses thereof—and when called upon to do so (by GRIGSBY, for instance), must testify to the fact that I, JELLABY POSTLETHWAITE, was actually caught, by an intelligent little quadruped answering to the name of *Tobby*—who informed his friend the big dog *Chang* of the fact, and *Chang* carried me hither—in a snowstorm at mid-winter, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, Lat. 45° 52' N., Long. 7° 12' E., under most unfavourable circumstances, and at considerable personal risk and inconvenience to myself, in the very act of

SITTING UP ALL NIGHT WITH AN EDELWEISS!

Here the Aesthetic POSTLETHWAITE produced a dried specimen, smelt it passionately, and fainted away. Punch revived him. Three sniffs did it. Then *Tobby* asked permission to entertain *Chang* with grilled bones and porridge before the kitchen fire. "By all means!" said Mr. Punch, heartily.

"Don't twig this lingo about 'Consummate,'" said 'ARRY. ROBERT the Waiter thought it had something to do with soup.

"Look here, Guv'nor," cried the Irrepressible to Mr. Punch. "Tip us a stave yourself!"

"Hear! Hear!" from everybody, enthusiastically. "With pleasure!" replied the Sage, cheerily. It shall be something seasonable—I've just had a present from one of my oldest and most valued friends," and he drew from his portfolio a Christmas Cartoon.

"Here we are again!" they all called out as they read the title.

"Yes," returned Mr. Punch; "and here he is again—Father Christmas, the Friend of all—young and old! There is also, you will observe," he added, blushing slightly, "a somewhat flattering portrait of myself. I like being among the children at Christmas time. So fill your glasses a bumper, Gentlemen, if you please, and here's the health of the bairns, bless 'em! And now I'll give you"—

The Children's Welcome to Father Christmas.

Do you hear the children laughing,—fathers, mothers,—
Ere the sorrows come with years?
They are romping all together, sisters, brothers,
And they little know of tears.

The snow may be lying on the meadows,
The world with cold grief may be opprest;
The East may not be free from boding shadows,
Fresh trouble may be brewing in the West:
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
They are laughing merrily;
They are laughing, knowing nought of bills and bothers,
And from care and taxes free.

They look up with their bright and beaming faces,
And their looks are good to see,
And the vision of their infantile glad graces
Fills their *Punch*'s heart with glee.
"The world," they seem to say, "is bright and cheery."
They wear its best of roses on each cheek;
And the sight of their fine rapture rests the weary,
And the music of their mirth inspires the weak.
Let us all be glad, and frolic with the children,
Though the outer world look cold;
Let us listen to their prattle, loud, bewildering,
And forget we're growing old.

For "O!" cry the children, "he is coming,
Father Christmas, he is here!"
The glories of his advent they are summing,
And his gifts and his good cheer.

Here is Christmas! As the children rush to greet him,
Mr. Punch, the children's friend, is midst their throng,
Father Christmas! Let us welcome him and meet him,
Like the children, with a jest and with a song.
There'll be lots of serious work to do to-morrow,
But to-day is Christmas Day,
So a lesson from the children let us borrow—
Laugh, and frolic, and be gay!

"I'm fond of children," said a spry, restless-looking Man, when the hearty applause which followed their host's verses had subsided; "I'm fond



“ HERE WE ARE AGAIN !!”

of children, though I don't remember being one myself, having been always a self-made man. But then you see you don't make other people at the same time. And if things go against you—but just pull yourselves together, and listen!"

Thus adjured, the company went through the process of pulling themselves together. After which *Mr. Punch* announced their readiness to listen to—

The Overseer's Story.



I'm an Overseer. My name is JOBBINS, Vestryman, Overseer, Chairman of the Assessment Committee in the parish of St. Horse-leach-in-the-East, and a member—I may say a very active member—of the Conglomerated Board of Works.

I got my nose into parochial business, and where my nose went my body soon followed. I soon mastered the theory and practice of parochial politics. I was rewarded by being made a Local Pole-Tax Commissioner. From this moment my building transactions increased in the most marvellous manner. I was sent to represent my District at the Conglomerated Board of Works. I soon understood my colleagues, and they understood me. I had many friends who bought land, leaseholds, freeholds, shops, and houses. It was curious that these places were always wanted by the Conglomerated Board for Babylonian Improvements. Not wishing to stand across the path of progress, they sold their property to the public, and bought other property. The same result followed. They were still in the path of progress.

I should probably have done wisely if I had merely acted as looker-on at these transactions, but my charity carried me away. The line of the Mammoth Thoroughfare required an opening right across a particular street, and the centre of the line was occupied by a large old lop-sided house which was in the possession of a fat, good-humoured Italian, named SPARGHETTI, who devoted the basement to the manufacture and sale of penny ices. SPARGHETTI's stock-in-trade was not imposing. A few glasses, a few lemons, a rusty copper, and some cracked marble tables. Even these were not his own, but heavily rented from a hungry-looking German who dealt in old clothes, fried fish, oranges, money-lending, and cheap jewellery. I quietly established myself as SPARGHETTI's patron, much to the disgust of the German. I did the house up in a showy manner, turned a small wax-work exhibition out of the first-floor, filled the rooms with packing-cases and a few boxes of macaroni, and put up a substantial crane outside the building. This gave us a wholesale look. Some old account-books, a small counting-house, and other signs of trade prepared us decently for our heavy claim for compensation.

We sent it in, backed by figures and the testimony of experts, and large as it was, we should have got it if it had not been for the waspish German and a new local journal called *The Houndsditch Nettle*. The waspish German supplied what he was pleased to call "facts," and the *Nettle* served them up with additions and comments. I was compelled to support the *Nettle*, and vote against myself. The compensation was reduced to a ridiculous sum, just sufficient to pay me for the alteration of the premises, and leaving a balance of about ten pounds, which I handed to the now houseless SPARGHETTI. The houseless SPARGHETTI would have been quite content with this sum, if his ear had not been poisoned by the waspish and revengeful

German. He was persuaded that he had been swindled, and that his Italian honour demanded vengeance. He began to dog my footsteps; he glared at me from doorways; he muttered threats in a language I could not understand. If I entered an omnibus, he followed me; if I tried a river steamboat or the Underground Railway, he was still my companion. I was afraid to claim the protection of the police. I could hardly appear in court against him. I thought to evade him by trying a foreign tour, and purchased one of Cook's Circular Tickets to go anywhere and everywhere—but I was mistaken. He turned up as a courier or interpreter, and was still near me. A fortunate accident at last came to my relief. His passport was out of order, and at the top of the Alps he was not allowed to descend into his native country. He was sent down again into France to get his proper credentials; and here I am, a warning to Vestrymen who try to deal liberally with ignorant foreigners. And by the way, I only hope your dog won't find that confounded SPARGHETTI in the snow; or if he does, let him leave him there.

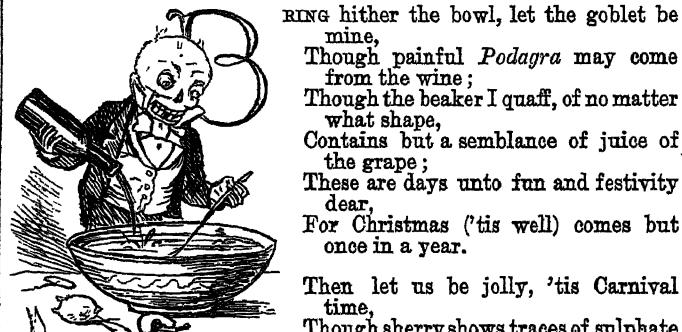
At the conclusion of the Overseer's Story, a Gentleman of military appearance, requested permission to be allowed to ask the company a question, which he called "A Case of Uniformity."—Q. Why does the Duke of CAMBRIDGE wish his Officers to appear at all times in *scarlet*?—A. Because he wants them to act up to the spirit of the motto of the British Army—"Ready, eye ready!"

"What the Duke said," observed *Mr. Punch*, "was, if I remember rightly, 'Officers shall in future wear uniform, save when engaged in recreation.'"

"Then," rejoined the Military-looking Gentleman, "the question is—What is Recreation? Is it Recreation to drink brandies and sodas, smoke cigarettes, and relate anecdotes of a possibly hilarious but certainly questionable character every afternoon in a Bond Street hotel, frequent second-rate race meetings, and mix with light-weight jockeys and stable lads of considerably lower rank and education than your own servants, in the hope of getting a 'straight tip?' Is it Recreation to take Miss GUINEVERE DE CANNON, of the Tooral-Tooral Theatre, to the Derby? Is it?" Here the Irrepressible interrupted the speaker with—"Give it up. Ask another." The Military-looking Gentleman was evidently about to retort somewhat violently, when *Mr. Punch* invited his guests to clink glasses amicably all round.

"Good tipple this, Sir," said a Jolly-looking Young Man. "But there's a lot drank about this time that isn't. I speak as a Medical Student—or, I should say, I sing as one." And he at once trolled out—

A Seasonable Song.



RING hither the bowl, let the goblet be mine,
Though painful *Podagra* may come
from the wine;
Though the beaker I quaff, of no matter
what shape,
Contains but a semblance of juice of
the grape;
These are days unto fun and festivity
dear,
For Christmas ('tis well) comes but
once in a year.

Then let us be jolly, 'tis Carnival
time,
Though sherry shows traces of sulphate
of lime;

Though even the water, so fair in the glass,
Is charged with some dread deleterious gas,
We'll calmly consume it, and never show fear,
For Christmas we know comes but once in the year.

Let's fill up the tumbler to
lighten our toil,
Though whiskey too often con-
tains fusel oil;
Though rum, which our sailors
imbibe, has been said
To be charged with red pepper
and sugar of lead:
Though *Cocculus Indicus* lurks
in the beer—
We'll try them, for Christmas
comes once in a year.

Then join me, good *Punch*, and
we'll drink to your fame
In the mixture that's honoured
by bearing your name;
If, haply, the liquor too deeply
allures,
I can put ourselves down on my
long list of cures.
Here's your health! We will
risk indigestible cheer,
For Christmas, my *Punch*, comes but once in the year.



"Ah," said an old Man, in a corner, "drink's different to what it were. Everything's different."

"Who are you, my worthy friend?" asked Mr. Punch, with a warm tear glistening in his sympathetic eye.

"I am the Old Happy Peasant," answered the Ancient Man. "I've done a lot o' magazine work in my time, and I've got a little story here in my pocket, which I call"—

An Untold Tale.



REAL English Christmas weather! Above, a heavy grey sky, without a cloud. A pitiless, pelting rain, which the keen East wind sweeps across the fields. Below, mud thick and grimy.

Round about the fire on the Christmas Eve of which my tale tells, was a group characteristic of an English village. First and foremost comes mine host. His small eyes, set close together, his fiery and inflamed nose, his beetle-brows, his low forehead, his heavy jowl, combined to make him a regular jolly English sort of landlord, in whose house you would at once feel at home if you had previously been in the habit of lodging free of charge at any of Her Majesty's many public buildings. On his right sat CLIFFORD SINK, the lawyer who did all the village business. He had been struck off the Rolls in London, but at Slushley, nobody knew exactly what this meant, and regarded it as some professional distinction. Near him again sat JACK SWADDY, who had been a soldier.

When JACK SWADDY, driven to desperation by the Squire's game-keepers, ran away and enlisted, the big bells were rung, and bonfires were burnt to celebrate the delight the village felt at sending such a hero forth into the world. And whenever it was reported that a British regiment was surrounded by fierce and unconquerable enemies, whenever it was rumoured that the British army had been decimated on the field, and that the survivors had suffered the most hideous tortures, old men, and women, lads and lasses, fell on their knees, and devoutly prayed that JACK SWADDY might be in the midst of it. He returned after seven years' absence, with his hair cut very short, evidently in the military fashion, and a military way of lifting his feet high from the ground, as if, for seven years, he had been trying to go up an endless staircase.

The other inmates of the cosy parlour must be passed over quickly. Here sat the Doctor, one of the most famous unqualified practitioners in England; there sat the Parish Clerk, half blind and stone deaf; there sat the sporting Farmer, who had once run a horse at a suburban meeting, and had come home with two black eyes, and no front teeth to speak of; there sat the Butcher, who was complacently pointed out by the villagers to the few strangers who ever visited Slushley, as the man who was owed more money than the Landlord; and there, in the corner, sat old Gaffer NORTON. What Gaffer NORTON's age was, no one knew. He once stated he was over a hundred, but when his son, who was himself seventy, proposed to put him in a cart, and show him round the country at so much a head, he averred, with tears in his eyes, that he was only five-and-thirty. However, all agreed he was very old.

"So," said mine host, "Christmas is upon us once more like."

"Aye, sewerly," replied SWADDY, "they du saay cooming, and so is Christmas; but a've noticed that Christmas, he doee come, whether he will or no."

"Marvellous, it is indeed," remarked Gaffer NORTON, "he aleays do come as Master SWADDY has said. A am an old man, but a remember Christmas coming every year that a've been born."

"There now, there now, d'y'e hear?" said the Butcher; "was there ever the likes of such a memory as thic theor man possesses? He never forgets that Christmas comes every year."

"And every year the ghost of Lady MARY," said the Surgeon, "walks on the terrace of the Hall."

"Uncommon wet night for her," sneered CLIFFORD SINK.

"But a'm uncommon dray," replied SWADDY, at which no one laughed, for each had meant to say it himself. The hint, however, was taken, and the glasses having been replenished with foaming quassia, and log-wood, and oil of vitriol, according to taste, mine host recommenced.

"Tell us all about the Ghost, Gaffer," said mine host, for he knew the story was long, and required much moistening.

"Aye, that a will with all pleasure."

At this announcement more than half the company left the room, and went away not to return.

"You may see," commenced the Gaffer, "that a were coming over the fields wan naight, five-and-fifty years ago, right adown by what they call Stokes End—"

"Was you sober?" asked the Butcher.

"A were," replied the Gaffer.

The Butcher sighed as if the interest of the tale as far as he was concerned had departed. So he departed himself.

"A were thaat sober, that a didn't know it were Christmas Eve at all. And a sees a light on the terrace o' the Squaire. And a was mortually fraighted. A am but a poor wambling old man, and had a raight to be terrified."

"But," broke in SWADDY, "you wasn't a wambling old man then, though you are now."

"A've always told this story the same way."

"And a've always said that it was wrong in the same way too; and a've gone home, and a'm going home now," and SWADDY with his high stepping action passed out into the night.

"Let him bide, let him bide. A were mortually fraighted."

"You've said that before. I can't stop here all night hearing you saying the same thing over and over again," said CLIFFORD SINK. "I am off now," and CLIFFORD SINK departed.

"And a said what prayers a could remember. A shrieked out 'Amen!'"

"There will be no service here next Sunday," shouted the Clerk, awoke by the familiar sound. And he immediately went home under the impression that he had been to church.

"And the ghosty said to me, 'Gaffer NORTON, Gaffer NORTON, there is treasure in the field behind the 'Jolly Cockchafer.'"

Mine host slipt out noiselessly, and catching up a spade, set to work to dig up his field with all the vigour he possessed.

"But first of all you must mind — Why, where's everyone agone to? Why, a do declare they've left a pore wambling old man all by himself. This is what they call manners. In my young days we sat around at Christmas, and told each other lies, and believed them; but naow —" And Gaffer NORTON drank up what was left in the glasses of the departed, and with difficulty sought his couch, vehemently, if inarticulately, abusing modern Christmas ways and fashions.

"Well, that's no end of a Story, that is!" cried the Irrepressible. "Bother your old country places in winter! They're a fraud. Look 'ere! Just see what I wrote to my pal CHARLIE. Here y're are!" And forthwith the Irrepressible read out—

'Arry's Christmas in the Country.

DEAR CHARLIE,

I've just done the right truly rural. I don't call it life for my part. Why, a ouseleek atop of a barn sees as much of the rorty and smart. Uncle Bowpot, the florist, lives here. Sech a rummy old image he is. NOAH's Ark ain't a patch on him, CHARLIE, for primness and straightness of phiz.

I'm not nuts on flowers myself, though a smart buttonholder's not bad. When a feller means doing the heavy. Camellers is most to my fad. A red 'un with maiden air trimmings is what I consider O. K. Suits my style and complexion, yer know, so I runs to it once in a way.

Now FLO,—that's Miss Bowpot, rum gal, she's my cousin—considers'em flash. Queer people, these rustics, my pippin, no notion of cutting a dash. Fro somehow don't cotton to me, which is odd, and I can't make it out, For, you know, I am mostly all there when a petticoat's frisking about.

Bin 'oliday-making of course, up to what I suppose they call spreés. Took me pond-skating. Slow!—and I tumbled and busted my bags at the knees.

With a parson top boss of the bizness, no rushes, no lusses, no larks, It was more like an open-air meetin' than fun like we ave in the parks.

Then church-decorating! My winky! they had me at that High old game! Sticking holly and green-stuff on pillars. Why blowed if they didn't cry Shame!

When I dropped a mild D.'cos the leaves pricked my fingers, and one of the girls Looked as stiff as a saint cut in stone when I ventured to twiddle her curls.

Then at night we went tootling and twangling for miles in the snow—called it Waits. Sung carols and that sort of rot; and FLO piped like a bird, said JACK BATES. Her fingers and nose were all right, though I hadn't no feeling in mine, And they lashed us on—what do you think now?—'ot coffee and spiced elder wine!



SLIP 'ARRY.

I was out of it, jolly clean out of it. Offered to tip 'em a song, "La-di-da," or "O, isn't it Spicy," but bless yer! they thought 'em too strong, And when I jest whispered to JACK, "This is rayther thin gruel," he took me Up short with a fierce sort of stare, jest as though he'd a liked to 'ave shook me.

When Christmas night come I did fancy they'd let go the painter a mite. 'Ad a party and 'ung up the mizzletoe. "Now then," thinks I, "I am right. Won't I take the shine out o' the chaw-bacons?" Togged myself up in my best, And there wasn't a chap in the room so good-looking or nobbily drest.

My weskit and trimmings was killing, my gloves was the cheese, and no kid; And it dumfogged me why they should snigger and widen their eyes as they did. Oh, Joskins ain't gentlemen, bless you! But FLO looked so pootty in pink. That I told'er KATE VAUGHAN wasn't in it, and tipped her my haffablest wink.

She stared, but took hold of my arm, and her dancing was really A 1, Not half enough fling in it, though; so says I, "Let's go in for some fun." And I carted'er round, a rare breather, a taste of my merry best form; And when we pulled up she looked proper, so panting, and sparkling, and warm.



CATCHING HIM TRIPPING.

Then I tipped 'em a song, a top-row one, oh trust me! "Ah, where are we now?" Thinks I. But the Joskins were jealous; the girls didn't twig it, somehow; And I couldn't fix FLO for a waltz, and the mizzletoe bizness fell flat, And though they seemed jolly as sand-boys, I somehow dropt out arter that.

FLO danced with JACK BATES all the evening,—no manners in rustics, dear boy,—And songs of the wishy-wash horder was what they seemed most to enjoy.

Fact is I was far too good form for 'em; none of 'em up to *my* pace, And your Cads always do git the needle as soon as they're out of the race. The mizzletoe game I cut clean. Well, I did condescend to try FLO, But that blessed JACK BATES—clumsy clown—got 'is foot in the way, don't you know, And I came sech a doose of a cropper, it quite put my nose out of model, So I says, "Oh! this isn't quite good enough. Tip me my 'dip,' and I'll toddle." My dignerty dashed 'em a bit. But they kep it up late all the same, And you'd think, from the shindy they raised, they were 'avin' a proper old game. But the rural's a fizzle, dear boy. 'Twas the Guv'nor's idea I might marry Miss FLO, and bag Uncle B.'s shiners! Not me! Or my name isn't 'AREY.

"Here's another!" barked *Toby*, dragging in somebody by the collar of his rough ulster. Placed before the fire, and plied with punch, the New Arrival thawed instantly. There was a remarkable twinkle in his eye as he drew forth from one pocket a quaint, old-fashioned clay pipe of the CHARLES THE SECOND period, and from another a roll of paper.

"A manuscript, of course," observed *Mr. Punch*, placidly. He was becoming accustomed to them. "No, my dear old friend," replied the Newly-found One. But, before he could utter another word, *Mr. Punch* had seized him by the hands and was shaking them heartily.

"A manuscript!" exclaimed *Mr. Punch*, beaming, "of course not! It's a picture! Is it one of *Our People*?"

"No," answered the Artist, winking confidentially as he filled his pipe, "it only illustrates an event in the generally unromantic life of poor old STODGE, which, as it had better have a title, I will call"—

The Artist's Story.

WHEN STODGE was younger than he is now, he was entirely dependent on his Aunt. If he did anything contrary to her wishes, she wouldn't leave him a farthing. STODGE fell in love. Aunt didn't approve. STODGE determined to marry without her knowledge. As a young man he had an enormous beard, black as a coal. He started by the night-train to visit his intended.



To his horror, he saw his Aunt enter the carriage. Always an ingenious and ready-witted man, STODGE had turned his beard up right over his face, crammed down his hat, and fixed it so that only his nose and eyes were visible. When she saw him, the Old Lady, who was of Northern extraction and slightly superstitious, thought it must be Auld Clootie himself, gave a shriek, and fainted.

On coming to herself and the next station, she saw her nephew—undisguised of course—leaning over her, and reviving her with a welcome flask. In burning accents he told her how he had dashed into the carriage at the risk of his life, had grappled with a masked villain, just as he was in the combined acts of robbing and murdering her all at once, had pitched him out of the carriage and saved her life. Imagine the old Lady's gratitude! She consented to the marriage, and STODGE is now a rich man, amusing himself by painting bad pictures, and giving good dinners. He gets praised for both by those who frequently come to the latter.

Scarcely had the Artist resumed his seat, ere *Toby* dashed in. "What is it now?" asked *Mr. Punch*. "Please, Master," replied the intruder promptly, "it's a Policeman, outside in the snow, who has been trying to induce me to steal a leg of mutton from the larder. He wants to get up a case."

"Push him over the precipice," said *Mr. Punch*, severely.

"Yes by all means," chimed in the Detective. *Toby* went out to see the order and the offender duly executed.

"Another glass, Gentlemen! You won't go home till morning!" cried *Mr. Punch*, as heartily as ever.

"Not till morning?" exclaimed the Military-looking Gentleman, "then here's my manuscript"—and at once he began—

The Tale of the Special Correspondent.

I AM a Special Correspondent. "Away to Turkey!" was the order from my Editor in Fleet Street. "More when you get there." I immediately obeyed.

I received my instructions by wire, which I carry with me. I lunched with the SULTAN. As PADDI SHAH he talks



A THREE-SHOOTER.

Irish with his intimates. He talked Irish to me.

"Bedad Sor," said he, "how will I help you at all, at all?"

I answered that was his business, and not mine. I told him that he would be amply paid for it, and produced a roll of £20,000 notes. The eyes of the greedy



BIZZY-NESS.

Turk absolutely glistened at the sight of so much wealth, and he looked round to see if there were any Pashas within hail, so that he might give them orders for my immediate murder.

"No you don't!" I observed, drawing out three revolvers. I held one in each hand, and carried the other in my mouth.



GOING FOR THE RISE.

It was a habit I contracted amongst the Zulus.

The SULTAN apologised for his *gaucherie*, and wept upon my shoulder, explaining that as a child he had been perfectly guileless, but that advancing years had ruined what had once been a really beautiful character.

"Bedad! Hurroo!" at last he exclaimed. "What'll you give for a joke about Greek craft in Turkish waters?"

"Won't do!" I replied; and hurried off at once to Berlin. BISMARCK was only too glad to have my company. He began a long rigmarole about what he called his policy.

"Stop that nonsense," I cried somewhat sharply. "I have more serious matters to think of. Give me one of your clever epigrams to take back to England. Quick!"

BISMARCK smoked a pound of tobacco, and tossed off a gallon of beer. Having done this, he broke out into peals of laughter.

"I have the very thing for you!" he cried. "The very thing! and all out of my own head." Then as I took out my note-book he dictated, "When is a door not a door? When it is a jar!" I jumped up furiously.

The Prince's mirth on seeing this was immediately changed into alarm.

"I meant no harm, indeed I didn't," he whimpered. "I own it is not mine. I haven't got one by me. I've only made one about 'Blood and Iron.' The 'Door a-jar' was given to me by Lord BEACONFIELD, who declared that the joke was one of his own!" Disgusted at having wasted my time on such a fool's errand, I started for St. Petersburg.

"I am really delighted to have your company," observed the Czar, as we blew up together with a chandelier through the roof of the Winter Palace. "Don't be alarmed! We shall come down by-and-by. We are only on the top of an explosion contrived by the Nihilists. I ascend in this manner about a dozen times a day, like a captive balloon, and find the fresh air up above simply delightful." I explained to his Majesty what I wanted.

The Autocrat of all the Russias suggested that he could give me a local joke about the *Livadia* on the *Neva*, "Neva too late," &c. I informed him that it had been done before. After that—but

Here the Special suddenly stopped, looked at his watch, and exclaiming "Six o'clock! Must be off! Special business! A Merry Christmas!" he seized a bicycle, and placing it dexterously on one of the telegraph wires that were now fast appearing through the thawing snow, using this narrow path as a road, he disappeared in the distance!

"Six!" exclaimed everybody. The sun, rising early on the Heights of Imagination, was beaming with red-faced joviality. And what a change outside the House! Why, the sun himself was hardly wanted, so thoroughly had the warmth of *Mr. Punch's* reception melted the snow all round, leaving, however, a good layer of it, clear, crisp, and glittering, wherever, at Christmas-time, any decently-minded and poetically-inspired snow ought to be.

Everyone felt the better for the nicht wi' *Punch*, even POSTLETHWAITE, who sighed, and said it had been "Consummate!" and "Utter!"

Round Robins were singing carols on Christmas-trees, the bells were ringing in the Children's Festival, as all waved adieu to *Mr. Punch*, who, standing at his door, with *Toby the Faithful* by his side, cheerily shouted—and his wish was echoed and re-echoed all over the world—



"Bless you, my Children! Go it while you're young! A merry Christmas to you, one and all!"



A LINE OF WHEEL.

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The Stock Exchange.

O many "Dulcigno Seventy - per Cents" had been left me by an aged female relative, that I wanted to hear "something to their advantage." I called upon a stock-broking friend in consequence. He did not seem greatly impressed with the value of the securities. Yes, they certainly *had* paid seventy per cent.—but only for three months. For many years they had yielded nothing at all in the shape of interest. Under these circumstances, they were not quite so much respected as Consols. For the rest, they had been issued at 40, and were now at something rather under 4½.

From this, it appeared, they had fallen rather considerably.

"But," said my stock-broking friend, speaking of the Bonds as if they had been a confirmed invalid in the last stage of a rapid decline. "They may be a little better this morning. At any rate, I will go over to the House and see."

He left me in a small office. There were maps upon the walls, of half finished railways and projected gold mines. A blue paper, giving the latest "odds"—I should say "prices"—was hanging over the mantelpiece, above a bottle of water, flanked by a couple of tumblers. I sat down and waited. Suddenly I became conscious of a noise, that sounded like the ticking of the clock in the tower of the Houses of Parliament—exaggerated. Only it was intermittent, like the pulse of a giant suffering from indigestion. It stopped abruptly—then it began again. I traced the sounds, and found that they proceeded from a little instrument, from which was issuing by starts and jerks, a long paper tape. On the tape was printed a number of city quotations. The paper seemed to exercise a strange influence upon me. I was fascinated. It assumed all sorts of uncouth shapes. Now it rolled about like a serpent, now it enfolded me in its coils, now it fell in fanciful festoons from the ceiling. It was quite a relief to me, when my stock-broking friend returned. His manner, however, was strange. He was no longer cool and collected, but very excited.

"I can see in your face," he cried, "that you want to know the mysteries of Capel Court! Well, we have been boys together, and your inmost wishes shall be gratified! I am running a dreadful risk! If I am discovered, a lingering death in the dreadful dungeons under the House, will be my portion! But no matter—come! Under my sheltering guidance, you shall beard the wily stock-broker in his very den! You wear the garb of one who seems to have just quitted a band-box! In such a costume, you are likely to escape observation! Once more then—come!"

Thus earnestly addressed, I could but accept his invitation. We walked down an alley, and passed through a pair of swinging doors, to meet a beadle. But the liveried guardian was no bar to our progress. We left another pair of swinging doors behind us, and were in the House itself.

It was an enormous room. White walls bare of ornament. Here and there a desk at which sat the dealers in Government Stock, and other high class securities. A clock and lots of notice boards. In the centre a rostrum out of which appeared and disappeared like a figure in a Punch and Judy Show, an attendant wearing a gold-banded hat. In other parts of the building more Punch and Judy figures of a similar character. Occasionally the puppets, I mean the officials, jumped up like Jacks in the Box, and shouted out a name. I could not help fancying that they must have taken lessons in elocution from the doorkeeper of Lloyds.

"Beadles?" I asked in a whisper.

"No,—Waiters!" replied my friend in the same tone. He took out a small book with a red binding and hurried away. Before leaving, however, he mumbled, "No strangers admitted here. So be careful and dissemble to the best of your ability."

I did dissemble. I placed my hands in my pockets, and hearing that the officials were Waiters I tried to look hungry. I expected every moment to see them spring up from their recesses with plates

of luscious viands. But so far as I could see, their connection with the kitchen, was as remote as possible.

Then I turned my attention to the members. I found on all sides spick and span Gentlemen conversing at the top of their voices. Now and then they adopted a lower tone. When this happened they laughed with glee. Were these confidential utterances connected with gigantic speculations? I was full of respectful amazement. Here was I in the very centre of commercial enterprise! The spick and span Gentlemen before me represented the Capital of the World! It was a very great thought indeed! At first I was afraid to mix amongst them. But soon my curiosity conquered my timidity, and I ventured to mingle with the "Leviathans of commerce" while they were engaged in their gigantic operations.

Why, what was this? The Leviathans—some of them Levi-Nathans—were at play!! Quips, cranks, and quiddities! Business now and then in a light and airy manner, but fun first and foremost. Why the whole place was redolent of mad ways! There was scarcely a member who was not what may be called "an amusing rattle!" Such stories! Such sparklers! Such quaint anecdotes! Who were these humorists of the East, these *farceurs* of the City?

A fresh surprise! Instead of stock-brokers some of the members were warriors! Here was a "Captain," there a "Field Marshal," and yonder a "Count." And now I drifted into a land of riddles. What was that about "cynical C?" Who was "Doughy?" And why such frequent, albeit complimentary, allusions to "the Ancient Lubricator?" And where was "the Rat," and what was he doing? And, lastly, what could possibly be meant by "Ugly Mug" and "the Missing Link?" I was perplexed beyond measure, when suddenly there was a dead silence. Quotations and quips ceased in a moment, and the stillness was positively painful. The Chief Waiter (looking now like a Jack-in-the-Box who had taken up the profession of an auctioneer), suddenly rose from his rostrum. Heavens! had my dissembling been ineffectual, and was I now about to be publicly denounced as a traitor in the camp? In a state of suspended animation I listened for that Waiter's voice. He knocked three times on a desk before him, as if something were "Going, going, gone!" The something went! It was the credit of somebody departing for ever! At all events, it did not personally concern me. A melancholy pause, and then once more, "Vive la bagatelle!"

"The most dramatic thing I have ever seen!" I observed to a Gentleman standing near me.

The Gentleman looked at me sharply, noticed that I had no red book under my arm, and shouted "Fourteen hundred!"

In a moment I was surrounded. The amusing rattles treated me with the utmost politeness. And yet somehow I lost my hat! Profuse apologies were tendered to me; and yet I began to think it better to get towards the door! I was implored to stay; and yet I think I must have been pushed by some one from behind! But in compensation coppers were thrown at my feet, and the "fun" became fast and furious! All of a sudden it dawned upon me that I was the centre of a ring of scoffers! The Waiters rushed towards me, and—



ENTERING STOCK EXCHANGE.



LEAVING STOCK EXCHANGE.

"Hallo!" shouted my stock-broker friend, re-entering his office, "you must have been asleep! What a row you have been making!"

"Where am I?" I gasped out. "Am I safe?"

"Well, not to sell Dulcigno Seventies. They are rather flat this morning—down to one-and-a-quarter!"

Waiving away the notion of a deal in Dulcignos, I hurriedly related my adventures.

"A dream, my good fellow," said my friend. "Not a bit like the Stock Exchange. Ask any Member of the House, and he will tell you so!"

No doubt he was right. Still the dream seemed so real, that my system suffered a severe shock. I visited my doctor, and was ordered change of air. Result—a run into the country. Consequently no more "Rounding About Town"—for the present!

"READY-MONEY NAUGHTYBOY!"—The new rules for the better regulation of gambling, adopted by certain West-End Clubs, may be described as "The Ready Money System; or, Paying over the Counters."

A CRACKER BEN-BOX.—In recognition of Mr. TOM SMITH's services in the cause of Christmas Art, *Mr. Punch* has created him Duke of St. Albans, and decorated him with an entirely new clasp.

SQUIB CRACKER MOTTOES.

For the Lord Mayor.

Prophetic Laureate! here's none other than
(Mo) "ARTHUR like a modern Gentleman."
Not at the Table Round of British fable,
But at a—how much better!—
Guildhall table.
The King, perchance, might shine where war-bolts hurtle,
But who'd not back the Alderman—at turtle?
To the Pendragon then knights drained a flagon,
To-day the Pen is set against the Dragon.
Were modern hero more admired the more he ate.
Guildhall might lend an epic to the Laureate!

For Mudford.

'Tis hard for thee fit motto to discover:
Stop! Here's one—"My (Mud) Salad days are over."

A Reason for the Season.

By a Christymas Minstrel.

"MASSA JOHNSON, can you tell me why de Griffin were placed in Fleet Street?"

"No, Mr. BONES, I can not."

"It am placed dere to amuse de Childs."

[Chorus Gentlemen, as before, "Keep in de middle ob de road."]

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 13.



LÉON (OR NAPO-) LÉON GAMBETTA?

"THAT IS THE QUESTION."

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

You are now happily assembled at home, after the scholastic exertions of the last half year, and I, as your Mentor and best friend, think it only right that I should give you a few hints, whereby you can make home conscious of your arrival, and even more conscious of your departure about the eighteenth of next month.

You will first of all naturally wish to visit all the pantomimes, which, considering that this year only Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Surrey, the Grecian, the Imperial, and the Britannia Theatres present pantomimes, is so modest a request, that the sternest parents will not fail to comply with it. For this kindness on the part of your parents, it is your duty to show them some generosity in return. They will very likely lose the enjoyment of their dinners by dining at an abnormal hour, will venture out in the cold of the nights, which is so injurious to elderly people, will sit through an entertainment, which, though sport to you, is very dreary to them, and will undergo all this martyrdom for your sakes. Nay, even they will go so far as to give up their precious afternoons in order to accompany you to what are known as morning performances. Do not allow this! Think with pride and gratitude on all of what your parents have done for you, and in return do them. Say kindly, but firmly, when they propose to take you to the theatre, "Our dear Mother and Father, we cannot allow it. You shall not be martyred for our sakes. Enjoy your dinner. Dine at eight o'clock as usual. Linger over your cigarette and coffee afterwards. Don't lose your afternoons. Pay calls, have five o'clock tea, buy presents for your offspring, but don't let your unselfishness make you miserable. Let us go to the theatres by ourselves, give us sufficient money to dine at the Grand, or the Holborn Restaurant at our own time, and if we are not home by two or three in the morning, don't be uneasy, for we shall have the latchkey." This depriving yourselves of your parents' society, will indeed make them proud of you.

Next you will want to give a party. Now your parents will doubtless ask your friends to come at seven and go away at ten. How are your parents or your friends' parents to get their evening's amusement with such a state of things? No! Take all trouble off your parents' hands, and send out the invitations yourselves. Ask no one before ten. You cannot too early learn the rules of Society.

GOVERNMENT AT ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILLIONS A YEAR.

A REVOLUTION has been allowed to grow and consolidate itself in Ireland. The Ministers have all gone to their country seats for Christmas. A rebellion, which promises to be successful, has broken out in Natal, where it has long been expected. On inquiry at the Colonial Office, we were told that the Earl of KIMBERLEY was in Norfolk, and Mr. GRANT DUFF addressing his constituents at Elgin. On inquiry at the War Office, we were told that Mr. CHILDERSON had gone to Yorkshire, and Lord MORLEY had gone to Devonshire, while the Permanent Under-Secretary was also away.

IT WAS some comfort to know that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY was hanging about. If *Punch* belonged to the vitriolic order of journalists, he would suggest that the Earl of GINGERLY, Mr. GRANT DUFFER, Mr. CHILDS, and the others, should either work or resign.

The Pot and the Kettle.

GAMBETTA and ROCHFORT are each on their mettle,
And when one throws mud it is straightway flung back;
While to France it must seem like the pot and the kettle,
And both in the end may turn out very black.

INSIST UPON A GOOD SUPPER. HAVE nothing to do whatever with negus or lemonade, such drinks being most noxious to the system. All doctors agree that dry champagne and very old Scotch whiskey are the only two refreshments that can be taken with impunity. In these days of progress, a cigarette after supper will be highly relished by both your male and female guests.

I have now given you directions for your behaviour for the two chief events of the holidays you are enjoying. I would otherwise call your attention to the facts that continual practice is necessary before sliding down the banisters can be considered a graceful feat of gymnastics; that snow-balling is a fine athletic exercise, strengthening the muscles, and steadyng the eye; that only mollycoddles of the most degraded type fear to venture on the ice before it is really safe; that the sedentary dulness of your servants' lives will be agreeably diversified by perpetually ringing the bells all over the house; that as minors you are not answerable for any debts you may contract, and that therefore you have now an opportunity of enriching your bedrooms with rare engravings from old Masters, Queen Anne furniture, and costly tapestry, which may never occur again; that to throw brightness and cheeriness into the prosaic existence of your parents, you should never omit to pass their studies or boudoirs without waiting outside the door to sing a verse of "*Kicking Jemima Down-Stairs*," or "*Grandmother's out on the Booze*," to learn which ditties you should, on your off-nights, attend the music-halls; that your parents' friends are not necessarily yours, so that some you should treat with distant politeness, others ignore altogether, and to others show your marked disgust and contempt; and that, finally, your parents are in all probability not the very intelligent, extraordinary people they would have you believe them to be, but mere commonplace, humdrum, jogtrot, mediocre sort of folks, and to be told as much.

ATTEND TO THESE DIRECTIONS, my dear young friends, and during the holidays you will make home vivacious, and your absence long felt.

Yours, holiday-makingly,
PUNCH.

"HOP BITTERS."—The people who pay for this advertisement in every paper in the kingdom are giving good advice to the public. It is as wise to hop biters, as it is to skip troubles, and jump difficulties.



THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

The Principal (from the City, through the Telephone, to the Foreman at the "Works"). "How DO YOU GET ON, PAT?"

Irish Foreman (in great awe of the instrument). "VERY WELL, SIR. THE GOODS IS SENT OFF."

The Principal (knowing Pat's failing). "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DRINK THERE?"

Pat (startled). "OCH! LOOK AT THAT NOW! IT'S ME BREATH THAT DONE IT!"

LOWEST THAMES STREET.

THE Seldom-at-Home Secretary has at last caused an inquiry to be made respecting Billingsgate Market, and the fishmongers have stood up nobly for their offensive and old-fashioned property. They abused the Corporation for not spending a million of public money to make a new thoroughfare into Billingsgate. It was proved in evidence that a van had come laden with the same fish for eleven consecutive days, and being unable to unload, the food was at last condemned; and still the United Fishmongers thought that Billingsgate, and everything connected with it, were thoroughly perfect. It was proved in evidence that six hundred tons of solid food a year, or over half a million of fish in nine months, were destroyed in consequence of the want of market accommodation, and still the United Fishmongers thought that Billingsgate, and everything connected with it, were simply perfect. If the thousands of hungry, ill-fed, half-fed, and starving dwellers at the East-End of

London could have been examined by the Seldom-at-Home Secretary's representative, this monotonous song of praise might have been a little varied. It was proved in evidence that nearly seven-eighths of all the fish that came to London was brought by railway, and might be sold to consumers without being forced through a small, antiquated, and ill-placed market, and still the United Fishmongers thought that Billingsgate, and everything connected with it, were absolutely perfect. One enthusiast told his fellow-fishmongers that seven centuries were looking down upon them, and that London had better sink (he might have put the "t" in this word) than that the Corporation should do away with such a glorious Institution as Billingsgate Market. It remains to be seen whether the Seldom-at-Home Secretary and his advisers will take the same rosy view of Lowest Thames Street and its gigantic nuisance.

George Eliot.

DEC. 23RD, 1880.

"Dr. ANDREW CLARK turned round and observed in a low voice to her doctor, '*Moritura*.' This mournful scientific verdict was too soon fulfilled, and the gifted Authoress passed away shortly afterwards in a state of continued unconsciousness and without any pain."—*Telegraph*.

BREAKING upon the music of our cheer
Came the deep tolling of the passing bell.
Ah! "*Moritura*!" Then—the last sad knell—
And Death had claimed her with the dying year.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE SPEAKS.

"The Editor of the *Marseillaise* announces that Glasgow—'the largest Scotch town,' as he tells his readers—is almost the exact copy, on a smaller scale of Paris."—*The Scotsman*.

DONALD! Donald! Tell me, gude mon, did ye ken in a' your days,
Siccan awfu' story PYAT prents in yonder *Marseillaise*;
Mon! He daurs to tell the public, oh, the feckless rantin' loon,
That there's naething so like Paris as our dear auld Glasgie toun.

Has he seen the braw Saut Market that the creetur daurs to say,
That our hoooses much resemble those in Rue St. Honoré;
Says he that our graceless cummers chatter like the girls o' France,
Aiblins next he'll swear the Sawbath is devoted to the dance.

Well, we'll leave him to his hosenet wi' a mind that's in the mirk,
Keep a calm sough at such 'pliskies here beside St. Enoch's kirk:
They puir puddock-eaters surely, must be in an awfu' state:
FELIX PYAT—ay, a pyet—only gabbles at that rate!

Squib Cracker Motto.

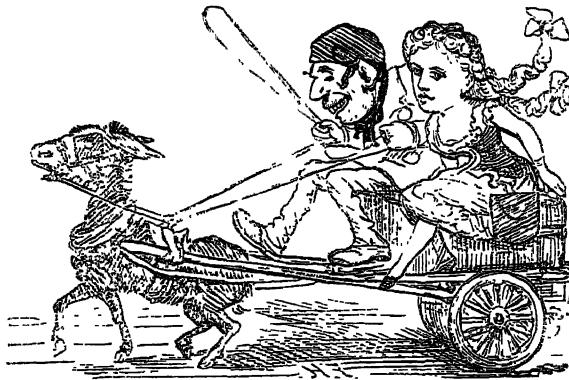
For Ireland.

THE rose is red, the thistle blue,
The shamrock's green—and so are you,
Dear Erin, if you trust PARNELL.
Patience, and all will yet be well.

LAND MEASUREMENT.—An Irish League
—Any il-league-al lengths.

AN OLD OFFENDER AND A NEW TRIAL.

THE Alhambra began it—with *Mefistofele II.*—the “Second” probably refers to the part he takes in the duel—which is a muddled medley of tragic, comic, and burlesque materials. Vivacious Miss ST. QUENTEN plays *Mefistofele*, and if continual pointless posturing



“WHEN FIRST I SAW SWEET PEGGY”—CONDUCTED BY COSTER.

and perpetual motion could make the part successful, then this lady would have achieved her object within the first half-hour.

Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY sings at her best, and puts as much acting as there is scope for into the part of *Marguerite*. Miss ROSE BELL, as *Siebel*, always *si beau* as a young man, reappeared on the scene of her former triumphs. Mr. LIONEL BROUH's acrobatic convulsions as the dying *Valentine* were funny.

The *Brocken Revels* are fairly effective, but nothing great, that is, for the Alhambra, which we feel in this instance has broken with its old traditions.

The music, well executed as it always is under the direction of M. JACOBI, seemed to lack “go” and sparkle. Mr. LESLIE, as *Old Faust*, gave an imitation of a parrot which was rapturously encored. He did it “like a bird!” The piece as produced on the first night, is far too long, and requires what our Artist has given it—*somewhat* cuts.

After the verdict on *Mefistofele*, we move for *A New Trial*, which, though not exactly a rollicking Christmas piece, we do most heartily advise all playgoers, capable of appreciating true Dramatic art, to see, as it is now being represented at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. It is some time since we have witnessed so carefully studied and so artistically finished a performance as that of Mr. CHARLES COGHLAN, in the part of *Corrado*, and the same may be said with equal truth of the *Abbé* played by Mr. FLOCKTON, of *Dr. Palmieri* played by Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ—admirably “made up,” of the *Agata* of Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY, and of Miss AMY ROSELLE, who has no easy task in the hopelessly anti-sympathetic part of *Rosalia*. Nor must Miss SOTHERN be omitted, who deserves

great praise for her interpretation of *Annetta*, the young girl of fourteen, who, with one false note or anything like an exaggeration of manner, could have rendered the strongest situations supremely ridiculous.

While highly commending the acting, we are bound to condemn

the glaringly false sentiment and atrociously repulsive character of the play. What is the story? An impulsive, passionate, young Calabrian artist loves and elopes with a young Calabrian girl of seventeen. Her relations are furious, and her brother, while attempting to abduct her from her lawful husband, is stabbed by the latter who is defending the inviolable sanctity of his hearth and home. For this he is condemned for life to the galleys—the extenuating circumstances of having simply got rid of an objectionable brother-in-law not being taken into consideration. The wife and child are left alone in the world—her family, by the way, must have been as wretchedly poor as they were snobbishly proud—and are offered shelter by a highly respectable young Doctor who happens to have quite recently become a widower in want of what he coolly terms “consolation.” The wife lives under his roof as governess to her own child, who is brought up in the belief that *Dr. Palmieri* is her father.

After thirteen years, *Corrado the Convict*—a good melodramatic and transpontine title by the way, of which we here make a present to Mr. COGHLAN, “no rights reserved”—turns up and claims, naturally enough, his wife and child. He has suffered for his crime, is sincerely penitent, and, but for some pardonable eccentricities of manner, is altogether a far more amiable, and interesting person than *Doctor Palmieri*, who, with his peculiar views of marriage, regards the escaped convict as an unmitigated nuisance.

Though *Rosalia* momentarily redeems her character by offering at the last to accompany her husband wherever he chooses to take her, yet she makes it evident that, in spite of her hypocritical assertion to the contrary, she no longer has the slightest affection for the man to whom she had given her first and best love, who for her sake alone had committed the crime for which he has so fully atoned, and who, impelled by overmastering love for her and his child, has risked death itself to throw himself at her feet, and clasp his daughter in his arms. She coolly allows that she has become very fond of the Doctor; and argues that a convict-father would only frighten their daughter into fits—which is highly probable, but easily obviated—and gives *Corrado* to understand that, in a general way, he is an Obstructionist. The Doctor explains the case to him in a cold, calculating way, his own child informs him that she will be happier when he's gone, and so the poor man sees nothing for it but to return to prison—he is too honest to think of trying brigandage,—or to poison himself with the contents of a flask, which, “unbeknown” to the gaolers, he has carried about with him for thirteen years! He tells his child to pray for him, while he tosses off the “fine old crusted” poison, and then he dies in the presence of his wife (shedding crocodile's tears) and the Doctor (not even attempting a remedy), who must be secretly chuckling over it as a really “very happy release.” Nothing but first-rate acting could carry such a piece,—and this it has got.

And now let us suggest that at Christmas-time, just to make things pleasant all round, Mr. COGHLAN should add a Fifth Act, on the following lines:—

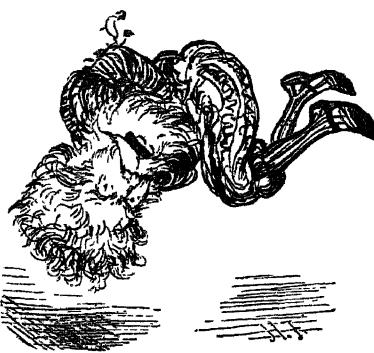
Curtain rises, and discovers Dr. PALMIERI, with ROSALIA and ANNETTA dressed for travelling.

Dr. P. Bradshado's Guido says 10·45 in correspondence with the boat for Marseilles. But being generally a sceptic, I do not believe in *Bradshado's Guido*.

Annetta (joyfully). Oh! what fun! Will CORRADO always be my Papa now?

Rosalia (slightly blushing). Yes, dear.

Abbé (entering). Here is a passport which I promised your husband in the Second Act, when, however, he wouldn't avail himself of the offer. But now I have had it made out for himself and family in the name of “SMITH & Co., Leicester Square, London,” and there will be no difficulty.

DR. PALMIERI AND ROSALIA.
(Latest Addition to the Chamber of Horrors.)

SOLO BY THE LION-EL COMIQUE.



“KEEP FATHER OFF!”

“ABBÉ THOUGHT!”
(A Study in Black.)

Rosalia. Excellent! (To Doctor.) And as to his disguise?

Dr. P. I have lent him a tourist's suit. See!

Enter CORRADO the Convict, disguised as abovementioned.

Corrado. I am all right. The antidote was first-rate. Cured in an instant! I won't go into details.

[Shakes hands with Doctor.

Don Fernando (the Abbé's nephew, entering). And as an old friend, allow me to offer you this purse. Draw on me—except with a poignard (Abbé coughs, Rosalia smiles, Palmieri benignly pats Annetta's head)—ahem! beg pardon—I mean, draw on me whenever you like.

Dr. P. Good. Now you really must go. Only just time. Good-bye! Good-bye, Mrs. CORRADO!

[CORRADO, Mrs. C., and ANNETTA exeunt.

Dr. P. Precious glad I thought of the antidote! Rosalia would have been an awful bore, and the girl too, when she grew up and wanted to know all about everything.

THE CORRADO FAMILY ON TOUR.

Well—well—they've gone! Thank Heaven!

Abbé (taking snuff). Aha! Then you do own a Providence at last.

Dr. P. (converted, and kissing the Abbé's hand). Yes, Monsignor—(Aside)—He's only an Abbé, but it flatters him!—(Aloud)—Yes, Monsignor, I do!

[Kneels to kiss the Abbé's hand, who gives him a pinch of snuff by mistake. Left on his sneeze as Curtain descends.

Now, that is a moral finish: and highly recommended by the Faculty.

M.P. FOR CHRISTMAS.—Mince-Pie.



SCENE—Country Post-Office.

Postmaster. "WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE, MA'AM?"

Old Lady (who has but a vague idea of Mr. Fawcett's scheme). "JUST PUT ME UP SIX-PENNYWORTH OF CONSOLS, PLEASE, AND LOOK HERE, YOU NEEDN'T KEEP 'EM FOR ME. I'LL TAKE 'EM AWAY."

THE GOBLIN GOOSE.

A CHRISTMAS NIGHTMARE.



Seeking as with him a haven—were you mixed up with LENORE?"
Then the bird uprose and flutter'd, and this sentence strange he
utter'd—

"Hang LENORE," he mildly muttered; "you have seen me once before,
Seen me on this festive Christmas, seen me surely once before.
I'm the Goose,"—and nothing more.

Then he murmured, "Are you ready?" and with motion slow and steady,
Straight he leapt upon my bed. I simply gave a stifled roar;
And I cried, "As I'm a sinner, at a Goose Club I was winner,
'Tis a mem'ry of my dinner, which I ate at half-past four;
Goose well stuffed with sage and onions, which I ate at half-past
four." Quoth he hoarsely, "Eat no more!"

Said I, "I've enjoyed your juices, breast and back; but tell me,
Goose, is
This revenge, and what the use is of your being such a bore?
For goose-flesh I will no more 'ax,' if you'll not sit on my thorax.
Go, try honey mixed with borax, for I hear your throat is sore;
You speak gruffly though too plainly, and I'm sure your throat is
sore." Quoth the nightmare, "Eat no more!"

"Goose!" I shrieked out, "Leave, oh, leave me! surely you don't
mean to grieve me?
You are heavy, pray reprieve me, now my penance must be o'er;
Though to-night you've brought me sorrow, comfort surely comes
to-morrow.
Some relief from thee I'd borrow at my doctor's ample store,
There are pills of purest azure in that doctor's ample store."
Quoth the goblin, "Eat no more!"

And that fat Goose, never flitting, like a nightmare still is sitting
With me all the night, emitting words that thrill my bosom's core;
Now, throughout the Christmas season, while I lie and gasp and
wheeze, on
Me he sits, until my reason nothing surely can restore,
I am driven mad, and reason nothing surely can restore;
While that Goose says, "Eat no more!"



A BUTLER'S REVENGE.

Lady Midas. "WELL, RIVERS, WHAT ARE THESE?"

Rivers (who has received warning). "THE DECANTER STOPPERS, MY LADY. JUST AFTER THE GENTLEMEN LEFT THE DINING-ROOM TO JOIN THE LADIES, SIR GORGUS LOCKED UP THE DECANTEES, AS USUAL, BUT HE FORGOT THE STOPPERS; SO I THOUGHT I'D BETTER BRING 'EM UP TO YOUR LADYSHIP!"

[And before His Grace, too, who has at last been induced to accept an invitation!]

"BON VOYAGE!"

Bon Voyage, boy! Good wishes greet,
From myriad lips, the young New-Comer.
Hope, gay as youth, as first love sweet,
As bright as Spring, as warm as Summer,
Lifts eyes of blue to smile on you,
Time cannot age nor trouble chill her;
But, boy, you'll need strong hand and true
Upon your tiller.

The tumbling wave, the threatening sky,
Portend a deal of dirty weather.
Blow high, blow low, 'tis yours to try
And ride them—you and Hope together.
Frail bark, young mariner, rough sea!
Nursling had seldom queerer quarters.
God speed your keel, my boy, say we,
Into smooth waters!

Yonder, her troubrous voyage done,
Founders the worn-out hulk, Old Eighty,
Your craft seems slight, young Eighty-One,
For seas so high, for freight so weighty.
But buoyancy helps youth and boats
To ride o'er waves, to tide o'er troubles,
And Hope o'er turbid torrents floats
Like leaves or bubbles.

'Twill not be all plain sailing though
Upon the tack you take, poor youngling.
Your steering needs be deft, you know,
'Tis scarce the hour for boyish bungling.
Both East and West things still look black,
Hand upon tiller well may tighten;
Strength must not sleep, nor watching slack,
Till skies shall brighten.

Bon Voyage, still! Dull, lumpy fear
Would overload your cockboat sadly;
Better set sail with words of cheer,
And enter on the voyage gladly.
Away with boding thoughts, away
With dismal doubts and croakings craven!
Here's wishing you swift cruise and gay,
And a safe haven!

Gagging the Volunteers.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF has issued a "general order" denying the right of political discussion to Volunteers in uniform, if the discussion involves "political matter of a controversial nature." As a Volunteer is a tax-payer, who pays for the regular Army, including the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, and then offers to do one half the work as an amateur, this order is particularly graceful and well-timed. The Clown appears to represent the Government at this so-called festive season, with a red-hot poker as a symbol of power.

Good-bye, Telephone!

THE Law has spoken, and the Telephone is told to leave a country which is tied hand and foot to the Telegraph. The ten millions of public money poured into the pockets of stock-jobbers in 1869 has bound England to the Telegraph and the Telegraph to England for ever. We may read about scientific progress, but we must go abroad to see it. The wire that misspells a message, and the street Arab who delivers it at his leisure, are all we shall get in this country till the day when we are conquered by the Irish.



“BON VOYAGE!”

PLAYERS AND PAYERS.

I. "PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE."

IR.—Mr. RUSKIN has recently addressed some pertinent remarks on the subject of Dramatic Reform to the Secretary of the well-meaning but mysterious D.R. Association. I do not intend to emulate

Mr. RUSKIN
On the Buskin.

But there are Reforms and Reforms, in things Theatrical, no less than in things Political. There is a world before and a world behind the curtain. Of the rare and radiant spirits who people the latter, none but the highly privileged Few may presume to speak; but in the former no fool need fear to tread who has the necessary shillings in his pocket.

The necessary shillings—in fact, the Needful—which brings me at once to my subject, “playhouse prices.” Fools or Angels, the unprivileged must all pay; but though we would naturally range ourselves with my Lord BEACONSFIELD on the side of the Angels, the thought will intrude that we may be something foolish to pay through the nose as we do now. As a rule, I notice that the largest-nosed people don’t pay at all. But this by the way. ‘Tis true a seat at the theatre is not a “necessary” (as young Hopeful pleads when he can’t, and Papa won’t, pay for some pretty freak of Undergraduate fancy), and no one expects a dinner at the “Star and Garter” for the price of a chop at the “Cock.” But Man, though born to sorrow, is willing enough to barter his birthright when he can. Even the most grave and reverend of us like to unbend and stretch our legs sometimes—though the stalls of our theatres are, to be sure, the places to do anything rather than stretch our legs, but of this hereafter—and it is really becoming a serious question how much longer we, the great unprivileged and poor relations of the Mammon Family may afford to include the theatre among our “stock of harmless pleasures.”

It was the little High-and-Mitey Theatre that inaugurated these extravagant prices, in the days when first it began to wax fat and splendid under that aristocratic patronage which it has ever since courted so exclusively, and, let it be said, so successfully. The High-and-Mitey became what our friend ‘ARRY calls “quite the Stilton.” Of course its rivals followed suit, and now those houses where a stall may be bought for less than half-a-guinea—even after a pilgrimage to the box-office to avoid the fees of the Libraries—might be counted on “ALL-OR-A TWINT.” grandfather to remember when a stall cost no more than that—then seven shillings, now half-a-guinea,—to-morrow how much? Like SHELLEY’s skylark, higher and higher the price mounts.

You will answer, my good Managers—and very good Managers you undoubtedly are—that any tradesman (only you would probably use some less vulgar word) is a fool who sells for five shillings an article which will command ready purchasers at ten. Granted; and let it be granted, too, that Sir GORGUS MIDAS, your great patron and friend, would not deign to consign his lordly person to a seat rated at no higher value than a dirty five shillings. To him the more costly the entertainment, the more exquisite its beauty. What constituted, in his eyes, the greatest charm of the gifted SARAH? Unquestionably the price he had to pay to look at her. But recollect that Sir GORGUS, though a very splendid creature while he lasts, is apt to be of a somewhat volatile essence. Like his grammar, he is an uncertain quantity. Your real strength, after all, lies in us, the Great Unprivileged, not in the “Upper Ten,” the gilded few.

We are like the Dutch, perhaps you say; we ask too much and wish to give too little. Look at all the splendour around you, you cry: the magnificent stall you sit in, with its glittering monogram: the beautiful draperies, the gilding, the paintings on the walls, busts in the lobbies, rare shrubs on the landings, picture galleries, smoking saloons, with marble tables and soft couches: luxury and art everywhere, and all for the ridiculously small sum of ten shillings—and sixpence! Precisely so. But, my worthy Managers, where is the need of all these pretty things in a theatre? Is it for these we, the Unprivileged, go to the playhouse? If we want pictures, remember there is a tolerably good collection in Trafalgar Square, which we can see for nothing: and all manner of beautiful, and strange, and costly things at South Kensington that may be inspected any day for very little more. Give us a clean house, a comfortable seat, and a good play, and don’t charge for needless upholstery. We little folk are not used to all this magnificence; it makes us dissatisfied with our humble lot. And I take leave to doubt whether the great folk

care as much about it as you think. They have plenty of it at home, you see, and the genuine article. Don’t you remember when Lord STEYNE dined with the King, what GEORGE the Magnificent gave his noble guest? Gad! a neck of mutton and turnips, and how pleased that splendid nobleman, with his heaven knows how many French cooks, was with his humble fare?

“If we choose to spend our money thus on the outside of the cup and platter,” retort Messieurs the Managers, “what is that to you? It is our risk, not yours.” Fair and softly, my friends. Has not he who pays the piper some right to call the tune? It is your own risk, certainly; but who supplies you with the funds to run it? Deeper and deeper go your fingers into our pockets to pay for all these pretty gew-gaws. If we must spend our money, surely we have a voice in the selection of the article? And we, the public, the Great Unprivileged, are a little wiser than you take us for. You are safe enough, you think, in the rivalry of competition, and perhaps you are; but this is a world of reaction, and if some simple spirit should arise to preach the doctrine that “the play’s the thing,” and should give old Paterfamilias as comfortable a seat for himself and his belongings, and quite as good, may be a better, entertainment for a much smaller sum than that for which you undertake to surround him with the very latest gimcrackery from the Upholsterers and Wardour Street, and from the Studios of Unappreciated Talent what will Paterfamilias do?

For the present—the Christmas present—allow me, being but a poor old Boy, to subscribe myself—I can’t subscribe much more—yours hopefully,

OLIVER TWIST.

SONGS OF THE SCIENCES.—II. ASTRONOMY.



OME study with me
every bright
constellation
Of stars that you
see in the skies
on each night,
Those fanciful
groups will
compel admira-
tion,
Some dim and
far distant,
some daz-
zlingly bright.
You’ll see the
two Bears, and
you’ll oft fix
your eye on
The Dragon and
Swan, and Her
Ladyship’s
Chair,
The Serpent, the
Eagle, the
Crown, and
Orion.
The Whale and
the Wolf, and
the Snake and
the Bear.

Then look at the Sun, and we’ll learn, to begin, it’s
A distance of ninety-one millions of miles;
But light does the journey in under nine minutes,
Which beats all express trains that run in these isles.
We learn, too, his force must be daily diminish’d,
That curious spots oft appear on his face,
And THOMSON says one day the sun will be finish’d,
And roll, a “cold black ball,” through infinite space.

We’ll find out the reason of total eclipses,
When, strangely, the Moon seems to eat up the Sun,
We’ll see how the Planets whirl round in ellipses,
And how the four Seasons are duly begun.

How ages ago the fair Moon was volcanic,

As these can observe who through telescopes look,

And, certes, the craters are truly Titanic,

As figured by NASMYTH in LOCKYER’s book.

Then gaze on each Nebula’s wonderful pattern,

And watch the hot Comets go flaring away;

We’ve measured Jove’s moons and the queer rings of Saturn,

But own that we’re puzzled by Mercury’s day.

Then ponder the Planets, their paths and dimensions,

Astronomy’s surely a science sublime:

We’ll soar o’er the world with its cares and dissensions,

And henceforward live by Sidereal Time!



"WHEN WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER!"

Uncle Robin (looking at Toy-shop window). "Ah! THEY DON'T MAKE SUCH AMUSING TOYS NOW AS THEY USED TO MAKE SIXTY OR SEVENTY YEARS AGO; DO THEY, DICK?"

Uncle Richard. "No, BY GEORGE! NOTHING LIKE!"

MR. PUNCH'S SUMMARY, 1880.

THE YEAR OF "COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE."

	Disturbance.	Compensation.
THE CZAR.	Dynamite.	The Livadia.
SULTAN.	Naval Demonstration.	Departure of GOSCHEN.
King of GREECE.	Patriotic People.	Pleasant Tour, "patronised by all the Crowned Heads of Europe."
BISMARCK.	GAMBETTA.	BISMARCK.
GAMBETTA.	BISMARCK.	GAMBETTA.
King of ITALY.	GARIBALDI.	GARIBALDI'S Marriage.
Duke of MUDFORD.	Punch.	"K.G." (Kovent Garden.)
RUSKIN.	Everybody.	Letter-writing.
JONES and BIRCH.	Temple Bar Griffin.	City Funds.
IRVING.	Gaiety.	Lyceum.
Irish Landlord.	Boycotting.	Griffiths' Valuation.
Lord ROSEBERY.	Greeks.	Newmarket.
FAWCETT.	Telephone.	P.-O. Savings Bank.
Professional Beauties.	Bills.	Photos.
Police.	Press.	"C" Division.
Middlesex Magistrates.	Public Opinion.	Self-Complacency.
Lord PENZANCE.	CHARLES.	COLERIDGE.
Revds. DALE and EN-RAGHT.	PENZANCE.	Cold Turnkey and Two-martyr sauce.
GLADSTONE.	CHAMBERLAIN.	Discovery of KIRBY GREEN.
Lord BEACONSFIELD.	GLADSTONE.	Endymion, £10,000.
The Whole World.	Everywhere.	Punch's Seventy - Ninth Volume.

NEW YEARS AND OLD.

(*A Growl to a Greeting. Growled by old Mr. GRIZZLEWIG.*)

MANY Happy New Years do you wish me, Sir? Me! Why, you know I can't live many New Years to see. And at my time of life—the wrong side of threescore—All a man's years that might have been happy are o'er. As for me, Sir, I never a happy year knew; Future years won't be happier, and mine will be few.

If I owned all the wealth that I wish for in vain, 'Twould but ease off the years that before me remain. Had I ten times the riches I ever possessed At your age in my youth, Sir, I might have been blest With the means of good living, and then, I've no doubt I should, worse than I am, have been troubled with Gout.

I perhaps might have married, and made a mistake— Which I hadn't, like others, the money to make; Might for love have espoused an unsuitable wife, Who'd have been, and would still be, the plague of my life, And render my New Year, commencing to-day, Still farther from happy than 'tis, a long way.

And, Sir, e'en though I now were as rich as a Jew, Than the Old Year I sadder should still find the New,— To Gout, I repeat, Sir, a martyr the while, And a prey to Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, and Bile; The source of all manner of ailments and ills For which money can't purchase infallible pills.

I don't dare to enjoy the delights of the table, And besides, want of appetite makes me unable. All my pleasures must yearly grow lesser and lesser, And each twelvemonth prove worse than its bad predecessor.

Many Happy New Years may yourself, Sir, go through, But you'll have the advantage of me if you do.

Each New Year I remember since when a small boy, I've heard people wish friends and acquaintances joy, As if hoping good wishes would yet, for all past Disappointment, be crowned with fulfilment at last. And reflect, Sir:—Did ever you happen to hear Any mortal acknowledge a Happy Old Year?

SEASONABLE FOLK-LORE.

If the first person who enters your house in the New Year goes in with his right foot foremost, ill luck will befall you. If the person has his face blackened, a revolver in his right hand, a jemmy in his left, and "CHARLES PEACE, a Monograph," in his pocket, ill-luck will befall you very soon.

It is considered unfortunate by some people to go underneath a ladder. These are the people on whom workmen have dropped pots of paint and molten lead. Others consider it unfortunate to pass outside a ladder. These are they who have stepped off the pavement into the road, and been run over by traction-engines.

The Folk-Lore with regard to salt is conflicting. If you have spilt salt on the table, and have then thrown a handful over your left shoulder, the servant who receives this in his eyes seldom considers that ill-luck has been averted. If you help your neighbour to salt, you and she are certain to quarrel if, at the time of your un-called-for politeness, she is eating ham, bacon, meringues, or ice-puddings. Some people when they have spilt salt on a table-cloth, immediately pour a glass of claret over it, to take out the stain. But this is invariably late in the evening, and arises rather from a confusion of ideas than from any accurate knowledge of Folk-Lore.

It is most unlucky to look at the new moon through glass. Want of attention to this maxim is the reason why so many people who wear spectacles are shortsighted. Also why astronomers generally come to grief. The case of GALILEO will at once occur to any child in the fourth standard at a Board School.

If you dip your hands into a basin where even your best friend has cleansed his face, you and he will quarrel. This particularly holds true when your best friend has been playing *Clown* in an amateur pantomime, or emulating the glories of MOORE and BURGESS for the benefit of a drawing-room.



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